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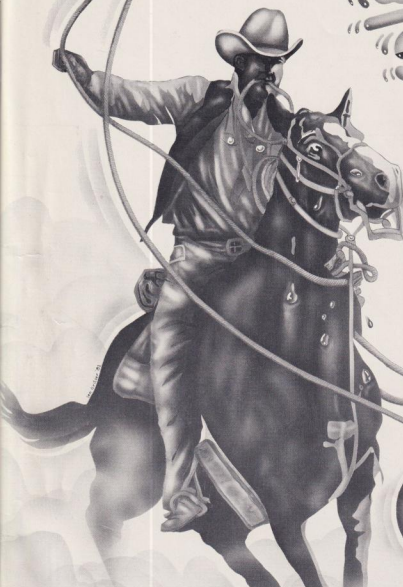
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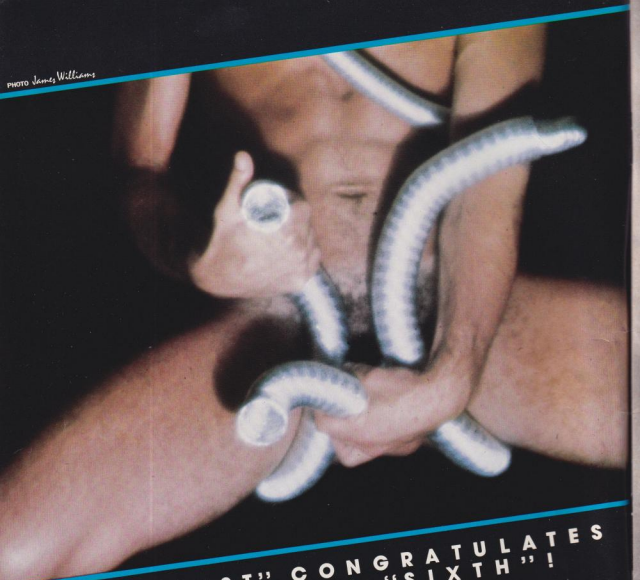
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DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 5

47

- 6 GETTING OFF**
MALE CALL
- 8 GRAND CANYON III:**
With The Sons of Apollo Under The Arizona Sun
The Southwest's most prized bike run went to the Grand Canyon and Drummer went with them. Wait until you see the results.
- 12 BLINDED BY THE LIGHT**
Part Two of Aaron Travis' new work uncovers some revelations about the cult of machismo.
- 24 RUN NO MORE**
Chapter Seven of Larry Townsend's classic.
- 28 DRUMSTICKS**
- 29 DRUMBEATS**
If you didn't know it already, Drummer has more personal ads than even The Advocate. But we knew that.
- 37 SOURCES**
Dummer presents the biggest collection of leather and S&M sources ever, including a look at what's new, a super erotic adventure with a slave trader, a wealth of illustrations by REX, the King of Leather Erotica, a guide to where you can find the hottest and best in leather, toys and equipment, and special looks at lubricants, poppers, and the new Zeus man. 32 pages of turn-on information.

- 85 DRUM**
The adventures of Drum, another installment in the life of the superstud created by Bill Ward.
- 89 LEATHER NOTEBOOK**
Larry Townsend gives good advice...
- 90 CLASSIC ETIENNE**
The primo erotic artist presents golden oldies that are as hot now as they were then.
- 92 FILMS**
Curt McDowell's documentary, Loads, is about an obsession for low riders.
- 99 LONDON LEATHER**
More news from the U.K.'s leather stud.

- 97 TOUGH CUSTOMERS**
Feast your eyes...
- 99 TOUGH SHIT**
From the four corners of the globe comes the silliest shit in the world.
- 101 BOOKS**
Something about the past...
- 103 CONRAP**
- 105 FACE TO FACE**
Clint Lockner makes his debut in this hot new film that features non-stop action, both in and out of uniform.
- 110 IN PASSING**
Cover: Face To Face

DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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GETTING OFF

This issue of DRUMMER begins the seventh year of DRUMMER's publication. Who would have dreamed that a little forty-page first effort would end up as one of the top half dozen Gay publications nationally. Back in those early days, no one would advertise in a leather publication and we were well into our third year before the advertising pages of DRUMMER made much of a dent in the cost of its publication.

It was three years later that DRUMMER moved 400 miles north to San Francisco and several thousand miles up on the acceptance charts. During the next few years, leather came off the cover and four color reproduction went on. The inside stayed about the same, just bigger. To compete in the marketplace and pay for the rapid expansion, we had to look as good on the newsstands and bookstores as the gay publications published by non-gays. Then those same publishers started copying DRUMMER, of all things, as Leather became bigger and bigger.

As of last year, Leather went back into DRUMMER's cover illustrations and we experimented with new sizes, different paper and special issues. DRUMMER's sales have continued to climb, whatever we do and while the compromise in paper didn't hurt sales, we aren't too fond of it. So the coated stock is moving back in, leaving only the burgeoning *Drumbeats* and *Bonus Fiction* sections to book stock.

In the meantime, ALTERNATE, our newsmagazine, which is what we started to publish in the first place, is moving right along. It has always been a conviction of mine that a publication could subsist alone on the advertisers and subscribers that the older national gay newsmagazine had antagonized. ALTERNATE, rather than being a meteor, has brought in a number of innovations of its own, which now are being picked up by its competition. We have great respect and not a little admiration for that competition and wish them well. We undoubtedly have antagonized a few folks along our way as well. We have found that that is inevitable.

You are holding the 47th issue of DRUMMER in one of your hands right now. What you are holding in the other could tell us how successful it is. Happy anniversary to you, too.

As we go to press, we learned of the tragic death of JACK YANCEY, an old and dear friend of DRUMMER since its inception. A quiet man of strength, who gave generously of himself, his time and money for gay causes, he was the mainstay of H.E.L.P., Inc. in southern California for many years. Jack Yancey will be sorely missed by all of us.

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

PROBLEMS AND PLAUDITS

While nothing on this planet is worth a nine month wait, DRUMMER MARCHES ON is way up there on the list. Just fantastic — the fiction you folks select is getting better and better, and the photos steamed up the windows for days. MACH 2 and 3 arrived at the same time, so hopefully that subscription is on the right track.

Unfortunately (believe me, I'm not a chronic complainer, but money is money) the Mr. Benson book has still not arrived. Are you still having problems with the printers? Also, I'm receiving duplicate copies of ALTERNATE.

On the plus side, DRUMMER remains my favorite and most eagerly-awaited magazine. The erotic fiction issue was outstanding . . . perhaps you could publish it as an annual event, as long as the quality is maintained and the interest is there. The new formats and new paper don't bother me — I applaud the many innovations evident in DRUMMER lately. It's that concern to try new things and put out a good magazine that satisfies both mind and libido that separates DRUMMER from mere sex rags. More fiction and more action photos, please. You're making a great magazine even better. Issue 45 was the best yet.

Goodman
St. Louis, MO

(Thank you for the encouraging remarks. DRUMMER MARCHES ON was also an experiment, our first with a larger size format and book stock. We discovered a problem with newsstands because of the bigger size, and dropped it. It was amusing to find a new would-be competitor do an exact imitation of the format. By now they should be discovering the problem for themselves. MR. BENSON is having to be reconstructed to a different size since we can find no trade-paperback printer to touch it. It has been a very expensive experiment in book publishing. Since we have gone on computer, all sorts of new weird and wonderful things are happening. We'll check your ALTERNATE subscription. Better two copies than none. Thanks for taking the time to let us know.)

SMOKE, SMOKE, SMOKE THAT CIGARETTE

A year or so you did an article about 'Cigars' and the men who smoke them.

Have you ever done one about the men who smoke cigarettes? The regular type, not the long thin type.

It's just a suggestion. Thank you sir.

Arthur
Atlanta, GA

(We could make a crack here about the models who smoke cigarettes for us all being hospitalized presently for lung cancer. And do you mean regular type? long, thin type men or cigarettes?)

But it is a good suggestion. Heaven knows the Marlboro man keeps packin' 'em in. We'll try to include cigarettes [regular, unfiltered, non-menthol] in our next cigar article.)

OLDER MEN

I very seldom write to any magazine. I have no complaints but only praise for a publication that is so outspoken. I was particularly pleased with the article "In Search of Older Men," DRUMMER No. 42, and "Joe's" letter from Atlanta in DRUMMER No. 44 (Male Call). It would be a pleasure to find such a bottom here in Kansas City. He seems to like to play the same type games as this older dad. I would like to make contact with him, and he can write to me via my Drumbeats Box Number, 1318.

Paul
Kansas City, MO

GERMAN SPANKING

I really liked the young German soldier getting spanked ("Over There," DRUMMER No. 46) bareassed. I also liked the goodlooking Irish rebels. Let's have more spanking pictures.

Gary
Dallas, TX

My fetish for wearing diapers, plastic pants, leg irons, restraining belts, penal cloths, levis with hot sweaty smells, etc. started when I was a very small boy. My mom made me wear my sister's panties when I was 5 and still wearing training pants. She didn't stop diapering me until I was 9. My father whipped me a lot. I guess this is why I like leg irons, belts and cuffs and things.

I am 19 and enjoy wearing panties, garter belt and stockings under my school clothes. I like to tease those fly crotch watchers! My 9" cock on a half hard-on puffs my fly way out in front of my thin loose fitting rayon slacks 24 hours a day. I have a slightly larger cock than most boys my age. With panties on underneath exciting my cock it's no wonder my fly stags "puffed out all day." I get stares wherever I go! Their mouths dribble when they

see my pants protruding like a pole imprisoned in a silk bag trying to bust at the seams. I have been doing this since I was 9. I also pose in front of cameras for other bondage freaks in leg irons, restraining belts, etc.

Your magazine always shows the same things over and over so much that all the issues look the same. I enjoy reading about other people's experiences. You don't print enough of that.

I carry myself as a macho man like your magazine shows all the time. Yet underneath all my "macho look" I'm a raving starved sissy garbed up either in diapers and plastic pants — or girl's underwear. I wonder how many men out there in their hot sweaty greasy jeans are all sissy underneath. Please print this because this is a true experience and I'm curious how many more are out there like me.

C.W.
Baltimore, MD

DISAPPOINTED

I am very disappointed with your new cheaper paper and poorly produced photos and the lack of glossy photos. I am writing you requesting a refund of the balance of my subscription.

Why not return to the old DRUMMER format and quality. And where is your series "Famous Sadists in History." Don't tell me you've run out of sadists.

I can't understand why you have let such a great magazine be reduced to newspaper type quality. Why? Why not raise the price and retain the quality? Are any of the original team who put together DRUMMER five years ago still working at DRUMMER?

Donald
Silver Spring, MD

The explanation for the need to lower printing costs was on these pages last issue, so we won't go into it at length here. This issue is glossier and costs 45c a copy more, although we get a very small part of the 45c. We went up sixteen pages on the newsprint issues and this issue stays at the increased size.

Sorry to lose you as a subscriber. If you remain a Drummer reader your next twelve copies will cost you 47.40 at the new price.

Much of the staff of DRUMMER has been here for some time. Our two former editors have both attempted publishing on their own, both printing via multithin on bond paper.

Our "Famous Sadists in History" writer either ran out of sadists or went on to other things. Incidentally, a writer from Chicago Gay Life picked "Ilsa Koch" from that series to criticize us heavily about our sadistic attitude, calling the article "recent." It was five years old. Also see "Nazi Tempest" at left.

The 'NAZI' tempest.



It all started innocently enough. We had been sent these wild fantasy photos by Mike Arlen in London, which had appeared in English and Swedish magazines. "What a great chance for some snappy satire," said our plucky editor, who sat down at his IBM and started satirizing. The art director timidly suggested that we get rid of the swastika on the flag and put in a Canadian maple leaf instead on the basis that fascism is doing so much better in Canada than Germany these days.

"No, it won't make sense," pouted the editor. Someone pointed out that the 1940 radio-play-satire didn't make too much sense either. The publisher remembering his experiences with the gay nazis in L.A., said he was all for satire, especially about fascists and left for the Drummer Key Club for a Ranier Ale and check out the bodies by the pool That was probably his last sober moment for the weekend.

We finally got to press and the only one who was happy with the result was the editor, who likes everything as long as his name is spelled right. Several weeks went by, the issue sold like crazy either in spite of or because of the synthetic English nazis. Then, as fate would have it, we were discovered by anonymous letter writers. They wrote, not to DRUMMER, but to the Bay Area Reporter in San Francisco signing names like "Sanya Littlebear," claiming to be Jewish in Oakland, and "The Red Queen" claiming to be just that.

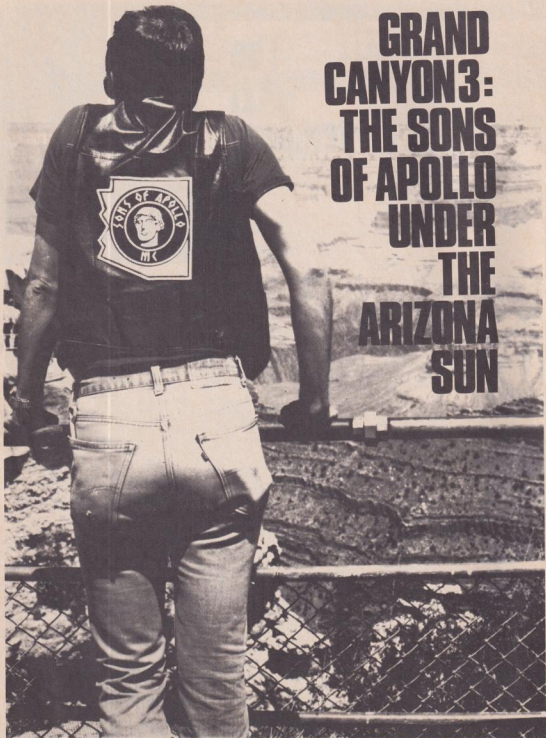
Then a local sometime author (who could be either or both of the above two) visited a local political club, deplored DRUMMER's "Nazi Stand" and the glorifying of "Nazi symbols," not bothering to show either the magazine or the article in question. He asked to have the group picket local newstands. Nobody but he showed up to do that and one Castro book store agreed to put up a sign advising would-be buyers that they did not endorse what the magazine contained but would leave the decision to buy up to the individual, rather than censor (to their credit). Another bookstore which had just taken on the neighborhood censors (and which fight the ALTERNATE and DRUMMER had supported) pulled the copies off their shelves.

The Bay Area Reporter swallowed "Sanya Littlebear's" line and ran a guest editorial decrying "the Nazi symbols which appeared on the magazine's cover," without ever checking the DRUMMER cover. (See above, circle the symbol in question, send it in with your boxtop and receive your \$1000 prize.) At least B.A.R. called us a "slick and popular Gay magazine." We've been called worse. Our editor sent off a verbose reply, which B.A.R. to date has yet to run, just a couple more challenging letters, one from "The Red Queen."

To have the final word on all this, here it is: If any of these people sincerely want to fight fascism, we suggest they get to work on the new gang in congress. There is a real danger there. DRUMMER is no more pro-Nazi than it is pro-Jerry Falwell or Anita Bryant. Satire is the most cutting of methods, examples: Charlie Chaplin's "The Great Dictator" (read some day about the flap about that one!), Jack Benny's "To Be or Not To Be," Mel Brooks' "The Producers." "Raiders of the Lost Ark" is even more contemporary.

"Let mine enemies appear ridiculous," intones an old saying. It has never been more timely.

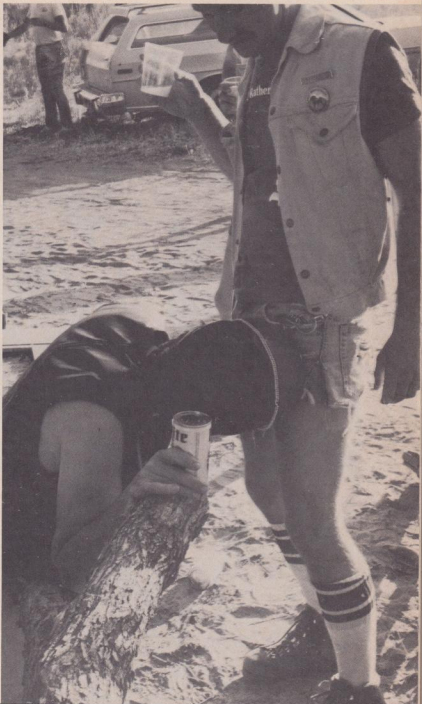
**GRAND
CANYON 3:
THE SONS
OF APOLLO
UNDER
THE
ARIZONA
SUN**

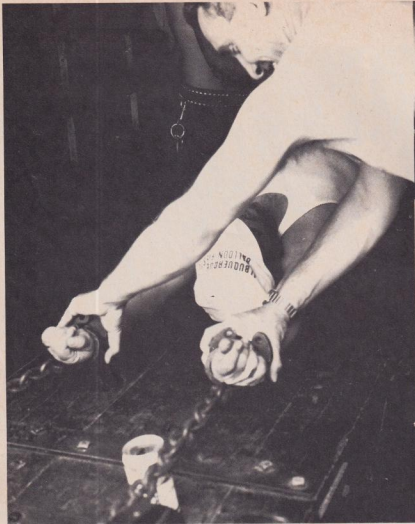




Take 150 hot men, put them under a hot Arizona sun on a hot Memorial Day weekend, and the result is a hot leather-levi run called Grand Canyon III. Sponsored by the Sons of Apollo, a Phoenix based motorcycle club, this annual event has become one of the most eagerly anticipated and participated functions for the Southwest motorcycle community. Even with three full days of bike competitions and people events, including a day-long ride to the Canyon itself, the most popular pastime remained, as the photos illustrate, that old favorite, getting to know you.

With participants in GC3 coming







Sometimes you get more than you're itching for.

Intimate moments can make for pleasant memories, but occasionally, something a lot less pleasant lingers as well—crabs, for example. Now there's RID, a liquid treatment that kills crabs in 10 minutes and provides rapid relief of itching. RID contains a safe, medically proven natural ingredient at almost twice the concentration of the leading non-prescription product. Each package also includes an instruction brochure and fine-tooth comb for lice and nit removal. You can buy RID at your pharmacy without a prescription and begin treatment at once.

But remember, 38% of the people with crabs have been found to have something worse, like VD. So if you think you may have been exposed to something more than crabs, see a doctor.

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from all over the Southwest, and from as far away as Denver, Tulsa, San Francisco and Australia, no social director was needed to get this group inter-acting.

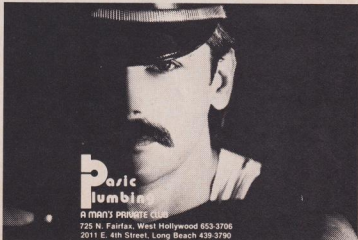
For those who were interested in stretching their consciousness as well as their limbs, the hosts were kind enough to import a functioning rack from one of the local Phoenix bars.

If you found yourself with an insatiable thirst that none of the brands of beer provided could satisfy, there was always plenty of the recycled variety to go around.

And for those with a propensity for *al fresco* fucking, this secluded campsite abounded with many a sturdy limb from which to hang a sling or a slave.

The Sons of Apollo are to be congratulated for their ability in putting together an event that combined the best of the great outdoors with the best indoor sport in a setting that was guaranteed to give you new ideas about ways to get it on...and off.

—Richard Danvers



**Paris
Jumble**

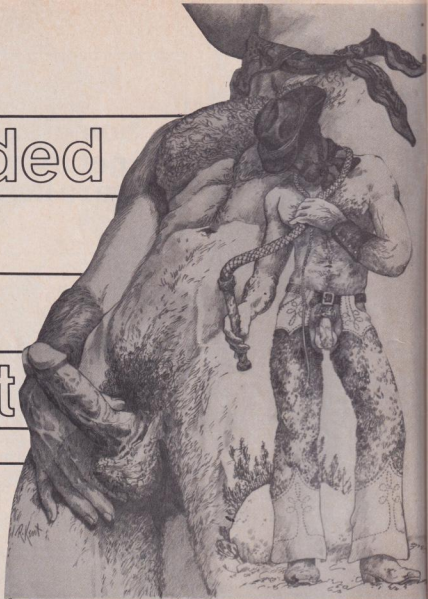
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Blinded By The Light

Part Two

Aaron Travis



I woke the next morning with a weight on my groin. Something heavy pressed down directly on my cock. I responded to the pressure, unaware of anything but the warm shell of sleep still circling me, but knowing my cock was hard. I spread my thighs and raised my hips, hunching upward, pressing back against the weight on my shaft. The weight responded by moving back and forth over the length of my erection. It glided smooth as felt over the dry, taut flesh.

Slowly, without opening my eyes, I began to realize where I was. In the motel room Reed had rented for the night—somewhere in New Mexico, or maybe Arizona, on the way to L.A. The room where he had made me strip and lie naked across his lap, punished me with the palm of his hand, made my ass hot as a bed of coals inside and ready for what I thought we both wanted. He made me lie on my back, rock hard and totally exposed.

He had pushed my cock between my legs, out of sight, and made me hold it there while he straddled me...and showed me his cock, the biggest, finest thing one man had ever shown another, I thought...made me want his cock—not hard to do—made me tell him I wanted it, until the sound of my own voice and the words it spoke made me plead for it...

I had watched his fist, moving where I wanted my fist, my mouth, my ass to be, stroking and squeezing his meat until it exploded. Reed caught the white cream in his hand and poured it into my mouth, smeared the rest between my legs, pulled downward on my slippery cock till I came, rubbed my own jism over my balls and up the crack of my ass. And he had never let me touch him. Last night.

The bed was scratchy and hard as a tabletop against my shoulders and ass as I rubbed up against the weight

on my cock. Then I remembered that I wasn't in the bed. Reed had pushed me out and made me sleep on the floor.

I opened my eyes and saw him looming above me. He sat on the edge of the bed, wearing only his jeans—a fresh pair, dark blue and very tight, not the sweat-stretched jeans from yesterday's drive. His belly was a stack of hard ridges, foreshortened from my angle and looking incredibly dense with muscle. Above the ridges was the well-defined plateau of his chest. His head was bowed between broad shoulders, looking down. His blond hair, damp from a shower, pressed in flat rings across his forehead and the sides of his face. He still had not shaved; the dark blond shadow across his jaw was beginning to look like a beard.

Reed was looking down at me. There was a vague smile on his face.

It was his right foot that pressed on my cock. He wore soft gray socks. The inner curve of his arch moved over the underside of my cock. I was stiff with a morning hard-on.

My face and chest flushed red. He had a way of embarrassing me, making me painfully self-conscious of being naked and hard in front of him. My cock began to soften. I pushed myself up on my arms, and realized how asleep and groggy I still was.

Reed raised his left foot and brought it down on my chest, forcing me to lie back flat on the floor. The smile on his face vanished.

"Hey cocksucker," he said quietly. His lips, shaping the word, curled back obscenely.

I closed my eyes and bit my lip. I was back where he had put me last night. Two feet in gray socks held me down. My cock filled with blood again.

The foot on my chest was like the base of a pillar, unmovable and rigid. His other foot, heavy and soft inside the woolen sock, rubbed sideways over the length of my cock, gently pressing my balls at the end of each stroke. He lifted the sack with the back of his foot and studied it, then let it drop and began stroking again.

"Hey," he said softly. He kept his voice low, as if someone he did not want to wake was asleep in the room. He licked his lips and raised one eyebrow. "Hey. You think you can come this way?"

I watched his eyes. "Yes," I whispered, matching the secretive tone of his voice. "I think so—" I began to say; but at that moment Reed pressed his foot sharply into my chest, emptying my lungs. The words ended in a rush of air. He pumped his foot against my chest a few more times, making me huff and grunt. He raised his foot into the air, and I expected a jab strong enough to make me faint. Instead he put it down softly on top of my diaphragm.

"Okay then," he said. "Come for me."

I shut my eyes tight and swallowed. Almost immediately, I knew I couldn't do it. His foot was not enough. The pressure and motion felt good, but only the bottom of my cock was being stroked. It wasn't the same as a fist wrapped all the way around and squeezing blood into the head.

I reached up and circled my hands around his calf to control the pressure and guide his movements. I was startled at the girth of the muscles there. My fingertips did not meet. The muscles flexed gently as he moved his foot back and forth in steady rhythm.

Reed grunted angrily.

I let go of his leg and dropped my arms to my sides.

I kept my eyes shut, feeling hopeless, then ridiculous.

I wanted to tell him to stop, but the awkwardness of everything paralyzed me.

Then a sharp hint of pleasure shot through my groin like a premonition of orgasm. I knew it was possible. I would have to put all of myself into it—and I wanted to, because Reed wanted it. I would have to ignore the freezing sensation of being exposed and observed, and give my body to the premonition. I concentrated on the fleeting sweetness in my cock, concentrated until I was my cock, throbbing under Reed's foot.

I clutched the carpet with my hands, tightening the muscles in my arms and chest. I opened my legs wide, clenched my cheeks and curled my toes. My hips began a slow rotation in countertime to his foot.

I strained after the climax Reed wanted from me. My head fell back and my jaw dropped open. I heard strange panting noises coming from my throat. I began to tremble and sweat, despite the air-conditioned coolness of the room. Sweat ran down the sides of my face and gathered between my thighs. I was getting there, slowly, almost by will alone.

I knew, suddenly, that I would make it—and as suddenly felt a fear that Reed had grown bored with all my straining, that he would stop and leave me on the cusp with my cock sticking up like an unwanted handle, naked and panting on the floor.

I opened my eyes narrowly and looked up at him. His face was tense. His eyes were roving over my body. Watching me twist and sweat to please him. I imagined how I must look, how the two of us looked, the shirtless trucker sitting on the bed and the dark-haired kid he had picked up the day before, stretched out naked and wet on the floor, grunting like an animal.

I rolled my head on the carpet and released a long, loud sigh. I was there.

Suddenly Reed lifted both feet and drew them back. I raised my hips and thrust my cock in the air, trying to follow. Then I began to shoot.

I looked up at him again and saw the grim fascination on his face. This was what he had wanted to see; my body jack-knifed on the floor, untouched—hands and feet clutching the carpet—stockstill above the waist while the bottom half of my body writhed out of control. My cock jerked in the air like a fish out of water, slapping my belly and shooting long jets of come against my chest. While he watched.

After the last spasm, my arms and legs turned to clay. I settled slowly to the floor till I was flat as a silverfish. There was a moment of breathlessness, when I thought I would pass out for lack of air. Then a kind of relaxation I had never felt before spread through my body, turning the clay to warm jelly. There was a sensation of lightness in my limbs, as if all their weight had been drawn into my cock and released into the air along with the plumes of semen trailing warm and wet across my chest.

Reed rose from the bed and stood over me. He took a step and straddled my chest. He stared down at me, his eyes and his mouth half-open. His left hand went to his crotch. He stretched the web of skin between his thumb and forefinger across the width of his cock. I ran down his pants leg like a well-muscled forearm sprouting from his crotch.

Reed braced his right arm against the wall and ran one foot over my chest, avoiding the cooling pools of come as if they were contaminated. He pinched my nipples between his toes and laughed at my squeal of surprise. He cupped his foot against the side of my face and patted me. Then he put the end of his foot into my

open mouth, pushing until I held all five toes between my lips. I tasted soft wool. I sucked on his foot. I wanted to thank him for what he had done to me. I wanted, another time, for it to be his cock, instead of his hand or foot, that he chose to put in my mouth. Then I could return the favor. I could make Reed come—hear his breath quicken while I held mine, watch his face twist up, the muscles in his arms and chest swell hammer-hard, make his hips fuck back and forth—fucking my face, cramming his cocksucker's face, the way Bill used to do. Fucking till everything drew to a point and he filled my mouth with come.

Reed read my mind—or saw the way I was staring at the hard-on in his jeans. I must have looked as wild and slack-jawed as I felt. "Shit," he said, shaking his head and smiling just enough to show his two front teeth. "You got it bad, dontcha?"

I didn't answer. I pushed myself off the floor and pulled my knees awkwardly beneath me, staying down beneath his legs. There was an arch of unseen energy there and I wanted to stay inside it. I put my hands over his feet and pressed my mouth over the broad budge down his right pants leg. I licked at it, sucked on it, rubbed my face against it.

Reed let me for a moment. Then he hit my forehead with the butt of his hand, knocking me back.

"Cocksucker," he said.

I kept my eyes on the hard ridge of his erection. The shape was clearly defined. I went for the head, bit it with my lips and flattened my tongue against the rough dry denim.

Reed knocked me back again.

"Crazy for it," he said. His voice was oddly detached, as if he were observing from somewhere high above, far away from me, far from the hard cock inside his jeans.

I pressed back, wanted to make the cloth all wet around his shaft. I wanted a response, a movement in his hips. I wanted him to bend at the knees and rub himself against my face.

He grabbed my by the hair and pulled me off. He kept my face down, close to his crotch. He shook me till my teeth rattled.

"Faggot," he said. He jerked my head back and slapped me, hard, as if he were trying to tattoo the word on my face.

"Faggot with a hard-on," he muttered, staring down between my legs. I felt the tip of my cock jab my navel. The stiffness, so soon, surprised me.

"That make you hard?" he asked, slapping me again, more cautiously. I didn't answer. "You always hard? Huh? Or is it something about me?"

I caught a slimpse of the fear at the back of his anger, not fully understanding.

Our eyes were locked. I think he read the glint of comprehension in my eyes. He pushed them out of sight, shoving my face back into place between his legs. I bit the hard nub of denim where the seams converged.

"You still want it, dontcha?" Reed growled. "I can slap your fucking face and call you a cocksucking faggot, and you still want it, dontcha, huh? Goddamn."

He was grinding my face into his crotch, crushing my nose and cutting the inside of my lips on my teeth.

"You know," he said, breathing harder, "you know, when I was in high school... back in Midland... there was a kid like you. Except he didn't need no encouragement, you didn't have to lead him along, no sir, he was a cocksucker and he wanted every guy in school with a big cock to know it. Yeah, he didn't like to suck just

anybody, he had a craving for guys on the football team, like me, he just wanted to suck their cocks and make 'em feel good. That's all he wanted, all the time, he wanted to be down on his fucking knees with a big piece of meat down his throat."

Reed twisted my skull, bending my neck so far back that I could hardly breathe. Slowly, his hips began a grinding, fucking motion, burning my lips with the rough denim.

"I mean, he was alright looking, he wasn't a pansy or anything. He was alright looking, he looked like everybody else, except he wore real tight pants and walked with his cute little butt stuck out. He was real smart, he'd help you with math and stuff. But shit, he didn't think twice about asking for it right out loud. He could really blow your mind. 'Come on Reed' he'd say, 'why dontcha pull it out and let me. You're the biggest, Reed,' that's what he'd tell me, 'you're the biggest, I've seen it and you've got a fucking horse dick between your legs and I wanna suck on it.'"

"But I never let him. You know why? Because I figured you had to be a little queer yourself to get off on a cocksucker's mouth, you know what I mean? That's just the way I figured it. Maybe the other guys didn't think so, they liked it, but I just couldn't see it, it was still doing it with another guy. What'd you think?"

He jerked my head back and made me look up at him. All I could see were his forehead and eyes. The rest of his face was blocked by his chest, two slanting mountains of muscle with a deep valley between.

"No, Reed," I said. "You're not a queer. You're a man, and you're the biggest, Reed. You're a horse, Reed. You've got a cock like a stud horse."

"Yeah," he whispered. He closed his eyes and pursed his lips, and shoved my face back into his crotch. "Yeah, that's what Reggie said. He was a cocksucker like you, and he wanted it just as bad. He didn't mind if you got a little rough, either. No, he liked that, that turned him on. Like he enjoyed the chance to show you just how low he'd go to get a cock in his mouth. One time, I remember, one time..."

Reed's voice trailed off, and was gone a long time. In its place was the sound of his breath, ragged and shallow. Then he began speaking again, in a voice that might have come from the moon.

"One time, one night after a game or something, a few of the guys had Reggie in the bathroom. I walked in on 'em—you should've seen 'em jerk and start shoving their cocks back in their pants. But they relaxed once they saw it was me."

"They had Reggie sitting in one of the stalls, on the toilet, stark naked. They'd made him take off all his clothes, and thrown 'em out the window. They were taking turns making him suck their cocks. They were whopping him up the side of his head and calling him names: cocksucker, queer boy, faggot. He was crying, real soft like; I could see the tears on his face all the way down to his chin. I could see where they'd dripped down and got his chest all wet. Shiny and wet, he had a smooth little chest, not a hair on it."

"But he didn't try to get away. Or maybe he'd tried to before, and given up. There was nowhere for him to go without his clothes, anyway. They kept using his mouth and slapping him, over and over, I could hear him gagging like he was gonna throw up. And he kept looking over at me, and his eyes were real shiny with tears, and his eyes... he wanted something. He didn't want me to stop all those guys. I probably could have, but that's not what he was asking for. He wanted me to

join in. I could tell he wanted me over there with the rest of 'em, whopping him across the mouth and calling him names. So I didn't break it up, I just stood there and watched and threw a boner in my pants. I couldn't help it, the way Reggie kept staring at me there, looking at me sidelong while his mouth was stuffed full of some other guy's dick.

"And I remember, toward the end, after everybody had shot, one of the guys, his name was Robin and he had black hair and the thickest legs you ever saw, he was a real son of a bitch, real goodlooking and stuck-up... he said something like, 'Well, if the goddamn faggot won't get off the toilet, I'll just have to piss on him.' Which wasn't true 'cause there was plenty of other stalls... but everybody laughed anyway, like he was making sense... and he stood over Reggie and pointed his cock down and let go, all over Reggie's lap. And Reggie stared up at him like he was some kind of god and his cock stood up real stiff, wet and stiff. Then Robin grabbed his head and bent it away back and said, 'You want a kiss, baby?' And he spit right in Reggie's face.

"Robin zipped up and walked out after that, smiling real big like he was proud of himself, like he'd put on a good show for everybody and shown 'em what a stud he was, and the other guys went too. They trailed out of the bathroom, laughing and talking dirty. One of 'em noticed I wasn't going and said something about 'looks like Reed wants some time alone with the cocksucker. Yeah, looks like Reed has to settle for what's left.' And they laughed and talked about how they'd fucked Reggie's throat so much it was loose as a Mexican's cunt, but maybe I could stretch it out some more. My ears burned, but I stayed there till everybody was gone, and I couldn't hear 'em out in the hall anymore.

"It was real quiet then, all I could hear was Reggie sort of moaning, sitting on the toilet with his legs open and his head thrown back. I pulled him off the toilet and walked him to the sink and helped him rinse off. He smelled somewhere between a urinal and a sweaty jockstrap, his breath smelled like a greasy cock, cock breath, that's what he had. I had my fingers crossed nobody would walk in on us.

"Then I asked him where the hell his clothes were and he told me, and I went outside and got 'em while he waited. Then he got dressed and I gave him a ride home.

"On the way—I mean, he was really strung out, he looked all pale and weak as a kitten—but he started coming on to me. I got real mad and told him he was a goddamn whore, a goddamn fucking whore. I told him I ought to beat his fucking ass. But he said he knew I wasn't really like that, that I was different from the other guys. That I wasn't mean like they were. He said they were a bunch of punks, but I was a man already. He said—"

Reed gasped and began riding my face, burrowing hard with his hips as if he were hunching a pillow.

"Reggie said that he was in love with me. That the only cock he really wanted to suck was my cock, because he knew it was the biggest, and I was the best looking guy he knew, and I was nice. He said he wouldn't want any of the other guy's cocks if he could just have mine. He said he knew, he could just tell, that my come would taste real good, sweeter than anybody else's. I told him he had rocks in his head, I wasn't different from anybody else... Shit, he finally got to me. I was horny all the goddamn fucking time. I took him to the place I went parking with girls, and I took it out

and showed it to him. He started taking off his clothes, and I told him to stop, but he said he wanted to be naked like back at the toilet.

"I guess he wasn't really such a great cocksucker after all, 'cause he couldn't get much more than the head inside. That was okay by me, 'cause it sort of turned me off, thinking about all those other cocks he'd had in there earlier. So he just licked it all over, all up and down. And he sucked my balls in his mouth, 'cause he said he wanted to hold my come in his mouth while it was still inside my body. It felt real good, but I couldn't shoot that way, so finally I just beat off, and Reggie caught it in his mouth. And he said that he was right, it was smooth and sweet as cream.

"Then I took him home. He was really beat, he fell asleep on the way, I had to wake him. He wanted to kiss me but I wouldn't let him. That was all we ever did, just that once. He kept after me, but one time I really told him off in front of some of the guys, and he stopped after that. But he never stopped looking at me... that way...

"He was an okay guy really, I mean, I really did like him in a way. I heard he went off to college and made a lawyer or something, he's a bigshot in Austin now. Can you believe that? And I ended up being a trucker like my daddy, huh, I guess that's the difference between having a big cock and a big brain—"

Reed went stiff suddenly, held me close with hands like a vise. His cock was pressed against my face through the denim. I felt it pump, felt wetness seep through and touch my neck.

His grip relaxed. He released me and I sat back on the floor. He looked down at me for a moment, breathing

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hard. I watched his big chest rise and fall.

Then he turned away and started pacing the room like a wired mountain lion. He got a towel from the bathroom and wiped out the inside of his pants leg, then used the towel to mop his armpits and the small of his back, where the sweat glistened in the smooth cleavage. He pulled on his thin white A-shirt and a short sleeve plaid cotton shirt, and put on his boots. He grabbed his keys and his wallet and stuffed them into his pockets.

He glanced over at me and frowned. I hadn't moved, or taken my eyes off him the whole time.

"Hurry up and get dressed if you want some breakfast," he mumbled. "I'll meet you in the cafe."

There was a hand-lettered sign in the cafe window that said:

BEST BREAKFAST ON INTERSTATE 10

The place was crowded, mainly with men—truckdrivers, travellers, a few farmers. A group of locals in cheap business suits sat at a long table at the back, talking about politics and high prices.

Reed had found a booth for us. He was already eating.

"Sorry, couldn't wait," he said with his mouth full. "Hungry."

There was a big platter of scrambled eggs, ham, and pancakes in front of him. My stomach began to growl. The waitress brought me a menu. I tried to find something I could afford with the small change left by the thief who had stolen my money roll the day before. The

pickings were slim. I had just enough for a small glass of milk and a sweet roll.

Reed was eating too fast to speak. I hid behind my opened menu.

The waitress came back and I started to order. Reed cut me off.

"He'll have the same."

The waitress nodded and took my menu. I noticed the smile she aimed at Reed. He smiled back. Something he must do a dozen times a day, I thought—accepting their admiration and acknowledging it.

"Milk instead of coffee," I called after her; my nerves were strained enough, and I didn't need waking up. The waitress turned her head and nodded, and smiled at Reed again. He didn't see. He was busy shovelling pancakes into his mouth. The pancakes dripped with syrup. I wondered how he kept his bright white teeth and his hard lean stomach.

I cleared my throat. "Reed, you know I haven't got any money."

"Shit, I'll pay," he said, swallowing and raising his coffee cup to his lips. "No big deal. I can't expect you to starve yourself just because you were dumb enough to let some jerk back in Clovis rip you off."

I was grateful. More than grateful. I felt like crying. I wished I could tell him how I felt without sounding too personal. That may seem odd, considering what had happened between us. But that was where my mixed-up head was at. There was still a wall of some kind between Reed and me. Looking at him across the table, I could almost believe that we were what we appeared to be, a young truckdriver and a kid hitchhiking to L.A., nothing more.

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Reed certainly acted as if that was the case. There were no deep looks, no secret smiles. He didn't seem interested in anything but eating. I told myself he had come three times in the last ten hours or so; maybe he was free of whatever crazy energy kept flowing back and forth between us. But I had come three times myself, and I wasn't free of it. It was all I could think about while I ate. I stole glances at Reed and thought what an animal he looked, shovelling in that food and smacking his lips. I thought about the way you could tell his body was big and hard everywhere, even through the clothes he wore. I thought about how his cock looked when it was hard. I ate my scrambled eggs and imagined eating them off Reed's cock.

The energy filled me up and spilled over into the cafe. I looked around at all the men there, starting out their days freshly showered and shaved. I wondered how the more attractive ones looked without their clothes, and how big their hidden cocks were, and if any of them made it with guys.

Reed finished before I did. He sat back and stretched his arms. His biceps mushroomed and filled the loose short sleeves of his shirt. "We'll make L.A. this evening," he said, yawning.

"So soon?" It had taken me days to get from Austin to the New Mexico state line. Now after two days on the road I would be on the West Coast. Two days in the cab with Reed.

"You never been this far from home, have you?"

"No."

"Well, it looks mighty big on the map, but once you hit the highway and keep going, this country's not so big, you know?" He smiled. "Unless you have engine trouble."

I hoped we would. I had a vision of Reed, shirt off, and dripping sweat, standing on the front bumper bent over the engine, sun beating down on the rippling plains of his back.

"So," I said, looking down at the half-eaten stack of pancakes on my plate, "what will you do when we get there?"

Reed shrugged. "There's this hotel I usually stay at. In a sort of seedy part of town." He smiled faintly, remembering something. "They got a big parking lot in the back where I can put the truck. Tomorrow, maybe tonight, I'll rent me a car. Come Monday, I'll take the truck to the warehouse and unload it, and head back."

"What's today?" I had lost track.

"Friday, sap," Reed grinned and nudged my leg under the table. There was nothing suggestive in his touch—more like a friendly jab of knuckles in the ribcage.

"So you'll be in L.A. over the weekend."

"Yeah, a little layover. I been up for it all week. Big town." He changed the subject. "And of course, I'll be needing to drop you off sometime. Or it might be easier if your friend picked you up at the hotel. You can call him soon as we get in. You can be sleeping at his place tonight."

I tried to conjure an image of Bill in my mind. All I could see were the mangled pancakes on my plate. Reed said that I was troubled.

"I mean, that's what you're wanting, isn't it? To meet up again... with this guy."

"Bill," I said. "His name is Bill. Yeah, I guess so."

"Hey," Reed's face turned serious. "You'll be okay with him, won't you? I mean, you two are close enough, he'll take care of you till you can get some dough, right?"

I nodded.

"Cheer up," Reed touched my arm, as he had done last night, when I discovered my money roll was gone. I knew that if I looked up I would see his face as I had seen it then: concerned, reassuring... and untouchable, at least the way I wanted to touch it. Not like this morning. Or last night.

"By the way," he said, brightening, "if you're not gonna finish those pancakes, why don't you slide 'em over here."

We made good time that morning. The day started warm and dry. By noon it was blazing hot.

Reed stripped down, as he had done yesterday, to his white A-shirt. Soon the thin cotton was soaked through and clung to his skin like wet muslin. The moving muscles in his chest and shoulders pulled it up till it bunched in tight folds over the hard curved plain of his abdomen. His naked arms worked the big heavy wheel and the ball-top stick shift.

Nothing happened. Reed drove the rig. I sat three feet away and stared at the monotonous desert flatlands west of Phoenix. The sun was behind us, casting the shadow of the truck far ahead.

Across the California line, in a little town of about twenty mpets called Blythe, we stopped for lunch. It was after one. The place was almost empty.

A couple of guys at a table caught my eye as we walked in. They were about my age, wearing nylon football jerseys, the kind that stay bright and cling to the skin. Reed took a booth in a back corner, next to a window that opened onto the parking lot. I faced the window and watched rippling heat rise from the asphalt. There was only one car in the lot, a blue Camaro. I had to move in a few inches to get out of the glare of the windshield.

The waitress handed us menus. She smiled at Reed; he smiled back and scratched his chest. I studied the menu glumly. When she came back with water, Reed ordered a plate of Polish sausage and potato salad.

"Sounds good to me, too," I said.

"How're you gonna pay for it?"

I stared at Reed across the table. He was looking straight at me with his arms crossed, one eyebrow slightly raised. I missed a breath, or maybe took two in place of one.

"I'll just have a glass of milk. And a sweet roll," I said, trying to put steel in my voice. Reed seemed to be amused, but he didn't say anything.

"That's it?" the waitress asked, lips pursed, pencilled eyebrows raised in perfect semicircles.

"Yeah," I said.

I wolfed down my lunch and watched Reed slice into the sausages. They popped and leaked juice as the knife sawed through. He put a big bite in his mouth and smiled at me as he chewed. I stared back at him angrily, amazed at how childish and stupid he looked.

Then a felt his foot against my leg, rubbing gently. A current cold as ice ran up my groin.

His foot followed it up. He pushed my knees apart, then propped his heel on the edge of the seat between my legs. He straightened his leg. I felt the sole against my crotch. My cock started to stiffen. He kept pushing, pinning me back against the seat.

Reed smiled, and ate, both at once. His foot began pumping against my crotch, very slow and steady. I looked down at the empty glass and saucer before me, and

suddenly under his power again. I closed my hands over the top of his boot, trailed my fingers over the thick laces, pressed my thumbs into the worn brown leather. I pulled his foot into my crotch and pushed back.

Reed kept eating, paying no attention except with his foot. I sank deeper and deeper, until I felt nothing at all but the point of contact. I didn't seem to exist above the waist.

Reed picked up one of the sausages between his thumb and forefinger. He leaned across the table and held it in front of my face, pointing the blunt tip at my mouth.

"You want some?" he said in a low voice.

"What?" I batted my eyes, trying to keep them open.

"Open your mouth."

Reed ran the round end of the sausage over my lips, smearing them with grease, coaxing them open. Then the sausage was sliding past my lips. Reed was propped forward on his elbows, head tilted to one side, watching me through narrow eyes. The heel of his boot pressed hard into my balls.

The smooth, warm casing slid over my tongue. I started to cut it with my teeth.

"Don't bite," Reed said. "Cocksuckers never bite."

He pulled the sausage almost out of my mouth. Then he slid in back in, stretching my lips into a circle. Out again, and in.

Beyond Reed's shoulder, through the plate glass, a movement caught my eye. It was one of the high school boys I had seen eating when we came in.

He was standing behind the open door of the blue Camaro staring at me. His hair was blond. His skin was

gold from an early summer tan. His forearms were thick and covered with golden hair. The muscles on his torso were well-defined beneath the sheer nylon of his loose jersey. His number was 74.

That was what Bill looked like. I remembered.

I stared back at him. Reed was pumping the sausage in my mouth, pumping my crotch with his foot. I dug my fingernails into the unfeeling leather.

Number 74 looked shocked. Then a weird grin spread over his face. He stuck his arm into the car, gestured and said something, never taking his eyes off me. His friend, in the opposite seat, leaned over inside the car and looked. They peered into the cafe as if they had spotted some kind of rare bird.

Suddenly Reed pushed the sausage beyond the stricture at the back of my mouth and into my throat. The other end slipped inside the circle of my lips. Reed pulled his hand away.

I held it in my mouth and throat for a moment. I looked at Reed, not at the young men outside. My throat began to spasm. I leaned over. The sausage slid, very slowly, heavy and thick, past my lips and onto the empty saucer.

"Oh Reed," I whispered, too low, maybe, for him to hear. "Oh, Reed. You're making me crazy."

I had come in in my pants.

Back in the truck. Back on the road. The views were spectacular. First the endless cactus-strewn stretch of the lower Mojave, like a scene from a widescreen Western. The long winding climb up the San Bernardino



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Mountains, the engine churning, Reed's strong right arm steady on the stick shift. Then the steep descent into the irrigated valley land, where the world abruptly changed its face. Dense acres of orchard. Undetermined fields of green in the distance. Palms along the highway. RV dealers. Billboards.

That strange transition must have impressed me strongly. I can see it vividly in my memory. But at the time it was all lost on me. I was whirling like the truck engine inside, smooth as eggshell on the surface. I would say, now, that I was being quietly hysterical. Then, I didn't know what to call it. I couldn't name it—I was inside it, I couldn't look at it from the outside and see its beginnings and ends. My whole body, even my face, was tense. Reed was a presence beside me, solid as iron, like magnetized iron, and I was a delicate body made of metal filings, trying to resist the pull, trying not to fly to him and break into a thousand pieces.

The tension yesterday, and the heat, had finally made me drowsy. Now it was the same. Reed saw me nodding off.

"Sleepy?"

"Yeah." There was an anger in my voice that I hadn't intended to be there.

The sound of the engine. The sharp rush of a car passing in the opposite direction. Then one of Reed's voices. Not the comforting voice, or the moon voice, but both together.

"Why don't you lay your head in my lap?"

I closed my eyes and ordered my body not to shake.

"And take a nap," Reed added, as if he thought I might have misunderstood.

"Okay," I said. Not looking at him, I lay across the seat and settled my shoulder against his thigh. His cock was below my cheek, big and soft.

Reed's erection came and went. Soft and pliable beneath my face, then hard as rope against my cheekbone. I put my hand across the head. It filled the palm like a billiard ball. The vibrations of the engine rumbled through my face and neck, shaking the knotted muscles loose. Occasionally Reed moved his feet on the clutch and brake; the muscles in his thighs regrouped beneath the denim. When his right hand wasn't busy shifting, he rested it on my kneecap and squeezed. Later he touched my hair. I believe he thought I was asleep.

I did sleep, off and on. The rest of the time I dreamed. The heat in the cab was like a strong drug. I imagined a thousand things. Each fantasy built on the last until my head began discovering things on its own. New thoughts that came from nowhere but within.

I imagined sucking him this way, here in the cab while he worked the rig. My cock was hard. His cock was hard. I wouldn't be able to do it any better than Reggie, I would have to settle for the feeling of it against my tongue and lips. There was so much of it to lick, to kiss, I could go on doing it forever. The ridge around the corona was thick as a finger. I could bite it, sheathing my teeth behind my lips. I could explore its curvature for an hour with my tongue. It wouldn't make him come. But I could hold his come in my mouth while it was still warm inside him, I could fit a ball in each cheek.

I imagined him telling me to strip down, because he liked me better naked in the heat when my body sported a glistening coat of sweat. I would curl up beside him again and nuzzle his cock.

I imagined his hand on my flank, the calluses rough where I was smooth. He would reach over me and open

the glove compartment, take out the jar of vaseline, gritty and black around the rim. Dip his fingers inside, then reach between my cheeks, fingers searching, probing—then suddenly rough—skewering me.

He opened me. I was open, everywhere. I felt my throat open like a rose. I lifted my head and drew a breath, face poised over his upright cock. My lips like waves rushing over the ridge of his corona, breaking like waves and rushing down to the very base, Reed was in me, in my neck. He would come that way and the taste would be like heavy cream. It would keep coming for minutes while I drank and drank. Then he would soften and recede from my throat till I could hold all of him in my mouth without choking.

Soon he would need to piss. I would be there. No need to stop. Reed would let go and I would swallow as I had swallowed his come, for long, long minutes. He would never have to stop for a leak, we could drive on and on, past L.A., up to San Francisco or maybe down to Mexico. We could roll up the windows, drive into the ocean, live undersea in the cab, naked together in the green darkness, holding each other naked, eating and drinking from each other's bodies.

"Santa Ana," Reed was saying. He was shaking my shoulder.

I opened my eyes, and shut them. The dream was too sweet to leave.

"Hey, get up and look. Dust devils."

I pulled my head off his lap and sat up. The highway was taking us through a corridor of high trees. The trees stretched on as far as I could see. They whipped in the wind.

"Blow you off the fucking road," Reed said. From the



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TWELFTH AT HARRISON

SAN FRANCISCO

way he grinned, I was sure there was no danger of that. I never knew where Los Angeles began. The city insinuated itself into the landscape, detail by detail. The open spaces receded. The freeways multiplied. The sun was setting in our faces, blood red through the haze.

Once I was there, I never knew just where I was in Los Angeles. I looked at a map in Reed's glove compartment, but it was too big to unfold in the cab. I'm sure I could never find that hotel again.

It was far off the freeway. I couldn't see why Reed stayed there, instead of a motel, unless it was cheaper. He had said it was in a seedy part of town. I wasn't sure what seedy meant. The buildings were low, gray and old. The hotel was five or six stories. The facade was Spanish; a lot of the decorative work above the windows and archways was damaged or gone altogether, leaving oddly shaped patches of unpainted plaster behind. There was a huge parking lot in back, surrounded by a high chain link fence.

The lobby was dark. There were lots of fake marble columns and brass railings that needed polishing. The place had a musty smell. In one corner were some old sofas clustered around a black-and-white television set. The set was on, but no one was there to watch it.

The desk clerk was a bald man, about fifty, with lots of hair on his forearms. He was reading a dog-eared copy of *Hustler* magazine.

"Look at that," he said, holding up a picture of a naked woman who appeared to be smoking a cigar with her asshole. It was the grossest thing I had ever seen, but the clerk seemed to love it. He held the magazine back and leered at the picture. Then he set it down on the counter.



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"You guys need a room?"

"Just me," Reed said. "The kid won't be staying."

The kid looked at us suspiciously. "Sure."

He gave Reed a key for a room on the third floor.

"Hey," he shouted, as we turned toward the elevator.

"You guys be needing company tonight?"

"Not tonight," Reed said. "We'll find our own."

"Yeah. Sure." The clerk scowled at us. Reed didn't look back. I saw him clenching his teeth while we waited for the elevator. "Asshole," he said under his breath.

The room had white louvered doors. The furniture was old, probably older than me. The walls needed a paint job, bad.

Reed started unpacking his overnight bag. "Why don't you call your buddy."

I didn't want to, but I did. I rummaged through my duffel bag and found my address book. The clerk downstairs put the call through—I recognized his gravelly voice. I listened to the phone ring and hoped Bill wouldn't be in.

But he was. I was amazed at the effect his voice had on me. It was just the same. Everything came back, all the memories and fantasies that had sustained me before I met Reed. Bill sounded glad to hear my voice. I didn't say anything too intimate; I figured the clerk was the type to listen in.

Bill said he could find the hotel, but couldn't make it for an hour or so. He said not to eat; he'd feed me dinner at his place. My heart sped up. I wondered if the double meaning were intentional. It would be good to be with him. He would know what I wanted, and he would give it to me.

I hung up and told Reed I'd have to hang around for a while.

"That's fine," he said. He wasn't looking at me. "Listen, I'm going down the street to a rental place I know, stays open late. Get that car so I'll have it in the morning." He headed for the door. "Uh, look, if you don't see me again—I mean, your buddy might show up 'fore I get back... why don't you give me a call here at the hotel sometime tomorrow or Sunday. Just to let me know how you're getting along. You know, the money and all."

He opened the door. He glanced at me. I nodded.

"I'll do that, Reed."

Then he left. I stared at the louvered door for a long time.

I took a hot shower. I lathered the soap around my cock and got horny. My memories swung back and forth between Reed and Bill. Up against a wall with Bill in my ass, calling me his tight end. Flat on my back with Reed's foot on my chest. I thought about that kid Reggie, naked on the toilet with a bunch of jocks fucking his face.

I dried off and walked around the room, beating my cock, glad to be alone. I looked through Reed's bag and pulled out a pair of his skimpy white briefs. I tried them on. They were the same size around the waist, if nowhere else. I looked in the mirror at the way they fit snug across my ass. I decided I would keep them to beat off in.

I moved around the room, getting myself hot, beating off in the chair, on the bed, in front of the mirror. I noticed Reed's keys on the dresser and got an idea.

I dressed and went downstairs. I walked through the lobby, feeling my hard-on with every step. The clerk looked up and sneered. I nodded to him. His sneer twisted into a flat smile.

I walked to the truck, noticing how dirty the sky looked at twilight. I unlocked the passenger door, stepped up and opened the glove compartment. I found the porno books I had seen yesterday.

Back in Reed's room I stripped again. I laid on the bed and started reading, holding a book in one hand and squeezing my cock with the other. The books were straight, but I figured I was horny enough to get turned on by anything with hard cocks in it.

I could see why Reed liked *Truckstop Whore*. The hero was a big blond trucker with a huge dick, who travelled across the country screwing big-chested waitresses and motel maids. I imagined Reed as the trucker, and the story got me off. Some of the sex got pretty rough. The women were crazy for the guy's dick, but most of them couldn't take it. It was too big. One of them even gagged on it and threw up.

The story began to sound vaguely familiar.

The trucker had a sadistic streak. Most of the women took it for a while, just for the chance to be close to his dick, but they weren't masochists. Then he found a girl at a truckstop who couldn't be humiliated enough. The trucker and a friend spent the last half of the book tying her up and screwing her.

Then I came to something that stopped me cold. I read the page over and over. The trucker had the girl naked and tied up. He was making her suck him off. After he came, she spat it out. That made him furious. He slapped her around, then fucked her up the ass while she begged him to stop. Then he made her lick it off his cock and suck him again, making sure she swallowed it.

I had heard that story before. Yesterday. From Reed. He had told it while he beat off and teased me with his cock—told me as if it had really happened, between him and a girl he met in Dallas.

His *Oriental Slavegirl* was straight, too. It was about a serviceman in Southeast Asia who wins a slavegirl in a card game. But there was a scene near the end about a gay GI named Smith, the "regimental cocksucker". A group of soldiers corner him in the barracks latrine, strip him and force him to sit naked on the toilet. Then they take turns fucking his face and calling him names: cocksucker, queer boy, faggot. One of them even pisses on him. Then the hero comes in and breaks it up. The gay GI wants to give him a blow job in gratitude, but the hero declines and goes off to use his slavegirl instead.

I laid the book on the bed. Some of the phrases Reed had used were right there, in the books. I couldn't tell how much of what he had told me was real, and how much imagined.

He wasn't the perfect, untouchable stud I thought he was. He was a fake. I felt anger, the special anger you feel when an idol falls. There was something pathetic in it, but I fought those feelings off. I preferred to be mad instead of depressed.

I had been lied to. The idea of spending the night with Bill, some place far from Reed, seemed better and better.

There was a knock. I opened the door, still naked and half-hard. I hoped it wasn't Reed.

It was Bill. We said hi and looked at each other for a long time. I didn't mind being naked. I just hoped he remembered, and liked what he saw. I thought about sucking him off right there in the room, but I decided to wait. I didn't want Reed walking in on us.

I dressed fast, eager to leave with Bill and get away from Reed to some place where I could be myself and think clearly. He had made a fool of me, acting like such

a stud and waving his cock in my face, always out of reach. He had had the nerve to call me a faggot. What was he? I had no idea. All I had was a pack of lies. For all his big, beautiful muscles, he was hollow at the core.

I followed Bill down to his car in the parking lot. I felt the tension drain out of me. Laughing came easy. Bill had a lot of questions about people back home. He kept saying he was glad I'd come.

I had meant to leave a note for Reed. I remembered in the parking lot. I decided not to go back. I also remembered that I had left the paperbacks in plain sight on the bed. Let him find them, I thought. Maybe his schizoid brain would be able to connect, and he would know I'd seen through his stories.

As Bill wheeled his second-hand Ford into the street, I looked back at Reed's truck, sitting almost alone in the parking lot, almost colorless in the gathering darkness.

The drive to Bill's place took forty-five minutes. I was amazed at the size of the city. We talked about that, and the smog, and a lot of other unimportant things. I was glad just to be in the car wit him, soaking in the familiar vibes.

His apartment was in a huge complex next to a Safe-way. There was a swimming pool in the central courtyard, lit by a ghostly blue night light. I followed him up a flight of clanging stairs, toting the duffel bag over my shoulder.

The apartment was very small—small living room, small kitchen separated by a bar. There was a girl in the kitchen.

"Hi," Bill said. He walked over to the girl and kissed her.

She was a little shorter than Bill, very slender, with large breasts and wide hips. She wore sandals and a white cotton summer dress belted at the waist. Her hair was long and black, parted in the middle. Her complexion was olive, features very delicate—oriental perhaps. *His Oriental Slavegirl*, I thought, groaning inside.

Bill introduced us. Her name was Anne. She shared the apartment with him. Dinners was ready. Anne had to run—a night class. Back by ten.

Bill talked about her all through dinner. "She is wild," he said. "Wild, I tell you. I can't believe the stuff she does in bed. There sure weren't any chicks like her back in Austin. It's something about the climate out here."

I smiled, nodded, tried to keep up a front. Inside I was cracking. The euphoria I had felt leaving the hotel evaporated. In its place was an absolute vacuum.

After dinner, I helped him rinse the dishes and load them into the washer. Bill broke out a six pack of beer and we sat by each other on the sofa, watching TV. I was glad to have the television to look at. I was having a hard time looking him in the eye.

We talked about this and that. Bill kept returning to Anne, going on about how fantastic and uninhibited she was in bed. Every time he mentioned her name the blood rushed in my ears, droning above his voice. I wanted to touch him. I wanted something to happen. But I couldn't make the first move, and it seemed that Bill didn't care to.

Somewhere in the middle of that miserable night, Anne came in the front door. She sat on the floor at Bill's feet. He rolled a couple of joints. We smoked and listened to records far into the night. Neither of them seemed to notice how edgy I was. They were too wrapped up in each other. Maybe they did notice, and tried to put me at ease by ignoring it. I decided Anne wasn't so bad. If she hadn't been Bill's girlfriend, I could

have liked her.

Finally, they went into the bedroom. I was left to sleep on the sofa. I settled down on my back, pulled the blanket up to my chin, and stared at the dark ceiling. Then I heard her. They were fucking in the bedroom.

She was the loud type—probably one of the things Bill liked about her. I could hear everything through the thin, cheap door. She grunted. She moaned. She called out his name. She called him Billy. I got tears in my eyes. I also got hard, listening, knowing how strong Bill's hips were, remembering how his cock felt inside.

I sat up on the sofa and pulled off my underwear, Reed's underwear, wanting to be naked in the grayness. I spat in my hand, smeared the saliva over my cock.

Bill began moaning along with Anne. I recognized that sound, and knew he was coming. I wanted to come too, I wanted to sleep, but somehow I couldn't. I sat there on the sofa, beating my meat long after the groans and sighs died away.

I was like that when the door to the bedroom opened and Bill stepped out. He saw me and grinned, thinking he understood. He raised a finger to his lips and spoke in a soft voice, "What did I tell you?" He shrugged and gestured to the bathroom door at his right. "Gotta wash off."

I stared at his face, trying to tell him everything with my eyes. Wanting him to understand, to save me somehow. His grin vanished. The steely look on his face told me he hadn't forgotten the old days after all. He took a hesitant step toward me.

I slid off the sofa, on my knees. I wrapped both hands around my cock and opened my mouth. I stared at his cock.

It hung from his crotch, slick and pale, still heavy with blood, veins pushed to the surface. It looked small after Reed, but it was beautiful and I wanted it.

Bill took another step. He parted his lips and sucked in a breath. Then he came to me, cock swinging. He stopped just short of my mouth and looked down at me.

"Goddamn," he said. Same old Alan."

I leaned forward and swallowed his cock. He gasped above me. "Oh yeah. Same old Alan." His shaft filled until it was half-hard. He touched my ears with his fingers.

"Yeah," he whispered. "Suck the juice off that cock. Been making my woman feel good. I was gonna wash, but hell, if you want it..."

I tried not to hear. I ran my fingers over his legs and filled my hands with hard muscle. I pressed my palms over the cheeks of his ass. They were smooth and solid as marble.

I held him in my mouth for a long time. He never got fully hard, but it felt good just to have him there, just to be on my knees in front of him. He started to pull out. I tightened my grip on his ass and held him fast.

"I gotta go," he whispered.

I held him tight.

"Hey, Alan. I gotta take a piss."

I remembered the waking dream of that afternoon. Reed in my mouth. Never having to stop.

Bill tried to step back—not too hard. There was a long dark silence. He said it one more time.

"Alan. I need to piss. Now."

I drew back, just enough to turn my face up. I looked into his eyes, just long enough to show I understood. Then I swallowed him again. His cock had grown harder.

I waited. Then it began. Erratic at first, then rushing out. I didn't mind the taste. I simply swallowed, and stroked my cock with both fists.

Afterwards Bill pulled free. He was rock hard. I wanted to suck him. But he stepped back, toward the bedroom, looking at me over his shoulder with a strange look on his face.

A few moments later, I heard Anne murmur in her sleep. They started fucking again.

The door to the bedroom was slightly ajar. Perhaps Bill had left it that way on purpose.

I walked to the door, peered through the crack. A beam of moonlight illuminated their bodies. Anne was face down on the bed, spreadeagle. Bill was on top of her, pinning her down. His legs were stretched over hers. His hands held her down by the wrists. Her face was pressed into the bed, obscure behind the tangle of her hair. Bill was whispering into her ear, biting her neck. I watched the hard, lean muscles in his ass and thighs contract. He was screwing her in the ass.

I returned to the sofa. I sat motionless, cock limp, emotions drained. They came again—Bill moaning, Anne moaning. Silence, the sound of their breathing, deep and steady.

I got up and closed the bedroom door. I went to the wall phone in the kitchen. I lifted the receiver. By the pale white light of the dial I found the hotel in the phone book.

The desk clerk answered. He sounded like he was in a foul mood. I started to ask for Reed, then realized I didn't know his last name. But I remembered the room number.

The phone rang and rang. Finally the clerk broke in. "Alright already, he's not in. You wanna leave a message or something?"

"I guess..." I tried to think of words.

"Wait a minute," the clerk said. "The big blonde guy that checked in this evening, right?"

"Yes," I said, heart beating fast.

"Yeah, that's him. He's just getting in. Looks like he picked up something hot off the strip, too. Hold on, I'll call him over. I wanna get a look at this broad."

I listened to distorted sounds over the wire—the phone laid down on the counter with a clunk, a distant ringing sound, the phone picked up again. Then Reed's voice. I could hear him smiling.

"Yeah, who is it."

"It's me, Reed."

"Oh..."

"Reed, I want you to come and get me. It's no good here."

I heard a woman giggling in the background, heard the clerk bark with laughter. I wondered if he was holding up that horrible photo of the woman with the cigar.

"Well look," Reed said, "I'm kinda tied up right now..."

"I don't care. Give her some money and tell her to go away. I want you to come and get me. Now. Please, Reed."

There was a long pause. I counted my heartbeats.

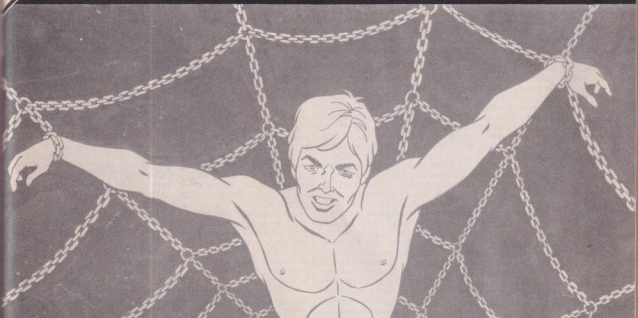
"Okay," Reed said.

I gave him the address. He promised to be there in an hour.

I gathered my things. I left a note for Bill and Anne. It said nothing. I knew I wouldn't be coming back, whatever happened.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

RUN NO MORE

By
LARRY
TOWNSEND

I had been so spaced out through the rest of the session, I must have taken a good deal harder punishment than I might otherwise have agreed to. I didn't remember making any protest, but I couldn't remember any stage of the action with too much clarity, either. When I awakened I was on the floor, lying on a pile of rags with my wrists pinioned to my sides by leather straps. These were padlocked to a second band of leather about my waist. I still wore the steel collar, and when I tried to move I discovered that this was chained and locked to the metal leg of Kurt's bedstead. Gradually I became aware of aches and pains, bruises on back and buttocks, several places where the skin had been rubbed raw by the bindings I had worn during the course of the night's activities. It was several more seconds before I was able to reconstruct a partial picture of what had happened.

I remember being led to an upright post which formed a support for the roof, part of the wall in a section of the loft where Kurt had not covered the rough carpentry with paneling. I had been secured in this, facing the wall, attached by the same chain that now bound me to the bed. Kurt had also clipped a leather restraint around my genitals — circling both cock and balls, tying this with rawhide to a second ring in the wooden beam. He had required that I repeat a short credo, a statement in German that was more or less equivalent to a "Slave's Creed." I had read in English, Kurt had insisted I repeat the words after him, punishing me with the belt when I faltered, and had kept this up until I knew the lines by rote. Although the whole thing was not more than eight or nine sentences, lack of fluency in German had resulted in my sustaining a considerable punishment before I was able to recite it properly.

Kurt had later made me kneel and crawl, administering further strokes with the belt across my back and the upturned cheeks of my ass. He had made me translate my pledge into English and had forced me to beg to suck his cock. I remembered all of these instances as islands of clarity within the distorted morass of moving lights and darks, the SS uniform standing over me, the leather belt cutting through the air . . .

variations of temperature and perception, moments of deliberate, contrived humiliation. I recalled being led back from the place where he'd bound me to the wall, pulled by a strap he'd fastened to my neck piece. I was shivering with cold until my teeth were chattering and my entire being shook with the violent spasms of readjusting to the fire's warmth. Kurt had ordered me to lie on my back beside the hearth and had bathed me in a stream of searing piss. I remembered the hissing steam when his fluid struck the stones, the acrid, slightly sour essence that flooded my chest and twisting midsection. I'd grown soft near the end of his previous usage, and Kurt had taunted me for it. He now played the warm stream over my loins, standing above me, his black-uniformed body seeming to stretch toward an infinite height.

There was a heavy musical beat, and this entered my awareness for the first time . . . at least in retrospect. It was a dissonant, atonal clash or percussion . . . Bartok, I thought, or Berg . . . sounds which took the form of visual reality and seemed to reach out to me, to touch my flesh, to hold and lift my consciousness free of its customary bounds. I was aware, even during these moments of sensually dominated response, that Kurt was using me harshly . . . that he was exceeding any normal limits and putting me through a series of abusive punishments to which I had never voluntarily committed myself. Had it not been for the drug . . . mescaline? . . . I wasn't sure, and he later refused to tell me. Whatever it was, it projected me into a state of carelessness and enervated physical sensitivity that raised my threshold of pain while exciting me to new extremes of frantic desire.

Now, bound as I was by the fetters of his continued mastery, I wasn't sure how I was expected to behave. The drug had worn off, although it left me under a heavy cloud of uncomfortable depression. It was akin to a hangover, having no effect on the aches and pains that continued to become more acute as my senses returned to normal. Not even the skinheads in London had subjected me to a more severe physical abuse than Kurt had done, and Kurt should have known better. He should have recognized my limits, remembered from the

previous summer . . . at the very least, he could have asked. As I thought about it, I reacted with several different emotions . . . anger, disappointment. Finally I decided that he, too, must have taken the drug and was probably too spaced out to exercise proper judgment.

As I shifted my position, doing so with some difficulty because I couldn't use my hands, I involuntarily emitted a groan. I had assumed that Kurt was on the bed, probably still asleep. But the chain had kept me from looking. The very state of continued bondage was arousing me all over again. My cock . . . as more than half hard when Kurt spoke, making me jump a d blush with flustered embarrassment. His voice had come from the far side of the room.

"So, you're finally awake," he remarked. "I thought you were going to sleep all day."

I twisted about to look at him, surprised to see him sitting naked at the table, sipping a cup of coffee. The room was quite warm, however . . . no reason why he shouldn't. We ran around bare-assed most of the time last summer . . . whenever we were alone like this . . . "What . . . I mean, I don't know what you want me to do, sir," I said cautiously. "If you wish to instruct me . . ."

Kurt laughed. "If you'd awakened sooner, I might have had some use for you," he said. He allowed a stern expression to cloak his face again, and for a moment I was sure he meant to start on me regardless of the time. I was more than ready for him, despite my previous apprehensions. The sight of his hard-muscled nakedness produced the well-conditioned surge of responsive lust through my guts. "It is almost nine," he continued, "and I must go to instruct my class of beginners."

He stood up, sinew flowing smoothly beneath his skin, came toward me with that same animal grace I remembered from all the times before. He was an exceptionally attractive man . . . no denying it, and the sight of his glowing musculature, the fleshy roundness of his balls hanging loose and free within the darker skin of his sac . . . the full, resting power of his cock . . . all swaying in sleeping majesty with his every

step. . . Had he placed a further demand on me, I would have responded immediately . . . might well have submitted myself as completely as I had under the influence of his drug. In the course of it I might have wished to retreat, but my fantasies would have cast me forward at the start.

Instead, Kurt, crouched down beside me, running the coarse warmth of his hands across my hip and side. His fingers fondled my tumescence cock as his gray-blue eyes stared deeply into mine. He grazed the pubic hair with the back of his hand, an idle gesture as if he were petting some loved but inferior creature. He leaned down and kissed me, gently at first, but eventually grinding his mouth on mine and sucking the breath from my lungs. It should have been the beginning; Kurt knew this and it was a purposeful act, an expression of a subtlety I would not have credited. When he sensed my eagerly building response, he broke away and knelt above me. A cynical smile spread across his lips as he allowed his gaze to rove my prone and helpless body. "You want something," he whispered. "You want it, but you're my slave and you'll only receive what I decide to grant you."

He produced a key from the palm of his hand and began to unlock the leather restraints on my wrists. I knew what he was doing, and I was a little amused because I could see his own arousal . . . hence his own self-deprivation. His cock was arched forward between his thighs, heavy folds of foreskin receding until they only half covered the flare of crown. He shifted his posture a couple of times as he worked on my bonds, and twice the weight of his tumescence shaft came to rest against my stomach. But the contacts did not deter him. He maintained his stern demeanor until the chain and collar had been removed from about my neck, at which point he rose quickly to his feet and extended one hand to help me up. It was the signal that our sexual roles were dissolved . . . at least suspended. He clapped me lightly on the ass and shoved me toward the bathroom. "I must go," he called after me. "The roads are still clear, if you want to take my motorbike. I must ride the train."

He was starting to dress when I went into the bathroom and was gone when I came out. I found a cup of coffee already poured for me on the table, with the rest of the pot still warm on the stove. Kurt puzzled me, as he always had, I guess. There was an air of restrained dignity about him, and this had stayed in place even during the one session when I had seen him coerced into the position of bottom man. It was not the same as my perception of Bert, where his total self remained concealed behind a facade of intellectual expression and physical withdrawal. With Kurt, I had certainly engaged in the most exploratory sexual exchanges; yet I realized that I had been as unsuccessful in penetrating the inner shell of his true personality as I had been with my uncle. I was trying to define the extent of my own feelings. I realized, when these were dependent to a large extent on the very factors I was unable to analyze in either of the men.

At the height of my affair with Kurt, he had never allowed so much as a glimpse of this inner personality. I wondered if my own emotional reciprocation might have been greater if he had. Or would the revelation have displayed some secret facet which Kurt knew ahead of time was going to turn me off? How could I know? I wondered. How was I going to resolve this reconstituted relationship, where I could already see the presumption on Kurt's part of an exclusive right to possess me?

While I finished dressing I drank as much coffee as I wanted and moved the pot off the stove. I made Kurt's bed, knowing he would expect this of me, and then went down the wooden stairs to the garage. I had reached no satisfactory conclusions, and was still at a loss to know how I should try managing my affair with this strange and enigmatic man. I was honestly less concerned for myself than for him. He was vulnerable, assuming his assertions of love were true. While I did not love him in the generally accepted sense, I was very fond of him in addition to desiring him physically. I didn't want to hurt him. In the past I might have been a little afraid of him . . . had admitted as much to myself only the day before. At the moment I was not afraid, and the thought even crossed my mind that the reverse might be true. Incongruous, I supposed,



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but true nonetheless. If Kurt's ego would permit him to remember how he'd been wounded before, he would be more than justified in being a little wary of me now.

I straddled Kurt's bike and kicked the engine over. It caught on the second try, and after I let it idle for a few minutes I made a wobbly exit. *Kurt afraid of me! I've sensed it, maybe, for a long time. Just couldn't put the thought into perspective . . . see him as equal or as master, never as another man with his own sets of strengths and weaknesses . . . in some of these weaker than I am. No reason why. I should always think of myself as M to his S, either. And this idea really turned me on! I would dig it, man! Would I ever dig it!* And strangely enough, I suddenly thought of Bert. I didn't understand him even as well as I was beginning to add-up Kurt. I'd been able to perceive no weaknesses in my uncle, but he was also human. Then I couldn't carry the train of thought any further; it verged on an area of absolute idiocy.

There was a large Mercedes sedan, with Bavarian State shields above the license plates, parked in front of Alfred's cottage when I arrived. There was a chauffeur seated behind the wheel, who pointedly ignored me as I pulled into the drive. No one was about in the backyard, so I parked Kurt's bike in the shed and threw a tarp over it. Before I opened the back door I knew the caretaker's visitor was a woman. A grating, raucous female voice seemed to vibrate the wooden siding. I entered quietly and stood almost unnoticed, just inside the door. The woman had her back to me . . . a great bulk of flesh in an expensive, bulging business suit. She was standing in the middle of the kitchen, speaking to Alfred and my uncle. Jim, I presumed, had taken refuge in the bedroom.

There was a second stranger with the group, an elderly gentleman in a very tailored, obviously German outfit . . . heavy black-blue overcoat with dark gray pants less showing beneath it. A pair of shiny black rubbers covered his shoes. Bert grinned slightly when he saw me, and winked. Alfred, who was also facing me, was blocked by the mountain of woman-flesh. It was several seconds before either visitor seemed aware of my entry.

The woman had been holding forth on the necessity of sensory rather than mechanical investigations of spiritual phenomena. From this, I gathered she was there to poke about the castle. Finally, when she paused to draw a wheezing breath, Bert took advantage of the momentary silence. "Mrs. Ledbetter, let me present my nephew, Wayne Hoffstader," he interjected quickly. "Wayne, this is Mrs. Irene Ledbetter, president of the Southampton Spiritualist Society," he added. His expression was a poorly guarded warning not to cross her.

Mrs. Ledbetter turned toward me, all smiles and wrinkles. She was a middle-aged woman, heavy as I'd already observed, with drooping eye folds and the typical peaches-and-cream make-up that was supposed to sustain a glimmer of fading youth. She was a formidable figure, and by the collection of diamonds on her fingers I presumed she had the authority of wealth behind her. She sized me up with the formal graciousness of a disapproving school mistress, finally extending her hand in a gesture that made me wonder if she expected me to kiss it. "How'd'ja do?" she rasped. Her beady eyes seemed hardly focused on my face before she dismissed me with a shrug of fleshy shoulders and returned her attention to my uncle. Looks like Herimione Gingold, I thought, and I started to grin despite Bert's unspoken communication.

But my uncle was more than equal to his adversary. Before Mrs. Ledbetter could resume her interrupted discourse, Bert further clarified the situation for me by introducing the second stranger. He did this in a tone which suggested some rebuke of the woman's discourtesy in cutting short the amenities. "Wayne, I'd also like you to meet Herr Doktor Weisser." I took the cold, bony hand and was a little surprised at the strength of the old man's grip. It was, incidentally, the only display of strength he made all afternoon. "Doktor Weisser is . . . executive assistant, I guess you'd translate it, to the President of the State Assembly. The Doktor has personally brought Mrs. Ledbetter here because, like all of us, she is interested in ascertaining the . . ."

"Let's stop all this falderall!" she bellowed. "Herr Weisser brought me here because I came with enough backing from the British Society that he couldn't turn me down. I intend to investigate this phenomenon, and I intend to get the answers which you and all the other supposed experts have been unable to find!" She stared at the little German with a malevolent gleam in her piggy eyes, and this in turn made him appear to shrink still further. "And don't think that your affection of good manners is going to sidetrack me, Mr. Forham," she addressed to Bert. "I am fully aware that none of you wants me here, and that you would hamper me in any way you could if it were in your power to do so. Fortunately, I have arrived . . ."

"Madam," Bert answered coldly, "I do not feel that bad manners are ever acceptable credentials, regardless of the political power behind them. If you think you can find the answer, more power to you." He bowed slightly at the waist, made a hand gesture toward Alfred which expressed his sur-rendering the floor, and beckoned for me to follow him outside. We had the door closed behind us before Mrs. Ledbetter had gathered the steam for her retort.

I had thought Bert was really angry, but once we were out of earshot he started to laugh. He draped an arm across my shoulders and guided me toward the road. "Let's take a little walk," he said. "That old crone's going to stay all the longer if she thinks we're anxious to get rid of her."

"Do you think she suspects?" I asked.

Bert twisted his lips into a grimace of dismissal. "No!" he answered. "Not a chance. I doubt she knows what S & M is all about!"

"Looks like a big bulldyke to me," I remarked.

Bert shrugged. "She may be, though I understand her offspring have populated half the shire. Her father was knighted, you know, and if her husband had lived another year, he would probably have been sent to Lords . . . socialist MP for years. Has a lot of friends in the right places, but I doubt anyone takes her very seriously."

We walked together to a rise above the castle, where we had a fairly unobstructed view of the cottage. Bert's arm had remained in place for quite a while, holding me against his side as if he wished to communicate some idea which refused to form itself in words. It was the first time he had ever instigated a physical contact between us. While it may have been no more than a casual gesture, it seemed to break the instructor-student status of our past relationship. Yet, when we stood on the high ground, gazing down at the truly magnificent vista of mountains, trees, and snow-covered chalets, Bert did not follow up with the type of personal dialogue I had expected. Instead, he spoke rather abstractly about the delay Mrs. Ledbetter was going to cause us, indicating his fervent hope that the "damned ghost" not appear to encourage her. While his train of thought was clearly expressed I had the feeling he was distracted, his mind focused on some other subject while he talked. He stepped away from me after several minutes, standing near the edge where the sheer drop of several hundred feet made me hesitate to join him. He had always had a little fear of heights, and when I held back my uncle turned to look at me. His gaze was curious, quizzical. He smiled and moved back to my side.

"I wouldn't shove you off, you know," he said lightly.

I acknowledged his remark with a wan attempt at an answering grin. I looked down at my toes, stirring the snow with one boot and purposely not trying to hold an eye contact with him. "Don't you think I'm ready?" I asked softly.

Bert didn't answer me. I knew he'd heard, and I knew he understood exactly what I meant. I had desired him from almost the first moment I'd met him, and in a sense all the experiences I'd had with other S & M people had been undertaken with an underlying sense of preparing myself for this ultimate experience. I looked up sharply after another couple of seconds' silence, surprised myself by catching a suggestion of consternation on my uncle's features. He forced himself to smile and shook his head gently. "We'll both know when the time is ripe," he said. He took hold of my upper arms with both hands and held me facing him. Without consciously directing myself, I leaned forward and kissed him on the lips.

He made no move to stop me, though he could easily have done so. Instead, he returned the pressure . . . a dry kiss, neither of us attempting to make it more than that.

We remained on the hillcock for another half hour or so, staring down when we saw Mrs. Ledbetter and her political guardian reenter their car and drive off toward the village. Between Bert and myself there seemed to have been a partial resolution . . . if nothing more, we had reaffirmed the intention that one day we would make our scene. In retrospect I would hardly call it a satisfactory rapprochement; but for the moment I was satisfied, and the knowledge allowed me a degree of emotional homeostasis.

Two days later, we all recognized Mrs. Ledbetter as an indefatigable investigator. Despite her obnoxious, over-aggressive attitude, and her "coarse vulgarity" (Bert's term), she did display a wide and varied knowledge of the occult. Grudgingly — now fully recovered from his accident — Edgar admitted that she was exploring possibilities he had not thought about. To some extent, he offered what assistance he could. But he, like all the rest of us, held his breath in fear she might precipitate an appearance. "If she does," Edgar remarked, "let's pray she exorcises it at the same time."

Bert went into the castle with her for two nights running, as did Alfred. Kurt detested her on sight, and refused to have any part in anything she did. Inevitably, she came to a serious disagreement with Edgar — the only member of our group who attempted to speak with her on her own terms. As an upshot of this, Edgar, Kurt and I spent an evening together in the village — the third evening of Mrs. Ledbetter's visit. Bert, Jim and Alfred had accompanied her into the castle.

We started in Kurt's favorite *Bierstube*, sitting at a back table and drinking the sweet, dark *Fashing* brew. "She is coming dangerously close," Kurt observed. "Last evening she seemed a bit too curious over the reason for our being in the cellar when the . . . the thing appeared for the first time."

"To hell with her," Edgar replied sharply. "If we don't tell her, she can do as she suspects. Damned woman! Always in the cottage . . . or the castle. Never know when she'll come waddling in with some new idea!"

We had eaten a light dinner some time before, and now sat drinking for two or three hours, commiserating over Mrs. Ledbetter's inopportune invasion. The more I drank of the deceptively potent beer, the more I kept likening Edgar's features to those of the young man in Ludwig's portrait gallery. The similarity had become almost an obsession with me. The hall of paintings, incidentally, had not been opened to Mrs. Ledbetter's inspection. Neither was she aware of the underground corridor between Alfred's cottage and the maze of passageways within the castle walls.

It had already been agreed that the three of us would spend the night in Kurt's quarters — the first time I would be with him since our exchange on the eve of the female spiritualist's arrival. I still wasn't sure how many times Edgar might have made the scene with Kurt, but I gathered it had happened more than once by several comments that passed between them. Because I assumed each to be basically a top man, I was curious to know which had succumbed to the pressure of sexual lust and submitted himself to the other. For this reason, among others, our coming exchange was tinged with intriguing expectation.

When we finally left the *Bierstube*, all three of us were feeling no pain. We had bought another half dozen bottles, which Edgar carried in a webwork bag on the walk to Kurt's loft. Just his doing this, his acting as "porter," gave me the first clue. Until this point I had been apprehensive that both men were going to assume I was the logical M.

Seated on the cushions before a roaring fire, the impending scene began to shape itself. Edgar served us drinks and asked Kurt's permission to roll a joint for us to share. "Genuine Tajuana blue grass," he remarked, "getting near the end of my supply." He knelt beside the hearth, carefully wrapping the paper around the greenish "makings." As he lighted the cigarette from a splinter of wood, I could see that his hands were a little shaky. As soon as the ash was glowing at the tip,

he sucked in deeply and handed the cylinder to Kurt, who took a drag and passed it to me.

As I felt the delicious clouds begin to penetrate my senses, I leaned back and held the cigarette out to whomsoever wished to take it. My eyes were closed, my body yielding the pleasant, floating sensation to take possession of it. "Who plays what?" I asked at length.

My eyes were still closed, but when neither of my companions made an immediate answer I raised my head and looked about. Kurt was stretched out beside me, resting comfortably on the cushions. His midsection was raised, supported by a double thickness of pillow. His long, powerful legs were wide-spread, booted feet extended toward the fire. Edgar had stripped to the waist and was kneeling between us, watching me closely as if trying to decide on his next move. I could see his interested gaze flick several times across my groin, where desire curled in impatient warmth, restricted by the pair of jockey shorts I had put on for the benefit of our intruder. I let my head sink back against the cushions, closed my eyes again and waited. "If you want it," I said finally, "take it."

I felt his hand moving against the cloth, tingles of neural response emphasizing the lightness of his touch. His wide, thick palms caressed the insides of my thighs, blocked the harsh, dry heat from the fire and replaced it with a softer, more penetrating warmth. The realization that I was about to make it with a guy I'd been grooving on for days seemed to crystallize my desires . . . to heighten the responsiveness of my body. His cloying contact called forth a quivering expectation, urging me to reach out and grasp him, to hurry him through these tantalizing preliminary phases. But the suspense added its own elements, increased the sensual pleasure. I twisted my shoulders and upper body, allowed my feet to slide further apart.

Edgar's hand had cupped about my crotch, kneading the softer under portion, pressing down with the heel to excite the sparks of lust along the enclosed, encumbered arch of cock. He worked a button loose, then another, and his long fingers stole inside. Hot moisture penetrated the cotton pouch as he deftly unbuckled my belt, cast the flaps of cloth aside and dropped his mouth full about the entire mass. I moaned and rolled my head from side to side, forcing my hands to remain against my hips and not to interfere with the stroking motion of his fingers or the grasping pull of his lips.

Without my consciously directing it, a portion of my thoughts had drifted back to a consideration of the accident and of Edgar's words at the time. In this semi-delirium he had seemed so sure that Kurt had pushed him . . . but later . . . no further comment . . . nothing, except the barest suggestion of anxiety . . . wanted me present this evening . . . no solo contacts with Kurt . . . never with him unless someone else is around . . .

He'd stretched the waistband of my shorts downward, slipping it under my balls so the elastic shoved out of the sheltering enclosure . . . cock rising at an angle above my belly as Edgar's lips engulfed the sac, sucked the orbs inside, held them with a determined strength that threatened to exceed the bounds of endurance. The possession excited me further, but it also made me tense and flex, ready at any moment to seize his head and make him stop. As I held myself in place I was vaguely aware that Kurt had moved. He hadn't touched me, however, and I was too intensely involved with Edgar to pay attention. I felt the pressure lessen about my nuts; the lips parted and released them, coming down from a slightly different vector to fasten wetly, warmly about my cockhead. At the same time, I became aware of his repositioning himself, of shifting weight until he pressed down to rest his shoulders against my hips. His forehead shoved into my gut as if he were striving to keep his balance.

I sensed a shadow across my eyelids and looked up. Kurt's naked form crouched behind Edgar. He was drawing the bigger man's hands together and binding them with a long strip of rawhide. When he noticed my eyes were open he nodded at me. "You will assist?" he asked. As he had done with me on the previous evening, Kurt permitted the heavier guttural to color his accent, and even without the Nazi trap-

plings it had the same singular effect on me.

I returned his nod, only slightly surprised that Edgar was so willingly assuming the role of bottom man. I had suspected his inclination, but had not been sure until this moment. *Perfectly logical . . . fits with all the rest. Edgar . . . M . . . didn't want to be alone with Kurt . . . heavy M?* I wondered if they'd really assumed these relative positions before, and if so whether Kurt had given his subject as harsh a working-over as he had me. My ass and back were still sore from the last evening, and there were several places where the belt had actually cut my skin.

Kurt finished binding Edgar's hands. He reached down and grasped his subject at the base of the neck, hauled back and forced his lips to slide free of my cock. As Edgar came back onto his knees, Kurt stood up, allowing the half-hardened arch of his sex to graze the back of the kneeling figure. He stood between his M and the fire, casting a long shadow over both Edgar and myself. He tangled his fingers in his subject's hair, forced the head back, whispering something about his being a slave.

Edgar was wearing just his jeans and lace-up boots. With his hands roped together behind him, the hard rounds of his pectorals were drawn taut, compressed to give the impression of a giant, bound and subdued, resigned to whatever usage his captors might determine. The short remainder of roach was lying in a dish a few inches from my left hand. I took it and drew the pungent sweetness into my lungs, held it as I felt another set of misty fingers curl through the convolutions of my brain. When I rose to my knees in front of the prisoner I seemed to float in slow motion, weightless, through a liquid atmosphere. It was a lighter intoxication than I had experienced before, less physically debilitating, more conducive to the role I now assumed. I would play second S to Kurt . . . *just right for me . . . perfect combination of circumstances . . . just right . . . just right . . .* My fingers closed about the tips of Edgar's nipples, twisting and squeezing them, forcing him to wince and squirm, to sigh and gasp at the blend of pain and pleasure, a tangled continuum where not-enough became too-much and the irregular pattern of my motions made them impossible to anticipate.

I looked across at Kurt, squatting behind Edgar and still forcing the captive's head to tilt backward. After a moment he stood and straddled the forehead, teased the grasping lips by allowing his sac to swing back and forth across them. Kurt noticed my glance and muttered, "Strip him," inclining his head toward the prisoner. I reached for the buckle and released its tension. Kurt paused in his side-to-side motion, allowed his balls to hang just above Edgar's lips. They hovered a moment, then dropped as Edgar's whispered pleas seemed to draw them in. I opened the jeans and untied the longhorns, shoved all of it over the solid flanks, bared Edgar's body to the knees. Kurt allowed him another few seconds before he eased himself free and stepped aside. I had dropped back on my haunches, watching the interplay, the merging and separation of two powerful, sexual animals . . . one in total domination over the other.

As Kurt moved away and the light from the fire fell across us the compressed strength of Edgar's body made me think of the portrait again . . . a quick, fleeting impression before reality intruded upon budding fantasy. Kurt had taken hold of Edgar's chin, reached down with his other hand and grasped the base of his cock and balls. He forced the captive to stand, turned toward him so both men stood in profile to the dancing flames. "Finish your task," he told me.

I worked the boots and heavy socks, the jeans and underwear off our subject's feet . . . cast them aside and remained on my knees while I discarded the rest of my own coverings. It was probably as much the result of smoking the grass as it was from anything else, but I suddenly found myself enthralled with a bubbling pleasure, almost hypnotized by the beauty of form and symmetry: the contrast of power subdued, massive body bound and standing with head bowed before the lithe, slender form of his master. As if in sympathetic echo of bodily posture, Edgar's cock curved out and down from his groin, heavy crown drooping to acknowledge its submission while Kurt's shaft stood proudly erect, proclaiming its ascen-

dancy over the manhood of his slave.

Edgar had rolled a second cigarette before Kurt bound him, and the senior S now ordered me to light it. I took a drag and handed it to him. He placed it first to Edgar's lips and then his own, passing it back to me before he exhaled the smoke. He pointed to a coil of rawhide and told me to pick it up, standing close to Edgar as he slowly unrolled it. He made an intricate pattern around, over, between the captive's genitals, tied them so the balls were separated and distended, forced downward in the sac with the skin stretched taut and gleaming about the imprisoned orbs. All the while, I noted, the long thick cord remained in its state of obeisance, falling from side to side as Kurt's fingers moved to wrap the leather thong about its base, otherwise ignoring it as he made the final knot.

Kurt had left a good three feet of excess cord, which he now took up and used to lead his prisoner toward the unfinished portion of wall where he had secured me. He ordered Edgar to stand with his back to the upright, passed the end of rawhide between his legs and through a small steel ring which had been set into the wood at about the level of the other's buttocks. Kurt then anchored the cord to a second eyelet and stood back to survey his handiwork. I caught myself trying to imagine the sensations the captive must have felt, but the pleasure was subtly different from my own experience. It was obviously vacaruous, just slightly out of register. I checked myself and tried to reorient my thoughts . . . *grass . . . making me see it differently . . . more clearly?* I wanted to merge with Kurt, I realized suddenly, wanted to stand in *his stead*, not in Edgar's. I wanted to work on the captive and tease his sensibilities . . . to lead him on, yet deny him the ultimate fulfillment, to watch his body writhe and twist in response to my commands and to the punishments I'd administer. I started to approach him, but Kurt waved me off.

I was disappointed, maybe a little offended that Kurt was so oblivious to my desires . . . *didn't worry about it much last time, either . . . didn't give me any chance to say how far I'd want to go . . .* I watched as Kurt began setting clips, first onto Edgar's nipples, later onto several spots along the front of his body. He was using small, hard-sprung devices like the fasteners on the end of a dog leash. He held several in the palm of his hand, gathered the prisoner's skin between his fingers and set them with a hard, snapping determination. Each time he did this, the bigger man groaned and gritted his teeth, tipped his head back and shoved harder against the wall. Every muscle tightened as he strove to hold back a greater outcry, twisting in helpless acceptance of the exquisite torture. But Kurt never hesitated, even when his M's responses suggested he'd overstepped the limits. Edgar was sweating now, despite the chill in this portion of the room. His eyes were closed and his breath was coming in hoarse, rattling gasps. He was forcing himself not to cry out, but his cock had grown soft . . . tumescence finally giving way as the shaft contracted into itself, shriveled and seemed to shrink.

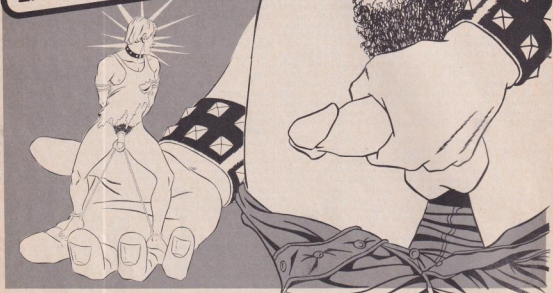
I was on the verge of speaking out when Edgar finally broke his stoic silence: "Oh . . . please, man . . . easy . . . please!" His lips had hardly moved; it was still as if he were trying to stifle his protest, and the words had risen on their own from the depths of his gut.

I placed a restraining hand on Kurt's arm, but he ignored me until I took hold and pulled back harder. When he turned, I could see his eyes were glassy, the pupils so large they seemed to blacken the area that should have been blue. *Spaced out . . . like he must have been with me . . . more than grass . . . dangerous . . .* "Easy baby!" I whispered.

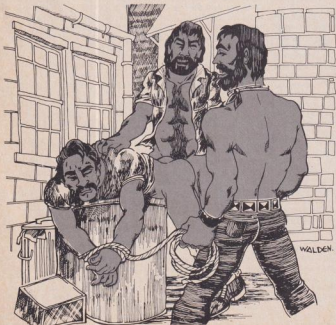
For a moment he stared at me, coldly, a suggestion of anger just below the surface of response. I held his gaze, rose slightly on my toes and kissed him. Again he paused, uncertain; finally, his lips responded. His arms slid about me and his tongue darted into my mouth. We clung together for a minute, maybe more, before Kurt eased free and took a single backward step. He glanced at the tightly restricted captive, back at me. It was a moment of decision for him, but the cognitive functions of his brain were too clouded for quick reaction. Slowly he extended his hand and dropped the remaining clips into my palm.

(Continued Next Issue)

DRUMSTICKS



"With all due respect, sir. Do you think I'll be too tight for you?"



"I'm glad you find him to your liking. But I should tell you that your applicant didn't show. I had to grab the meter-reader."



"So let the wenches laugh."

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ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

KENAI. Hot Bottom man into hiking, camping, and back packing would like to meet hot, horny top men for a while. I'm 5'10", 175 lbs., 40, Br/Bt, moustache, masculine, good build and hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-40, masculine, well-built, not fat, well hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Write hot letter with photo to: P.O. Box 423, Kenai, AK 99611 or Call (907) 283-4879.

ARIZONA

PISS DRINKER

AND MASTER

PHOENIX. Piss Drinker and Master (both 30), looking for men who get their kicks from humiliating a toilet slave by clamping his tits, twisting his dog nuts, spitting in his face and pissing all over his worthless body. No scat, FF, Box 1652.

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., 8 1/2" uncult, if you are white, masculine, not overweight, interested in shaving your crotch, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from your dominant, fisting, and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, and imaginative. You should include phone number and when you are available. Box 308B.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

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SAN FRANCISCO AREA. Well-patched, pierced and tattooed M, new to area, 38, 6'3", 195 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, cut 6 1/2", with heavy experience looking for serious Leather Master any race, 25-50. Uncut meat a real plus. C/B torture, W/S, whips, ass work and a lot more just for openers. This animal into damn near anything with your pleasure as his center focus. Have complete Leather and toy collection waiting for you. No fots or fems. All photos get mine and immediate reply. Box 1283.

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Looking for leather or leatherman for permanent relationship. P.O. Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101.

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Aquarius. 52, 5'11", 190 lbs., white, 6'1". Knowledgeable, seeks lover & exhibitionist nude house slave. Must be obedient and eager to please with a tight ass, a good cocksucker and rimmer. Good fit sucker, body hair will be shaved. Under 50. No role switching, no one night stands, drinkers or smokers, also no dopers, hustlers, freeloaders or jailbirds. No photo, no reply. Box 1296.

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SAN FRANCISCO. W/M, 6', 152 lbs., 34, 8 1/2" hard, into having my cum/piss stained cock sucked dry. Sweaty balls, arm pits, crotch, ass and all to be licked. Into pissing into jock straps while being blind. Also into showing off my dick in public places that are discrete late at night. Will exchange jocks all over U.S. Photo in Jock and phone number a must. Box 1292.

SAN FRANCISCO. W/M, 31, 5'11", 170 lbs., enjoys hot times, groups. One-to-one, W/S, FF (top). Leather/Lewis. Fantasies, phone, other. Prefer w/m, 21-35, within SF Area. Photo and phone gets response. Your fantasy is my challenge. Chuck. Box A98.

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I'm 39, 5'10", 140 lbs., bearded, and have no age or race restrictions. Write Horst, Box 1015F.

W/M, masculine, husky hunk, 49, 6'3", 235 lbs., virile, experienced, wants macho studs near my size, 30 plus only. Into fit play, body contacts. One on one possible. California body builders, cowboys, leathermen, etc. reply to Box 170.

MASCULE STUD WANTED

MARSHALL. Uncult, Capricorn, 43, 6'3", 200 lbs. Wants masculine stud willing to give his body for our mutual satisfaction, learning and pleasure. Details, photo, phone, please. Box 1646.

SAN FRANCISCO. S/M 41, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 6" cut, looking for some heavy scenes. Can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. If you're a man, work me over. S&M, B&D, new ideas. Dork, 625 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109.

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OAKLAND. Need your cock and balls bound and tortured? I am the one who can do it for you. Write with details and photo to Box 19065, Oakland, CA 94619.

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SAN FRANCISCO. Enjoy quiet nights and prolonged action! W/M, 23, 5'8", 135 lbs., versatile, TriGr/D, does FF, W/D, and more seeks like minded buddy 18-30 for hot times and fun. First time okay. Reply with photo. Box 1687.

COWBOY MASTER
TRI-VALLEY AREA. Experienced Master just moved from Texas looking for some new stud slaves. I am W/M, 25, 180 lbs., 6'1", and brown hair. Am into boot worship, heavy B&D, W/S, belts, and C&B torture. Picture & letter guarantee response. Box 1671.

SALINAS — Piss stop, W/M, 40, wants leather/levi Men. Feasts on stiff, right white dickmeat, greedily swallows cumshots, devours asshole, worships boot torture, woffs down dirty, sweat-drenched sock/feet, sucks toes, eats richly on toe jam. Arrogant w/ft mean, boot sucker-tough, levi/leather, blue-eyed mavericks a real plus. Prefer 18-30. Photo/Phone. Box 1670.

SALINAS PISS STOP
SALINAS. Piss stop, W/M, 40, wants leather/levi Men. I have a deep throat & Hot Tits. All races welcomed. SIR-PLEASE call/write: W. O'Keefe, 16 Natividad Rd. No. 7, Salinas, CA 93906 (408) 422-2315. Bring your leather Ropes, Clamps, etc. I have plenty of beer for you.

DADDY WANTED
SAN FRANCISCO. GOODLOOKING W/M, 25, 6', 150 LBS., SECKS A WELL HUNG DADDY TO FEED HIS "BOY". HAIRY DADDIES PREFERRED BUT NOT A MUST. SEND NUDE PHOTO TO BILL, 3622 S. 16th, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114 OR CALL (415) 621-6858.

MELLOW SCENES
FRESNO, W/M, 41, 140 lbs, 5'10", into mellow, recreational scenes with no big hangups about race or age. TAIL, NO 1891 FF, W/S, light S&M. Have sling, diloes, fuck films, enjoy toppers but no heavier drugs. Box 1643.

SAN FRANCISCO PIG BOY
SAN FRANCISCO. Muscular W/M, 5', 165 lbs., 29, 3", 180 lbs., 9" cock, smooth chest. Needs strong, firm, quiet-type insistent Master (35-45) who wants a father/son, Master/slave scene with a lot of RAUNCH (you name it) WORSHP, exhibitionism, VA, bondage and whatever you want. NO FF, out of shape or fats, drunks, drugs. Send description and photo. I'll call right away. SIR, Box 1640.

DRUMMER 30

HANDSOME AIRLINE CAPTAIN
SAN FRANCISCO. Handsome airline captain 30, 5'11", 163 lbs., versatile seeks goodlooking studs into jocks, uniforms, Leather, shorts, athletic gear. Have 7'11", thick for good long workouts. Travel NYC-SF, Miami, Canada, London. Photo-Phone. Dick, 625 Post No. 727, San Francisco, CA 94108.

MAFUL WA T'AI
YOSEMITE. Handsome, 29, tall, thin, blond, no piercings, seeks older top-man partner for relationship. Your pleasure. Send photo. Box 513, Yosemite, CA 95389.

MUSCULAR SLAVE
SAN FRANCISCO. Well defined, muscular slave seeks firm S for training, S&M, Bondage, Face Sitting, Tit, Cock, Ball work, piercing, Raunch. But your trip—your way. Travel. Am 40, 5'10", 150 lbs. Relation poss. Phone, Photo, Disc. letter to: W/M Box 5906, San Francisco, CA 94101.

LOCAL AREA
SAN JOSE AREA. Asian seeks W/M (local only) who likes me, loves wearing Black Leather, but isn't into S&M, and wishes to establish friendship/possible relationship (open or monogamous). Also like me, you're 25-35, stable, intelligent, attractive and masculine. No drugs. Moustache a plus. Send your photo, letter and return address to Box 1632.

SAN FRANCISCO
FIST ACTION
Seeking buddies for mutual fist-fucking and ass play. I'm 5'10", 170 lbs. Mustached Chicano hung with 7 1/2" endowment and a strong active imagination and curiosity. Dig Leather, levis, beer, non-smokers, diloes, etc. I'm also 31 year old Cancer. It would help tremendously if you're into ancient religion-earth-sex-magic, and pagan arts. I come more from compassion than from heavy punishment, photos answered first. Box 1445.

BALL BUDDIES
SAN FRANCISCO. W/M, 34, 6'2", 160 lbs. Bald, medium brown beard, light blond mustache, hairy, into ball torture, weights, vices, slapping, hitting, punching, mutual play seeks same. Box 1614.

NEW RECRUIT
SAN FRANCISCO. 27, W/M, 5'9", 158 lbs. Beard, needs to learn how to achieve what have been only fantasies, an "apprenticeship" to an experienced or not so experienced Master and his slave would be a great start on this journey. I deserve to be humiliated for my inexperience which will only intensify my need to serve. Box 1633.

TWO HOT HUNKS
SAN FRANCISCO. 45, 190 lbs., 27, 170 lbs. Open and trusting, two or three ways into sweat. Enjoy big wettraps, BB types with STAMINA and S&M. Also looking for roommate for our place at Market & Castro. Call Larry or Fred (415) 861-0430. Please, no calls after 10 PM. Write to Box 1556.

SEX GOES BETTER WITH . . .

SAN FRANCISCO. We're 2 hot young dudes who love to get it on and get off with either young guys into 3-ways. Your cock, ass plus us equals long hot action. Suck, fuck, etc. play and 7 Call (415) 673-1865.

WORSHIPING AT YOUR BOOTS
SAN FRANCISCO. You crude, huge, hulking, and dirty fuckers, an inferior & submissive little cocksucker, super small (under 4") where a real man is super BIG, knows a queer's place, . . . worshipping at your boots. If you're a dude of that gigantic prick between your legs, take your pleasure & give only humiliation & abuse in return. . . . let's talk about how big that cock is, while you cruelly put down this unbelievably under-endowed faggot. Pile on the verbal abuse during a hot, horny phone session. (All trips, inc. Also compare notes with our super smalls.) Call "Tiny" Terry (415) 771-5499.

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER
Master, 5'11", 180 lbs., seeks slaves for my pleasure. Your body and mind are no longer yours when you step through my door. A photo guarantees a reply. Box 1684.

ENGLISH GUY
WEST COAST. English guy, 24, handsome, visiting West Coast August. Wants friendly guides to show him around. Favors returned to London visitors. Box 1685.

Hot and horny young white male looking for gay times & hot action. Prefer 25-45, well built man who knows how to give it to take it. I'm 23, 5'10", good build and versatile. I like hot people and hot times. If you want a great time, send your picture. Box B57.

SF LEATHER STUD
Big Master wants your tight ass & body for my sadistic pleasure. White, 31, 6'11", 29" waist, 42" chest, 180 lbs., hairy muscular build, bearded tattooed. I'm into all things S&M, leather and being fucked who know they're worthless and how to please, only need respond. Must have fair hair and no sadomaso locks (no pretties) into piss, hot wax, B&D, pain, T/T, boots & cigars. Respect limits if good. No fats, fems, novices, and must have Leather. Box A57.

WANTED!
Slave to receive mild B&D torture from rubber face mask, catheter. Any age, any size ok. German and Swedish types desired. Wrestlers ok. Box A35.

WHAT IS RUBBER?
Rubber shirt, rubber pants with dildo, rubber face mask, catheter. Let's rubber together and see. W/M, 37, looking for anyone interested in above. Box A42.

SAN FRANCISCO. W/m, 41, 6', 170 lbs., wants action not talk. FF (top), whipping, fucking, sucking, heavy bit work. Box 677.

HOUSE SLAVE
SAN FRANCISCO. live-in full time 21-36. Prefer short, muscular blond, but if you are hot, convince me you are good material. Room, board, training, hard work, few privileges. You will be ringed, shaved, stripped, exhibited, used. Must work out in gym regularly, diet, no smoking; to develop into top quality material. Your decisions will be made for you and you will experience good care. Serve several masters. Dedicated only. Call (415) 864-7646 evens. Keep trying or write Box 1000.

HOT, HUNG & HAIRLESS TOP
Young, muscular, hairy looking for hairy heavy into wrestling, backstraps, j scenes and Hot Action. Can't get enough. Box 1322.

THE TOLLET
\$1 flushes an application, \$3 flushes a Tissue Sample, \$10 flushes a Full Roll with or without your own listing. Write John H., 433 Douglas St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

WANTED TO HIRE: GOOD BOTTOMS
Private club needs hairy, hard working dedicated bottoms to work nights as towel boy, shine boy, pool boy, attendant or anything we tell you to do. Serve obediently the hottest men in town at the hottest club in town. Call respectfully to (415) 864-3877 days or (415) 864-7646 evens. Be humble.

OAKLAND. W/M, 42, 5'7", 165 lbs. Army officer looking for slave into B&D and/or S&M. Must be able to live-in for room, board & allowance. Prefer under 25, caucasians only, clean shaven. Respect limits. No fems, fats. Box 1342.

SAN FRANCISCO ASS EATER
W/M, 39, 10'10", 140 lbs., wants to worship, moustached or bearded Topmen's cocks, balls & assholes under his toilet seat. No age, weight or race restrictions. Box 1344.

SAN FRANCISCO. handsome novice, 27, needs help learning the joys of S&M pleasure. Am 5'10", very hairy, husky, bearded, blue-eyed, slightly effeminate, intelligent, talkative, love opera, informative letter and frank photo appreciated. No city talk. Libra Box 6585, Los Angeles, CA 90060.

SAN FRANCISCO. passive, W/M, Greek, 51, 5'8", seeks active Greek with place to submit my slim body in parties, etc. for you to tie, whip, use, tie, flog and teach me the joys of C&B wet, being FF'd and pierced. P.O. Box 6285, San Francisco, CA 94101.

DON MASTER OF LEATHER!
shown Drummer Rides Again offers professional services fee starting at \$75.00 per session. Very handsome blond, hairy-chested, 6', 165 lbs. of man. Experienced/imaginative. Best equipped mirrored playground including sling, stodge, suspension & bondage. W/S, FF, C&B torture, Wax, Shaving, Diloes, Butt plugs, Tit work, spark/paddle/flog, electricity, Fetishes & Fantasies. Super light to super heavy. Private/Discree! Novices welcome. Limits respected and hopefully expanded. Call Master Don (415) 584-8341. Honest, Safe, Trustworthy.

SAN FRANCISCO
HANDSOME NOVICE
27, needs help learning the joys of S&M pleasure. Am 5'10", very hairy, husky build, 8" cock, novice. Want 25-35, experienced 5'10" or over, caring, patient teacher preferred. Blond, brown eyes, lean. Box 1289.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Scorpio, young 50s, bearded, looking for S, 30+ or older experienced men interested in exploring tits, ass-stripping, C&B restraints and related action with a view to meeting regularly and seeing where we can go without living together. I am 5'10", 165 lbs., like to be dominated by short, wiry types who like to do it to someone bigger. Technique, experience and attitude are important, race and nationality are not. Write Box B17.

Fuck a hot ass, piss on it, slap it, make me eat you. Box A94.

DADDY WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO, Goodlooking son looking for a daddy to use me as daddy's toy. I am in Drummer No. 42, page 24 as Drummer's Daddies' Boy. Write w/picture to Dad 1502.

SAN JOSE, 5'2", 110 lbs., uncult 6', Virgo, Blond hair, blue eyes. I like the smell and feel of leather on my body. Not the brutal beating of S&M. No drinking or smoking. Must wear leather, levis and boots. Write Box A82.

SAN FRANCISCO, Heavily tattooed, trim Beard & Moustache, Lev West-orientated, W/M, 50, 5'7", 134 lbs, firm, 7" cut. Looking for mellow Macho dude 30 plus to ease him into S&M. Nothing heavy. Letter with picture detailing what you'd require appreciated. S/R# Box 1381.

THREEWAYS GROUP SEX

SAN FRANCISCO, Obedient slave and his hunky Master looking for hot lev/leather studs into threeways and group sex. Well-equipped toy chest. No heavy drugs. Your photo gets us. Box 876.

S.F. BLACK LEATHER/BOOTS

Masculine S, W/m, 34, 5'11", 165 lbs., dressed in full leather, looks hot and smells good. If you are slender w/m under 34, like good music, a time hand, a hard cock, have a job, then get on your fucking knees and write. Don't expect a long reply from me. I want to meet you instead. Absolutely no feds, feds, studs or hard drugs. Box 854.

Whipping Sessions wanted with leather/uniform men. Have experience both as bound cocksucking slave and as booted heavy whip wielder. I am uncult, thick cock for heavy sucking. Age 36, 175 lbs., 6', bearded. Box 841.

LATRINE DUTY

SAN FRANCISCO - bottom, 36, 6'3", 165 lbs., 8" uncult, looking for white bear-cut leather-master for toilet initiation, use me as a latrine, piss-soaked jocks sucked dry, also into levis and leather, bondage, shaving, recycled beer from cheesy uncult cocks. Box 952.

PIGS WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO, Two hot pig farmers, both w/m, S, 37, 5'8", 140 lbs., 7" cut, M, 40, 5'11", 156 lbs., 8" cut. Have sty, toys, FFA, WS, enemas, tits, ass teating and other games. Photo gets paid. Write Troy, Box 31701, S.F., CA 94131. No scat.

EXTRA-HUNG

S.F. Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long, and/or extra-thick? If you've ever been told "it's too big," and you know that you are, then you're frustrated by dudes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160 lbs., ex-porno actor, hunky, godly, hot ass, insatiable appetite. And you are a young, superhung horny dude, into fucking a hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write with a pic. I'm for real, man. Box 100.

SAN FRANCISCO Particular Master, 32, seeks 19-22 leather levis & barefoot type for bottom role in night S&M sex. Traveling companion into outdoor activities, possible S role toward 3rd partner with masterful supervision. Box 789.

KINKY FILTHY HOT

31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guy who enjoys mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or play both simultaneously, into S&M, B&D, W/S, scat, leather, wet and raunchy Levis and jock straps, outdoor scenes, exhibitionist. Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spankings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 165.

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER, 41, 5'9", 140 lbs., experienced in bondage FF, WS, boots, S&M. Respectful of limits, willing to experiment. Fully equipped game room. Box 239.

Super-hot goodlooking, hung, young stud seeking one S studs for challenges in top position. Traveling to SF, NYC and Chicago often. I am a master who is into other masters. Men who can handle competition are welcome. 165 lbs, blonde, moustache, 6' tall. For the hottest, try the hottest. Box 674.

ARIZONA STUD TRAVELS for hot scenes, 6', blk/bwn m, bearded, crew-cut, hung, w/m, 30s, 155 lbs. Seek topmaster to meter out heavy, bizarre punishment, masochism and other C/B/T as well as other semi-ultimate trips, including deep FF and the rest of your individual desires. The best practitioner will eventually get it all. Reply with phone, please to: Boxholder, P.O. Box 26042, Phoenix, AZ 85068.

Sexual Sadist requires muscular masochist. Object must satisfaction. Me: W/m, 36, 6'1", 190 lbs, 8" uncult, inveterate. You: ready for new adventures. Photo please. Box 817.

OROVILLE, 34, 6', 180 lbs., brown-brown, looking for master who loves leather as I do: feel, smell, taste, sight. I need humiliation, WS, hot j/f, feel, smell, taste, leather, scat, and piss. I need the right man, W.R. Fiedler, Rt. 2 Box 2498, Oroville, CA 96965.

CHAIN ME UP

For the weekend. Don't let me see your face. Shave my head before you hood me. Cover my shaved, belt-marked body with piss & hot wax. Give me nothing to eat but piss & cum (maybe even my own). I need imaginative Master who respects my limits. San Francisco, 44, 6', 170 lbs., 8" uncult. Box 640.

SF BAY AREA, 27, white, blond/black, new to leather scene, like to watch the action. Let me convert you make it work, make me a convert. Box A47.

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER to work you over. Hairy, bearded, crew-cut, erotic paint into total oral/anal play. Solid 210 lbs. ex-coach expects obedience, digs worship, 6'5", cut, blue eyes, 5'10", 200 lbs. I want to waste macho partners who know how to serve. Only mentally & emotionally stable jocks seeking total involvement need apply. Relationship, including role switching possible with right MAN. Strong preference for hairy, red-headed, tattooed truckers and bikers looking for good hot times. San Francisco Market. Low scene possible too. Enjoy men of all ages. Willing to train new. Respects limits but am firm. Push as far as partner's experience permits. For inspection and interview, reply with frank letter and recent photo. Box 493.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 5'5", 140 lbs., 40, new to leather world, needs w/m, 25-40, to show the way. Must respect limits, no scat, shaving or piercing. Box 783.

RASSLIN'/FIGHTIN'

Fightin' Topman, 28, strong, very hairy, and MEAN thinks S.F. tops are cockless wimps afraid to put their asses on the line in an all-out fight! If you think you're man enough to prove me wrong, let's tangle. No-holds-barred brawl to a definitive submission finish. And after I've whipped your worthless yellow ass, I'll stuff it with my cock and/or fist. Send challenges, photos to Box 816A.

I want a hot, no-holds-barred, rough-ass time with someone who can be my Master and live up to it! I am bored with "green horns." Hope the right hunk will contact me. Prefer Macho Blacks or Latinos. Box 813.

BLACK MAN

40, 5'7", 128 lbs., looking for man 21- to 32, to train to my specifications. Should be 5'6", 120 to 150 lbs. into kink & raunch & capable of blind obedience. Body should be in good shape, age, race & endowment unimportant. Uncult with big feet have preference. Require recent photo with letter detailing your capabilities. Box 852.

Experienced San Francisco slave, white, 24, 5'8", 155 lbs., seeks serious leather Master for training in bondage and booting, water sports and whipping. Box 994.

SAN FRANCISCO, Muscular, big dick, butt, daddy seeks same for hot times. Must also have hot receptive rear (FFA questionable), must like spanking, lit work, some bondage, dildoes, piss up your rectum, and a nice rice asshole for eating. I'm 33, 5'9", 148 lbs., well-endowed and uncult, hairy, hunky, intelligent, nice man. I also like to kiss & cuddle. Do you? See issue No. 35, Tough Customers, "Bay Area Daddy." Send photo and frank letter, will get prompt reply. Kent, Box 5171, S.F., CA 94101.

SAN FRANCISCO, W/m, 32, slim, trim beard, 6'2", 160 lbs, M, but can be versatile, new to scene, willing to learn, into dudes who take care of their bodies, enjoy light S&M, B&D, some WS, 3-ways, and have lots of fantasies. Not into FF, scat, heavy paint. Box 815.

S.F. LEATHERMASTER

38, 6'5", 165 lbs. 6" uncult, black hair, moustache, wants slave with beard or moustache who does a good job job, rimming and licking (not just oral). Must be obedient and servitude. Into B&D, TT, CBT, MD (mad doctors), witchcraft, leather and rubber. FF optional. No scat or WS. Live-in a possibility for the right person. Age 52, 160 lbs., feds, olds. Send pic to Box A44.

I LIKE LEATHER!

I also like boots and I am 5'9", well-built, male Asian. An emperor does not expect to repeat an order, neither do I. If you are a guy interested in the S&M scene and like leather, too, let's get together. Send a recent picture of yourself and a small introduction. Box A51.

NEW IN SAN FRANCISCO

YOUNGSH DAD, Smart, cigar man, looking for son": trim, cut, good, w/m, 25-40, shaved, fucked, if ass, invited to breakfast. Box 1463.

GERONTOPHILES

Et al: Corrupt early 50s, articulate tongue, kinked and his even if he have knowledge of autohypnosis and sex. Send photo. No feds or hardcore drugs. Can you rise to the occasion? Box A52.

ARROGANT

Smelly, abusive Master (W, 32, 5'11", 185 lbs, beard) and his even if he have knowledge of autohypnosis and sex. Send photo. No feds or hardcore drugs. Can you rise to the occasion? Box A52.

MASCULINE S WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO LIBERAL, M, 50, W, 5'6", 165 lbs., needs Master into Leather, Boots, Hood. Heavy into bondage, C&B, Torture, Shaving. Piercing, Whipping seeks masculine S, who knows what he wants and does it. Photo gets mine, S/R, Box 1357.

ANY SERIOUS DISCIPLINE

OF SATAN WANTED, **SAN FRANCISCO**, Any serious discipline of Satan wanted by evil-minded w/m Master, 49, 5'10", 175 lbs., 6' Fat, Big-headed, Cut for ritual working out of each other's needs, however unusual. Bernall, Box 4373, San Francisco, CA 94101.

STRANGE MEAT

SAN FRANCISCO, GWM, 30, 5'10", 155 lbs., 9", Seeks Black Leather, tough talkin', hard playin', bawdy drinkin', hardy laughin', ball stretchin', handy gripin', butt bustin', dude for rough fun. Photo required for response. Single men in San Francisco. Box 1487.

FULL TIME HOUSE/HARD SLAVE No photo photos. State your name, telephone number, age, height and weight and don't forget "S/R" and tell me what you think you are good for and why anyone should be interested in training you. I'll ask the rest of the questions while you keep your hands away from your crotch. No 51 or 52 for a full-time dedicated houseboy. Benefits are hard work and discipline, room/board and ownership. You will have to shape up, be exhibited, used and trained including shaving, piercing and regular punishment. In a very short time you should be qualified to serve any master who knows what he is doing. Call John at 515-866-2222.

HEAVILY SADISTIC

GEURNEVILLE, Applications for full-time, live-in slave now being accepted. I am a 30 year old independent contractor, BB, Dominant, intelligent, and heavily sadistic. You are 18-30, submissive, honest, not afraid of hard work, long hours, and heavy pain when deserved. You tow the line and I'll treat you right, screw up and I'll torture you. Send your ass out. You must be into heavy genital pain on a regular basis. Mail your Photo, list of experience, and sincere request to: c4320 Old Sazadero Road, Geurnevillle, CA 94446.

ABSOLUTE TOP

SAN FRANCISCO, W/m, 31, 6'1", Absolute top, demands genuine motorcycle CHIP for obedience, servitude and respect. You produce and I'll provide. Only the best will respond. Send photo and brief profile. Write Box 773.

GET THE JOB DONE

DRUMMER 31

HOW DO YOU SPELL HOT?

D-R-U-M-B-E-A-T-S

NOVICE

SAN FRANCISCO, 27, needs help learning the joys of S&M pleasure. Am 5'10", very hairy, husky build, 8" cut. Novice. Want 25-35, experienced, 5'10" or over, caring, patient teacher. Prefer blond. Brown eyes, lean! Box 1269.

SAN JOSE, Looking for Leather Master into B&D, and some light S&M. I'm 30, 6'1", 160 lbs., Dk Br eyes & slender in build. No Fats, fems, stupid or hard drugs. Box 955.

MAN EATING SLAVE

SAN FRANCISCO, Hot w/m 24. Will worship your Ass, Cock, Balls, Boobs, Nipples and Arm Pits with my HOT MOUTH. Also dig B&D, W/S, Greek Passive. Photo appreciated. Greg, Box 1501.

BULLDOCK

ST. LOUIS, Hot! Interested in making contacts with other hot men into heavy body contact, wrestling, body building with plenty of sweat and piss exchanged. Am 5'11", 160 lbs., 9" cut. Fr. a/p, 3" active. Into Leather/Live scene with real man. Mutual respect is a must! No dopers, drunks, wimps, or members of the "Chic Set" and absolutely no scat, and plan to move to San Francisco in Spring of '81. Box 1362.

MUSCLE BUILDER

SAN FRANCISCO, Hard-ass SM hunk 28, 5'7", 155 lbs. & cut, solid muscular stud for HOT action and limits expansion. Interests include weightlifting, Harleys, Leathers, Levis. Uniforms, boots, whips, rope art, army, military SS, J/O, jocks, riding ass and fuckin' face. Seeks to earn attention and service with S-loccs (S.F.) or worldwide M's earn right to serve. Box 1536.

BOOTS

THE TALLER THE BETTER
SAN FRANCISCO, This hunky black-leather motorcycle riding stud looking for guys who think they're good enough to serve my boots and me. Have this insatiable desire for boots and the man that wears them. Just can't get enough of them, esp. black engineer and logger boots—taller the better. I'm 31, and good-looking, honest. If you're man enough and serious enough to get down with my boots or make me get down with yours, drop me a line. Box 1504.

MASTER JOHN

SAN FRANCISCO, Tall 4'4", handsome, aggressive, soft spoken Man with San Francisco's most complete workshop. Looking for slender dudes into full S&M action. Must be clean, intelligent and anxious to serve a reasonable but demanding top man. For interview send description and phone number. Box 1403.

YOUNG SLAVES WANTED

OAKLAND, Young slaves diapered, spanked by handsome Master. 484 Lake Park Ave., No. 36, Oakland, CA 94610.

SAN LUIS OBISPO AREA

Leo Bottom 26, (look 21), 5'8", 125 lbs., brn/brn, 6" cut. Cut Big balls. Needs to be bound in Leather/Ropes. Into B&D, Light S&M, C&B/T work, toys, getting fucked. No heavy drugs, Scat, FF, Piercing or injury. Rural setting a plus. Box 142.

DRUMMER 32

LEATHERMASTER

HOT W/M, 32, 6'1", 165 lbs., will train slave(s) in complete subservience. Will guide right slave from bootlicking to shaving, to whipping, to piercing, to branding. Be prepared to give yourself without thought. Box 1455.

BALL BUDDIES

SAN FRANCISCO, W/M, 6'2", 160 lbs., Bald, trim, Light Brown Beard. Blond mustache. Heavy into Ball Play, weights, hitting, slapping, squeezing, vices. Ball presses, etc. Will work too, Top and Bottom, interested in same. Box 1514.

VOLUNTEER BOTTOMS TO SERVE S.F. CLUB

Part-time weekend help for San Francisco's hottest club. Hardworking, disciplined, dedicated bottoms for pool cleaning, towel and locker service, shoeshining and general policing the grounds. Good builds, willing to work in "uniform". Call M. Franklin at (415) 431-4755. No answer, call John at (415) 864-3877. Be humble.

SLAVES AND POTENTIAL SLAVES: SAN FRANCISCO, Are you ready for complete servitude as a slave of life and not just a game. (Experience not necessary.) I am a retired army NCO ready to take complete control of your life with Bondage, Discipline. Daily spankings & Humiliation. I am not into Fisting, Scat, Heavy S&M, or Drugs. Box 1505.

DEDICATED BOTTOMS OPPORTUNITY

You are over twenty-one and have a strong need for discipline in your life. You need to belong to someone and have your decisions made for you. You long for a Spartan existence with forced diet, no smoking, physical workouts, ward work and strong discipline while you are wearing only your new hardened, tanned birthday suit plus a few metal and leather ornaments. Military discipline, hair-cut and shave to shape you up. Your main purpose: finding out the use for which you were created. You do not have to be advanced, just dedicated. Send a couple of bucks for a detailed questionnaire and other information to: THE LEATHER FRATERNITY, 15 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Applicable towards membership on acceptance.

SKANDINAVIAN KINK

SAN FRANCISCO, DOMINANT Kinky artist looking for bottom, patron. I am 6'1", 165 lbs. Lean. Muscular. Masculine. Best Face-Sitter in the Brotherhood—needs help. Chest 42", Waist 30", have blond hair, blue eyes, chiseled features, large nipples. Very good-looking man into Barbic Sex. Box 1528.

VERY GOODLOOKING

WEIGHT LIFTER
SAN FRANCISCO, W/M, 30, 6'1", 42" chest, 30" waist, 7" Very good-looking. Masculine. Jogger-Weight lifter build. Needs piss, shit, spit, VA, C/B/T torture from other good-looking body-builders. No rights at all. Fats, fems, phonies, average looks/builds—don't waste my time. Box 1534.

GET WHAT YOU WANT DRUMBEATS!

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ALL SCENES

HOLLYWOOD, 30, 5'11", 150 lbs., w/m, attractive, pierced, horny. Needs sex, into all scenes, FFA, W/S, J/O, No Bondage. Should be between 28-40. Photo a must, Box 1642.

TITS AND ASS

LOS ANGELES, 40s, stocky hairy body, shaved head wants burn warmers and warmers for long reciprocal spanking, tit-pinchin', anemas, and more. Prefer mature, clean non-smokers who'd rather do it than talk about it, want to expand limits for both of us. Box 709.

BARE YOURSELF BEFORE CAMERA

PALM SPRINGS, Photographer seeks uninhibited W/M, cut model for photography only. To bare yourself before my camera, you must have a boyish face, muscular body and be able to follow ORDERS. Photo a must. Box 1658.

SAM GYM

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, Private B&D Sexercise workshop at local gym for serious coaches & trainers who can give and take it. Call Todd for details (213) 652-4277.

WANTED

IN NAKED BONDAGE

LOS ANGELES, Young, slim, sexy-looking Man-boy. Man-boy will be a dark-haired Latino, fossil-haired blonde or other masculine, clean, young, trim, white guy wanting to be tied up, stripped down, and sexually dominated by a butt-fucking, masculine, trim, goodlooking, 40 year young, white stud. No FF, drugs. No punishment unless you need it to turn you on. Just you—me, the ropes binding you, and my bed. Don't respond to this ad. Masculine Man-boy, unless you really want to be bound and naked, kept that way, touched, held, fondled, caressed, played with, loved and gotten off. And then fucked. Bound and gagged Man-boy, unless you have no choice but to surrender up his boyish ass or manly butt for fucking by a 7 inch hot cock should deep in his twitching asshole. Man-boy will serve, be cared for, and be fucked as my sex-captive, slave-boy, younger brother or dutiful son. Eager. Young tight-assed beginner welcome and preferred. But be warned—you will be fucked my way. Send 10 bucks to Los Angeles phone number, Man-Boy, a recent photo and description, and humble letter. Box 1669.

SWITCH HITTING PIG BITCH

LOS ANGELES AREA, Big guy/W/m, 48, 190 lbs., smooth skin, good tits, wears heels, hose, garter belt, panties, bra. For face sitting, tit pulling studs. Wearing crotch-smelling shorts, jock straps, boots, hood, etc. Like to hear from guys who act and talk like men but enjoy getting whipped by an ass eating bitch. Muscles not a must just one good one is needed. Like hairy guys. Same age and weight. Area of interest, New York in October. Box 1663.

BIG ASS WANTED

GLENDALE, Chunky, husky guys any age, race wanted by muscular, horny, 180 lbs. 5'11" Black cut stud 9". Photo gets mine. Will reply to all. Box 1674.

SLAVE WANTED

NORTH HOLLYWOOD—LOS ANGELES, Master, 52, 5'10", 152 lbs., Br/Br. In fair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-28 only. No Beards or Mustaches. Smooth bodies. Have nice assortment of leather & S&M gear. Slaves must dig bondage. Verbal abuse, mutual heavy tit-work—my tit especially. Must respect raunchy games, but will respect slaves' limits, and any unacceptable sex play. No fats or phonies, however. I am Greek passive, also dig eating hot ass & piss both ways. If the ad fits call Tony at (213) 985-7001, or write with Photo & Plus to: Tony M., Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90028.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

SYLMAR, Construction workers, out door wrestling, oil, W/S, chains & hanging a plus, photography, both 30's. Sausage, a willing and totally submissive to one person. Live in commitment for life only. Apply (213) 437-8426. MASTER BOB is waiting for your call.

BLACK DADDY WANTED

NORTH HOLLYWOOD, Black Daddy needed by goodlooking W/M, 32, Wants to worship your dick, eat your ass and be your fuckhole. P.O. Box 2451, Hollywood, CA 90028.

LONG SLAVE WANTED

LONG BEACH, young well-built, clean, tan slave or would be slave. Will train in the finer qualities of life and teach the attributes of being a good slave. Must be willing and totally submissive to one person. Live in commitment for life only. Apply (213) 437-8426. MASTER BOB is waiting for your call.

WANTED IN SAN DIEGO

SAN DIEGO, Young male, 22, will warm your bare bottom with hand, paddle, leather. Prefer masculine men, hairy chest, if you are man enough. So take your lesson. Write letter with photo & phone to Box 1641.

LEATHER UNIFORMS AND BONDAGE

VAN NUYS, Looking for Leather Master to bind me with leather, ropes, and affection. Light S&M. Your photo will get mine. Paul, 6375 Van Nuys Blvd., Van Nuys, CA 91401.

LOS ANGELES M, goodlooking 25, 5'11", 147 lbs., enjoys giving pleasure being totally dominated by intelligent, strong, stern topman familiar with positive character forming side of leather. Don't write unless you are able to gain control and keep it. In return receive my respect, devotion, hero worship and full rights to my body. Box 1272.

TWO LEATHER MASTERS

VENICE AREA 2 W/m's, 31, 5'11", 185 lbs., blond/brn hair, 5'7", 125 lbs., blond/blue. Looking for W/m slaves to serve, limits respected, novices welcome. Must be 18-35 into B&D, S&M, whipping, W/S. Send photo and Description. Box 1594.

BIG HUSKY ASSES

LOS ANGELES 6'1", 195 lbs. Muscular nature guy wants to play with your butt, oil it, massage it, hump and come all over it. Firm and beefy asses a plus. Hump my ass too, if it's your bag. Write Box 2426, Glendale, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

TRAINING-CONTROLLED

Slippery Dick. Novice. Cut/Uncut, hot, used ok. Proper request to: Sir, Box 1103, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

A DRUMBEAT ALL GETS FAST RESULTS

LOS ANGELES AREA W/m, 5'6", 128 lbs., 28, HOT. Seeks patient master for training novices. Must be intelligent. I desire to serve. No pain or drugs. Exchange photos, ideas. Box 1399.

SAN DIEGO Top, 40, 6'1", 195 lbs., into all scenes, tits, W/S, FFA. Have full equipment. Will train novices. Box A70.

SAN DIEGO MEN

Two men, 38 and 39 seek contact with other men into fucking, fisting, W/S, jack-off, jockstraps, leather, and kinky wear. Couples preferred. No tats, fems. No non-smokers! Box 895.

PALM SPRINGS

M, 34, 6'2", 180 lbs., desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. Levis/Leather a turn-on. Box 902.

LOS ANGELES S, 45, 5'6", 135 lbs., solid, muscular, masculine stud, 7" cut, looking for masculine, slender or muscular man under 55, who is not interested in fucking anything I wouldn't walk down the street with. Box 667C.

SIR!

W/m slave, 33, 6'11", 150 lbs., 7" cut, trim beard and moustache seeks Master for serious training. Am obedient, respectful, quick learner, good-looking, masculine and need to be brought to my knees in service. Bob, 256 S. Robertson, No. 3089, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Can travel.

LOS ANGELES M, W/m, 34, 5'7", smooth, slim, good body, 125 lbs. Intelligent, goodlooking, looking for intelligent S. I need to serve my man and expect eventually only the limitations my Master has for me. Especially like to serve others for you. I need to be to properly serve you. Box 280.

LOS ANGELES I dig licking your big balls and swallowing your hot cum. Am 45, 5'7", 140 lbs., 7", neat body. Will fulfill any fantasy. Box 975.

SENSATIONAL AND FREE

Out of this world servicing for muscular top studs any race, especially orientals and blacks. Punish my red hot buns or fantastic mouth job. You'll go crazy for more, nothing like it. Absolutely discreet. Orange County, Los Angeles. Write your thing, I'll phone or reply. Box 1366. Don't miss this super servicing.

LEATHER TEDDY BEAR

Clean cut, All-American, blond guy available to be possessed and collared by one very special Master, who is dominant physically and psychologically and will teach his novice slave how to serve him affectionately. The bear is 33, 5'11", 180, straight-acting, intelligent and totally presentable, as much at home in Brooks Bros. as in bondage. No hard or rough stuff. Tom of Finland type plus. San Diego area but relocation possible. To claim your bear, respond to: Box 898.

LOS ANGELES AREA SOUTH Goodlooking, 38, trim and hot. Experienced, mustache, bartender and waiter would like to work at your next party or just hear from you leather/levis fuckcuddlers. Will travel to New Orleans, D.C. and NYC in '81. Your photo gets mine. Box B61.

LOS ANGELES M, hot young animal, 25, 6'1", 155 lbs. Wants w/m leather/levis stud to take this punk to the limit in S/M, B/D, Waf, Cuffs, Collars and heavy G. Come work this punk's ass. Box 997.

HOT HORNEY

HAIKY HUNGRY HUNG

LA AREA 46, 5'9", 179 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 8 1/2" uncult, into light S&M, B&D, jocks, leather, WS, TT, FF, JO, fantasy trips. Open to most new scenes. Will answer with phone and photo. Box 349.

HOT & READY IN LA

Scandinavian man, 33, vesatile (every), good body, goodlooking. Enjoy 3-ways and groups also. Levis, leather, jocks, grease, outdoor scenes. Both men and good sex get same. Box 853.

WANTED!

BIG MATURE TITS

P.O. Box 49, Desert Hot Springs, CA 92240.

LOS ANGELES slave, 43, 6', 165 lbs., with large C/B, dis likes giving C/B/T work. S&M, leather/levis, etc. Box A65.

WANTED

W/M, Hot, young (18-35). Topmen into B&D, S&M, W/S, Levis, Leather, Jocks, Master/slave games. Face sitting, fucking, ass play (no FF), and in need of head to toe service in hot masculine encounters. I'm a good-looking W/m, 46, 6', 185 lbs., with trim beard & moustache and with brown hair and blue eyes, send photo. Box 1320.

HOT M, 44, 5'10", uncult. Experienced piercer or pierces, needles, S&M, C&B, Bondage. Must far out kinky scenes in my fully equipped playroom. George, Box 5641, Hunt. Bch., CA 94646.

HOLLYWOOD

M, 44, 5'6", 130 lbs., willing to try anything with the right Master. Prefer S/M, 35-55 in leather, levi, jockstrap. Box 392.

LOVE TO EAT BUTT

LOS ANGELES W/m, 30, love to eat butt. Seek Enema instructor. You're 27-45, maybe dark complexion. Box 1498.

HOLLYWOOD Goodlooking uncult stud seeks dominant butch uniformed lean man, cycle cop, leatherman SS or Gestapo types for head trips, discipline, submission, mad doctor C&B, Witchcraft and a few other outrageous tarot things that we will talk about. Aroma, etc. No one who doesn't know where his head is. Please Sir. Box 167.

WHITE SCANDINAVIAN

HUNTINGTON BEACH Male, Muscular, surfer 36, Blonde, blue eyes, looking for permanent relationship with very heavy top into leather, piercing, whipping, wax, FF, WS, dildoes, etc. Will consider all tops but prefer someone with smarts and a sense of humor who is a romantic and likes desert and surf as well as smoke and aroma. Ray (714) 842-6845 or write with picture to Box 1427.

ORANGE COUNTY/LONG BEACH W/m, 36, 6'2", 187 lbs., 7" Bearded, hairy novice seeks to correspond and/or meet someone to play with, inexperienced but willing to try most anything. Prefer hot, horny, uninhibited dudes into sucking, fucking, verbal abuse, variety and prolonged sessions. Frank letters and photo gets mine. Box 1435.

ORANGE COUNTY Hot, hung, leather stud who wants to be hot, blond, blue-eyed cowboy to his knees, send photo. Details. Box 1264.

LOS ANGELES White male animal slave to be trained and broken as work-horse, needs demanding master or masters with facilities to use him as such on occasional weekends leading to permanency. To be stable, bitied, harnessed and worked under reins and whip. Mature submissive to all demands. Box 1263.

LOS ANGELES Hot, hunky, cowboy, blue eyes, beard; wants to start a Dildo Club. Interested dudes drop me a line and state sizes and interests. Box 1270.

SHG WIDE OPEN

ASSHOLLES WANTED

LA W/m, 31, 5'11", 165 lbs., wants men with hot assholes into FF, huge dildoes, punch-fucking, able to withstand several hours of heavy ass play. Serious men only, no J/O. Box B11.

TOTAL SLAVE

BURBANK Slave Danny will submit to bondage, whipping, piercing, armpits and tits, shaving, photography for parties, groups or one Master. Phone (213) 846-9486. Danny Payne, 241 East Alameda Ave., Burbank, CA 91502.

THREE WAYS—GROUP SEX **LOS ANGELES** Obedient slave and his Master looking for Hot Leather/Levi and Uniform Studs into three ways and group sex. S&M, B&D, Dildoes, Fast fucking and other interests. We have the place. Explicit letter gets immediate response. Box 1469.

HOLLYWOOD BOTTOM 24, 6', 135 lbs., white. Seeks knowledgeable partner, 25-40, into B&D, light S&M, Toys, etc. Want to try everything once, some more than once. Letters with photos answered first. Box 1462.

SLAVE DOG

LOS ANGELES Hot hungry slave dog wants serious and heavy top, 30-40, into leather, uniforms, Heavy Bondage, Confinement, physical/mental discipline, wax, W/S, fist fucking, and total servicing. Seek hot evening or weekend of servitude and obedience. Send photo. Box 1572.

TORTURE FANTASIES

LOS ANGELES Raunchy Hungry pig-slave master 30, 5'7", 150 lbs., wants to explore intelligent filth and torture fantasies with hairy-assed scuzz-mongers, top and bottoms. HOT men 18-50 into C&B Torture, WS, scat and natural fist fucking. Write Box 1339.

FIGHTER

LOS ANGELES Hot, white, 23-year-old, 6', 180 lbs., brown and blue Gets into no-holds-or-blows barred fighting with boxing gloves, feet and knees, into S&M, and other. Top unless beaten. C&B, TT, etc. Serious only. 21-28 only. Box 1566.

HOTTEST ASS IN LA

Hot adventurous bottom, 30, hairy, horny, & high, into leather/Levi's toys. Gets it out on smooth hot guys. Needs Topmen with clasp to plug this tight little ASS. Box 1252.

HOT ASS WANTED

LOS ANGELES W/m, 29, 5'9", 155 lbs. Leather/Levi Top seeks W/m, into FFA, B&D, belt worship. Have playroom, all that's missing is your hot ass hanging in there. Sling Photo and phone number. No farts or fems. Box 1564.

GET THE JOB DONE

HOT MUSCULAR BLOND

LOS ANGELES 6'3", 185 lbs., 38, seeks S, hairy, Grac, black, 18-28. Photo gets mine. Arise, Box 60851, Los Angeles, CA 90060.

SPANKINGS GIVEN BY

LOS ANGELES White Dad, 44, 6'3", to youthful, trim guys who need a lot of attention. Prefer non-jocks, thin, inexperienced OK. Box 1565.

Am 6'4" Brown hair, blue eyes, moustached, 190 lbs. I've modeled, looking for warm contact. Brain and body. Box 1413.

L.A. WATER

LOS ANGELES Stud fuckee wants hot stud fucker meet with his cheeks or for a "Warm Ocean" fuck, shoot some hot water over your body you hit it with your best shot. 6'1", 165 lbs., 34. Photo exchange. Box 1562.

WIDE OPEN ASSHOLE

LOS ANGELES W/m 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., goodlooking, has HOT asshole into long heavy FF scenes. Seeks liberal-minded men into long lasting heavy ass trips. Box 1617.

TAKE IT LIKE A MAN

LOS ANGELES Clean, non-smokers who can whip, tie, suck, fuck and rim like experts, and can take the same are sought by stocky, hot man in 40's, with a hairy body and shaved head who wants to take it and dish it out with versatility and affection. Willing to experiment and expand limits. Box 709.

RIDE A COWBOY

RIVERSIDE AREA Urban Cowboy, 27, wants 2-plus hung stallions to ride his saddle. He'll take it as you like—wants limits tested but with respect. Seek wild colts with trim mane, moustache over 30. Must travel to your stable. Will arrive in leather, hot, muscular, and scie. Your photo gets same. Box 1559.

WANT REAL MASTER

NORTH HOLLYWOOD Wanted: white male, 25-40, into motorcycles, camping, backpacking, S&M, Bondage, discipline. Am white, 130 lbs., slave in search of a REAL MASTER to obey entirely and worship completely. Box 1515.

DEMANDING MASTER

SAN DIEGO Slave wanted by HOT HUNG San Diego Master, demanding, but not being demanding. For more information, write. Photo a must. Box 1542.

SHORT TOP FFA

LOS ANGELES W/m, 31, 6'4", 166 lbs. Wants Short men with hot experienced hands to play ASSHOLE into ecstasy. Box 1539.

030COLORADO

DENVER COWBOY

Needs Leather/Levi Master. P.O. Box 18595, Denver, CO 80218.

DENVER AREA

Loves to be bottom. I like all forms of sex and enjoy it most out of doors. Am 33, 5'8", 150 lbs. Well-built men 20-45 who like head jobs and hard fucking, write Box A25. No farts.

CONNECTICUT

SM, 45, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, well-used ass, looking for tall, well built, well hung studs. Box 965.

RASSLIN'

Young, hot, muscular stud, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeks jocks for rasslin'. Box B28.

WEEKEND SLAVES WANTED

HARTFORD From Friday through weekend you will be properly, fetching, licking, sucking, cleansing, obeying, begging, and any etcetera in order. Your fantasy of being owned, controlled, mastered will be a reality. Apply w/phone & photo. Pud, 5'8", blond, 30's. Apply to: Box 1843, Hartford, CT 06114.

RUBBER SCENE

NEW HAVEN 26, f, b/r/b, beard news introduced to dominance to rubber scene. Prefer older, bearded, paunchy, muscular. Correspondents only, okay. Complete discretion. Box 1310.

EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER

Looking for Leather/Levi, S&M slave. Those who want a dominant Master into Leather, bondage and many other interesting sexual scenes. Send me your application. Acceptable applicants will be trained to explore new adventures if you are experienced send me your Application also. Box 437.

STAMFORD S with bull whip requires total obedience. Have 9/10 to force feed your mouth or ass. Only interested in real men over 20. Box 579.

SOUTHERN CONN. MASCULINE HOT AND HORNY W/m, Aries, 42, 5'10", good body, 162 lbs, with 7" UNCUT. Into motorcycles, boots and really hot sessions. Mostly M&M. Master but can switch with right person. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 1477.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CHUBBY CHASER ?

WASHINGTON DC B/w/m, 39, successful artist, photographer, 6'1", 240 lbs., hairy ball. Seeks young, super hung ticks, into my size & Masterful approach. Don't bother answering unless you're 8'6" or over. Will be happy to photograph you also. Send erotic photo & Phone to Boxholder. P.O. Box 21066, Washington, DC 20009.

WANT TO WRESTLE?

DC B/G/M 5'7", 130 lbs., 20's, into oil, wrestling, J/V, body massage, little (no pain). Write for free winner-take-all action. If you're man enough, Box 56439, Washington, DC 20011.

NEED TO BE CONTROLLED

S 6', 51, 165 lbs, will train slave any age with good body, firm butt. Masculine looks a must. Box 704.

WASHINGTON, DC AREA M, 38, 5'11", 160 lbs., 30, waist, white, 6", number/weightlifter. Well-built, lean, muscular. Interested in similar S for erotic S&M. B&D. Box 215.

MD, DC, VA AREAS

Two bodybuilders S, 6'1", 172 lbs., 36, 79" M, 6'1", 175 lbs., 32, 8", both well built. Into S&M, bondage, discipline, heavy hit work, hot masculine guys. Interested in one-on-one, three-ways or groups. Reply with photo if possible and phone. Box 36.

WASHINGTON DC AREA W/m, 40, 5'11", 175 lbs, b/b/b, seeks w/m, partner, 25-40, with facility for B&D, "Maciste" Becker, C/N Travel Watch, feds, drugs, sack. Photo requested. P.O. Box 23867, Wash. DC 20024.

DRUMMER 34

FLORIDA

FANTASY TRIPS

TAMPA-SARASOTA 37, 5'7", 150 lbs., brown hair, beard, blue eyes, into light S&M, B/D, Jocks, Leather. T.T. FF, J/V, fantasy trips. Experienced. Interested in new scenes. Box 1690.

EXPERIENCED MASTER WANTED

MIAMI 34-year-old white slave would like experienced Master into photo shaving, enemas, bondage, piss. Complete serv/fo, fantasy trips. Experienced. Fantasy trips. No problem. Box 1636.

FURTHER TRAINING WANTED

MIAMI/FT. LAUDERDALE M, 39, 5'10", 165 lbs., tattooed, pierced, seeks further training in leather, boots, bondage from tall, slim S. Reply with photo gets mine. Box 4878, W. Hollywood, FL 33023.

STALLION WANTS

FORT LAUDERDALE Stallion wants other stallions who seriously will fight for the right role. Only young, built, hung dudes with nice asses and cocky attitude should respond. If you're used to riding, see how it feels to have the real stud up your ass. Got the balls, you half-assed "S"? Box 11624, Coral Ridge, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308.

INTERESTED IN NEW SCENES

TAMPA-SARASOTA 37, 5'7", brown hair/beard, 150 lbs., blue eyes, into light S&M, B&D, Jocks, leather, WS, TT, FF, J/V, fantasy trips. Experienced, interested in new scenes. Box 1672.

TALLAHASSEE W/m, 24, 5'9", 165 lbs., wants to be trained to serve a Master's needs. L/L, uniforms, harnesses. Box 474.

FATHER/SON RELATIONSHIP

LAKELAND GWM, 61, 5'7", 180 lbs., 6'8", Erect, clean, uncult, A/P Fr & Gr. No college or to age 45. No blacks, S&M, B&D or rough. Love to love and be loved. Searching for a perm. Father/Son relationship. Photo gets mine. Let's hear from you, "SON" Box 1669.

Want to eat from your dog bowl and feel your riding crop. If you have an uncult thick cock, hanging and, a hairy ass for me to eat from, and you are very strict in your demands, please contact me. I am 39, 5'10", 184 lbs., 9" uncult.

SLAVE TRAINING AVAILABLE

SUNRISE Masculine, good-looking with firm butt gentle style seeks candidates for training. Applicant shall include photo with written or recorded (cassette) application. Box 144.

STALLION VS STALLION

FT. LAUDERDALE WRESTLE, COCK-FIGHT, Spank, ver., Leather, Piss, just fine. You/Us Me The Fuck. Goodlooking, 28, 162 lbs, 5'10", 7" cock. B&D wants in the hole of another proud beatin'. Stallion. E.Spanol, arrogant young dudes at Box 11624, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308. Bang balls and I'll show you what a girl you are.

RED-NECK FIGHTER

Masculine young gladiator slave into all types of fighting, wrestling, boxing, etc. Tough, well-built figures send challenges/photos to: Bud Maciste Becker, C/o 5280 N.E. 6th Avenue, No. 8, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334.

Daytona-Wanted: Permanent House Slave. SS 226, Daytona, FL 32015.

SM PISSES

36, 5'8", 165 lbs., well built, white, 6", knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well built, big, no fats, fems. Box 009.

FT. LAUDERDALE

Part-time slave wanted by Scorpio, trim, athletic, bondage, discipline, humiliation, paddling. Novice or experienced. Must have firm body, smooth ass, very little body hair. Must be intelligent, discreet, youthful. No fats, fems, phones. Send detailed honest letter with photo and phone number to Box 881.

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, imaginative, dominant Master seeks towards studs into FF, WS, bondage, S&M, C&B/T, piercing, shaving for 3-week slave with in-house slave. Can administer heavy discipline but no permanent damage or cast. Demanding but considerate. Am 45, 165 lbs., 7" cut with big balls and big hands. Box 258.

SW FLORIDA

S Top, leather biker stud, 39, 5'7", 140 lbs., crew-cut, construction worker, heavy-hung, digs masculine only humpy service buddies for long hot kinky sessions. No fats, old men, etc. May get my attention if you are into leather, levis, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Am dominant and aggressive, sane and sensible. Respect limits. Limited travel ok. Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315.

HOT ADVENTURES IN PARADISE

Uncut 8" SM transplanted San Franciscan, offers hot Key West action of qualified visitors. Hard-bodied, hard-headed, hard-playing 33-year-old welcomes other adventurous studs into exploring and actualizing our mutual fantasies. I'm attractive, intelligent, responsible, muscular and mustached. It takes the same to turn me on. Bonds, big tits, interest in bondage, S&M, CB and tit torture, FF are pluses, but less important than a hot body and sense of adventure. Planning a visit to paradise? Reply (with photo if possible) to Box 782.

MOTORCYCLE COPS

Muscular hairy stud, 6', 165 lbs., wants to correspond with motorcycle cops and other MEN into same. Only boot-breach-uniform enthusiasts into disciplined scenes need reply. Discretion assured. Box 111F.

HAIKY MACHO MEN

If you're into funky, hot, sweaty sex and are hairy, rugged, rough masters, write me and tell me what you would do to me. This good slave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr. Right. Box 59.

Attractive, stable, intelligent man, mid 20s, white, has been exploring sado-masochism several years; wants similar man to mid-30s for honest continuing weekend explorations. Must have come to an understanding that mutual exploration, support, respect, and care are requisite to building this kind of love central to any real sado-masochistic encounter. Not looking for one fantasy fuck. Honest only with a sense of humor should reply. Confidential and expedite to Central/South Florida. Prefer Top/bottom man. Box A37.

MIAMI W/m, 42, 5'10", 160 lbs., blond/blk. Show off your tough hard body with good goodlooking raunch man into workout mates, mirror j/v, piss worship, sweat, heavy dildo and enema action sought and given. Tender young guys expertly taught how to be men. Write w/photo. Box 47.

GEORGIA

SLEAZY ACTION

AUGUSTA W/m, 42, 150 lbs., 6', short cropped hair, moustache, good body, needs V/A, W/S. Shaving and whipping from imaginative tops. Sleazy action and long hot sessions. Can be top, prefer bottom for experienced man. Box 1571.

ATLANTA'S

Aquarius, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., white, good body, level head, experienced. Looking for men over 25 into B&D, suspension, tit workouts and similar action. Able to take charge, but prefer not to. Respect for limits assumed, expansion by mutual consent. Box 714.

M, 26, white, 5'10", 147 lbs., into rough fucking and fist fucking, piss. S&M, B&D, verbal abuse, leather, levis, boots. Seeks meetings or correspondence with aggressive Tops in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. No fems, cast, scars, or blood. Box 286.

ATLANTA LEVI STUDS

ATLANTA Couple, white, 30's, hairy, uncult, into mild S, Leather ck, Butt Fuckin', rimmin', 3-4 way, 25-45, (masculine men only). P.O. Box 723291, Atlanta, GA 30339.

DOMINANT TOP WANTED

ATHENS W/m, 5'11", 185 lbs., red hair/beard, seeks muscular, dominant toman. Write w/photo. ROY, 124 Mulberry Street, Athens, GA 30601.

HAWAII

COME HAWAII

HONOLULU I'm looking for a God. One of those who could be considered a God may answer. Mutual respect, no pain. I'm into Gold on tap & long hot sessions of everything. Prefer mature masculine men. Hot & Handsome, good build & hung. Photo(s) & Honolulu, HI 96815, 420 PAU 103, Honolulu, HI 96815.

IDAHO

FRIENDS WANTED

SAGLE W/m wants to meet friends for good times. Enjoy travel, good smoke, outdoors and more. GAY, B and Straight should send your pleasure to J. Hunt, P.O. Box 198, Sagle, ID 83860. Discreet and will answer all. Beginners and those wishing only to be satisfied more than welcome.

ILLINOIS

BOOTLICKER

CHICAGO RINGER M, 31, 6'1", 175 lb. Needs humiliation and abuse from strong-willed cocky Master, into suspension, bondage, tits, piss, rub, travel. Write Wolf, 6636 Newgard St., Chicago, IL 60626.

CHICAGO/ST. LOUIS

42, tall, slender, tattooed & kinky. Looking for C/L well-built jocks and leather studs who have what it takes to fuck my ass into total submission, then and only then will I kiss your feet and call you Master. It can be done but it takes a MAN. Box 1608.

DUNGEON/PLAYROOM
CHICAGO Dungeon/Playroom available for your private sessions or parties. 1,000 sq. ft., fully equipped, cell, tub, slings, suspension and B&D area, rack, toys, etc. Private. Reasonable. Top Supervision optional. Traynor (312) 525-3341.

SLAVEBOY SOUGHT
CHICAGO W/m, 44, 6'2", 165 lbs., hairy, wants small, slender slavehouseboy. Must be 20 to 30, under 140 lbs., with small, firm buns and insatiable desire to be fucked. Prefer female, somewhat fem, pretty (a type not now fashionable) who needs permanent, secure relationship, and who enjoys sex and "belonging to a man". No drugs. Box 1567.

LICK A DIRTY BODY
CHICAGO Pig ass of any kind (cruddy crotch, armpits, and ass, piss or shit toilets, face sipping, mud, sweat, grease) in or out of clothes (uniforms, Leather, levis, jocks, gym shorts, etc.) with or without bondage. Hot goodlooking man, 35, 6', 165 lbs. seeks guys into any of the above to serve me or do mutual trade-off. Fantasy, dildoes, pain, role playing, anything different or bizarre turns me on. We can do it all. Travel US. Send photo and dirty letter. Box 964.

FANTASIES FULFILLED
CHICAGO MASTER White male, 41, 6'3", 195 lbs. will fulfill your fantasies. Military Discipline, S&M, Fraternity Initiations, Primitives, Humiliation, Bondage, etc. Send photo if possible. All replies answered. Chicago Metropolitan Area only. P.O. Box 2630, Chicago, IL 60696.

Chicago Aries 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-25, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 418.

NEED HAIRY-CHESTED SADIST
CHICAGO To work me over in heavy scenes for mutual pleasure. Cigar smoker a plus. Cock, balls, tit piercing, fisting, ball busting, etc. I am 6'1", 190 lbs., 37, with 8 1/2" cock. In good shape. Box 1371.

CHICAGO COUPLE into FF, B&D, seek like-minded men for three ways, group action. Top 34, 5'4", 120 lbs., Bottom, 27, 6', 140 lbs 6". Reply with photo gets cur. Only serious minded MEN need reply. Box 1340.

SLAVE FOR SALE
AND/OR RENT
5'10", 195 lbs. Brown hair, Blue eyes, 31-46. Extra strong body and spirit. Sent B&D. W/S, etc. Not used for fucking. Strong Master could train right. Send your requirements. Box 1426.

CHICAGO White, 34, 5'6", 140 lbs., 7" cock. Top wants other tops or aggressive bottoms for extended, multi-scene action: sucking, fucking, rimming, jocks, etc. W/S, fisting, fucking and ball work. More body HAIR the better. Letters with photo gets same—prompt. Box 1460.

WANTED: Writer needs input for story tellin'. Dr. Fiedermass says my fiction lacks authenticity—so tell me the S&M 'do's' and 'don'ts'. Brian O'Hara, 4321 W. 95th St., Oak Lawn, IL 60453.

CHICAGO W/m, 38, 6'3", 180 lbs., 8", seeks friends/slaves 30 or over, in good physical condition with level head. Box 894.

Big young man, 21, 5'10", 234 lbs., br/bl, looking for someone to teach me S&M and anything that can be enjoyable. Would like to learn how to be a slave and Master. Please send phone and photo. And let me know what you would like to do. Dennis, Box 18, Tuxedo Trailer Ct., Carbondale, IL 62901.

CHAMPAGNE
URBANA Slim boyish guy gives expert deep throat. Must be hung like a horse, toys, FF, servicing groups. In Chicago often. Box 1682.

MALES WANTED (50-60)
CENTRAL IL-NEAR SPRINGFIELD W/m, 56, 5'9", 165 lbs., grey hair, brn eyes. Seeks males 50-60, hung, hairy, heavy ok. Fr/R, Gr/R. Photo will get reply but all answered. Box 1675.

CHICAGO MASTER
CHICAGO White, 41, 6'3", 195 lbs., into Military Discipline (prisoner), S&M, humiliation, bondage, fraternity initiations, etc., will be in Southern Illinois, Southeastern Missouri and Paducah, Kentucky area in September/October. Want willing slaves. All letters with photos will be answered immediately. Report to: P.O. Box 2630, Chicago, IL 60696.

TRAINEE NEEDED
SCAT MASTER
CHICAGO W/m, 5'10", 133 lbs., 7 1/2", trainee needs well hung gentle scat Master for fantasy fulfillment. Looks and age not as important as masculinity, humor, raunchiness and creativity. Dildos ok. No S&M, FF. Your Place. Box 1655.

NEW WAVE SPACE CADET
CHICAGO 25, 6", drk hair, seeks Commander w/dick of death for intergalactic rear assaults on my buttocks. Commands must be 25-40 w/solid body, filthy mind and powerful sex drive. Facial hair a must. Write: Space Station Patterson, 1139 W. Grace, Box 1139, Chicago, IL 60613. Long term mission w/proper command.

(312) 975-7135
CHICAGO 29, 44, 6'2", 170 lbs., bottom, am heavily into eating out while top men's asses and taking an in-and-out fist fuck. Am also into W/S, toys, and verbal abuse. Am goodlooking and have a nice body. Would like to have an on going relationship with hot white Master, but weekends are fine too. I love to eat ass. Clifton, 4016 N. Clarendon, Chicago, IL 60613.

INDIANA

SLAVE WANTED
EVANSVILLE 27-year-old Master wants slave. Write: Mike, 6004 Sweet Gum Court, Evansville, IN 47710.

REAL MASTER WANTED
INDIANAPOLIS W/m, 23, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7" Hot slave seeks real Master to put me in my place. Make me beg to serve your boots and cock. Fill my mouth with your piss and my ass with your manhood. Into all fetishes, verbal abuse, bondage, Can travel. If you're man enough to tame me please write Box 1570.

INDIANAPOLIS 48, 5'10", 170 lbs., 6 1/2", hairy, inexperienced. Will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Seeks sincere, understanding and knowledgeable Master to bring out the best in me. Will try anything on. No drugs, no train to surrounding states. No blood and no scat. Photo please. Box 833.

EVANSVILLE W/m, 30, 5'11", 175 lbs., bearded and hairy. Seeking big muscled men into flexing, body massage and body contact. Box 1254.

MASTER WANTS SLAVES:
FORT WAYNE Novice or experienced. Light or Heavy S&M. Must have good body. Master is masculine, 42, lean, muscular, 5'11", 160 lbs. Write: P.O. Box 12302, Fort Wayne, IN 46863.

INDIANAPOLIS M, 26, 6', 180 lbs., 6 1/2" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M. Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is in heavy ball work. Turns on to Black, hairy men, 21-45. No fats, meds, drugs, w/s or scat. Box 1549.

IOWA

IOWA MASTER 6', lean, white, seeks permanent slave for complete physical & mental training, naked bondage & submission. Must be lean or muscular, hairless in body and ready for slavery in mind. Send photo, application & phone to Box 979.

IOWA SLAVE AVAILABLE
Young slave 161, 6', 155 lbs., considered goodlooking, in need of training from dominant man any age. B&D, S&M, W/S. Am receptive and obedient. Box 1485.

KANSAS

FOOT WORSHIPPING
LEATHER AROMA of a gwm's **STOCKING FEET** K.C. M. G.W., 42, 155 lbs. Brn/Brn, wants to excite your feet. Into mutual J/O. Box 1481.

KENTUCKY

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE
LEXINGTON 5, 38, 5'11", 175 lbs., experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. Must have firm body and have your head on. If you are ready, write now. Box 986, Lexington, KY 40505.

LOUISVILLE-CINCINNATI
LXINGTON

Top Leatherman wants contacts with bottoms for medium S&M, B&D, scene and good times, race, age unimportant. No drugs, scat, limits respected, occasional role switch possible, no reply without photo. Box 1692.

LOUISIANA

AT YOUR SERVICE SIR
LAFAYETTE AREA GWM, Mid-thirties at your service, SIR, Box 1661.

EXCHANGE PHOTOS
NEW IBERIA toilet and asshole exhibition, humiliation training, enemas, hot bottom will exchange action/photo with other asses. I'm really hot to see you sitting on the toilet. Asshole showoffs and command commands. Send photo to Ron, Box 362, New Iberia, LA 70560.

LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS
NEW ORLEANS W/m, 35, Leather, Police Uniforms, boots, B&D, S&M. Seeks same. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel. Leather, high black boots, full police uniform and gear. I seek a few discreet men to the same. Occasionally travel. Box 1599.

FATHER-SON
MONROE W/m, 34, 6', 175 lbs., into father/son, reform school type discipline, Bond roles. Would like to hear about fantasies and possibly meet. Box 1576.

OBEDIENT M WANTED
NEW ORLEANS 5, 32, 5'10", 155 lbs., seeks obedient willing masculine M, 21-40, for mutual safe action. Firm any scene, but will respect limits. Send qualifications with photo. Reply: SIR, Box 1525.

NEW ORLEANS MASTER:
NEW ORLEANS 45, 5'6", 135 lbs., 6", into B&D, dildoes, C&B, T/T, straps, belts, FF, W/S. Seeks sincere trainees, 18-30. Must be together and sincere. Send honest letter with photo Box 1541.

MAINE

HAVE A FANTASY?

Want it to happen? Two bearded dudes from northern Maine woods into all scenes: groups, FF, WS, J/O, tit and ball torture, bondage, voyeurism, smokes and aroma; ready for any kink, action, role play, write or call. Your photo gets ours. Lee Quebecois sont surtout les bienvenus. Box 796.

MARYLAND

MASTER

LUTHERVILLE Master seeks respect and service from 2-segged stud with W/S. Will consider novice trainee. Send photo & full information. Box 1602.

WANTED:
BALTIMORE CLEAN, WELL-HUNG, HOT ASSED, HARD DICK, BUTT FUCKING, ASS SLAP, DILDOS, SUCKIN', TOE SUCKIN', WHITE, BLACK OR LATINO PI G 25-35. Able to work 8 hours, sleep 8 hours and fuck 8 hours a day, every day. To service two hot, tattooed, pierced, shaved, self-supporting whites, 35 and 40, into total mind and body ownership, shaving, piercing, C&B, tit torture, toys, W/S, FF, and much more. Fully equipped playrooms. Tattoos and piercing a plus, but not presently required. Objective: Permanent full-time, three-way relationship, possible business partnership. Only serious apply with photo and stats. Ed and Richard, C/O LEATHER UNDERGROUND, 208 RED STREET, BALTIMORE, MD 21201.

INITIATION

BALTIMORE East Coast B&D beginner, 30, wants to hire pair of very physical bodybuilders to teach who could dig double learning a rookie for a week of muscle and mind games out in the wilds. Force workouts, endurance fees, boxing, and bondage. Reply together with descriptive letter, photo and fee. Box 1561.

White male, 45, 5'5", 160 lbs., bottom looking for top. No scat, FF, or dildos. All else ok. Blacks or whites. Max Gertson, 9 Manchester Place, Silver Spring, MD 20901.

BALTIMORE OR WASHINGTON
DC area SM (either role), into L/L, WS, CB/T/T, B&D, strap, FFA, no scat. Apply with picture stating desires. Frequent visitor to Chicago, I.A., S.F. Box 855.

NOVICE

BALTIMORE AREA 14, 5'11", 180 lbs., 6" cut, seeks sincere understanding, experienced and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some US travel. Box 128.

HAGERSTOWN W/m, 35, 6'1", 170 lbs., bodybuilder looking for other masculine well-built bodys. Must be totally male. Box 36.

BALTIMORE AREA M/S, 5'8", 160 lbs., interested in meeting locals or in general for active relationship, into almost anything. No fats, fems. Beards, moustaches a plus, hairy body a plus. Must have intelligence and ability to swing both ways to bring out and teach. Box 855.

MASSACHUSETTS

"A FEW GOOD MEN"

DORCHESTER 2 ex-USMCs interested in finding service men in uniforms, especially spit-polished low quarters and military jump boots. Exchange photos, correspondence with possible future meetings. Box 1552.

HOT JACK OFF SCENES

BOSTON Wanted by hot attractive brown complexion guy visiting San Francisco and Los Angeles soon. Body oils, aroma, vibrators, OK. No S&M, B&D, or FF. Your recent photo is a must and returned promptly at your request. Let's get it on Box 1537.

HIDE TANNING:

NEW ENGLAND/NY

W/m, 5'9", 34, 150 lbs., seeks to hear from you if you need to have your hide tanned and attended to. Disciplined and understanding. Also seek contact with other tanners in search of new hide. Box 1407.

CAPE COD, S, 52, 6', Taurus, 200 well muscled, tough, uncult. into B&D, W/S, shaving, FF, and all kinds of anal entry, enemies and other sports. Seeks white slave, 18-40, totally submissive, for prolonged long-term service. No drugs, fats, or fems. Must be able to endure moderate to heavy pain, ball torture, tit piercing, prolonged immobilization, butt abuse, body whipping. No crybabies, softies, or thrill-seekers need apply. I am looking for a serious slave who craves punishment, abuse, humiliation, and expects nothing but pain, torment and discomfort in return. Box 790.

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN

46, 5'9", 160 lbs., seeks L/L partners over 25. Beards or moustaches a plus. Box 721.

NOVICE Voyeur looking for involvement, w/m, 40, 6'1", 180 lbs., seeks well-built Master to train my yearnings to serve and be freed of inhibitions. Must be tough and gentle, into Leather or tight Lise. Need titwork, bondage, I'm a challenge, but sure to be worth it. Picture appreciated. Box 1476.

BOSTON PISS FREAKS

WANTED BY:

BEARDED W/m, 30, 6'2", 185 lbs., 7/11 cut. Full of warm beer for mutual fun. Box 1489.

BOSTON Bearded W/m, mid-30s, versatile and imaginative, 5'9", 165 lbs., uncult. hairy body, turned on by tit work, W/S, ass work, and footlicking. Seeks men of same interests. Willing to expand. Box 840.

REAL SLAVE

M, 29, GOODLOOKING, needs mas. handsome MASTER desiring to own a slave/dog as his property and for his pleasure. Box 1256.

NOBODY BEATS DRUMBEATS!

DRUMMER 36

BOSTON & N.E. AREA M, 33, 5'8", brown hair & eyes, SIR, I wish to share erotic Leather and mas. slave in Leather Bondage with toys, collars, hoods, C&B, W/S, FF, shaving, piercing, scat. Sir, thank you for your consideration. Box 1431.

INTO BLACK LEATHER

MEDFORD W/m, 34, mid 30's, 6', 165 lbs, 8" uncult, lonely. Into Black Leather, boots, bondage, suspension, tight S&M, also rubber. No drugs, fats, fems, FF, scats. Reply with photo and phone number. Box 1654.

EARTHLY MASTER WANTED

W.BRIDGEWATER MUSKY W/m, 30, slave, seeks "DOWN TO EARTH", huskier (200 lbs.) older Master for mutual growth. Photo appreciated. Box 1657.

MICHIGAN

HAIRY AND HUNG THICK

DETROIT W/m, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., good body, hairy and mus. slave (exceptionally thick), needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive rears with good tight bodies to age 40. Vanilla, FF, bondage, Toys and good times. "Box 1600." No fats or fems. Salt and pepper hair a plus. Photo preferred. Here or there. Box 361, Farmington, MI 48024.

MUSCULAR LEATHERMAN

DETROIT AREA ONLY Muscular leatherman into soft side of leather. Enjoy leather, boots, jackstraps, cuddling, kissing, J/O. Photo a must. Box 1506.

BEARDED LEATHER MASTER

DETROIT 33, 5'10", 140 lbs., 9" Cock, looking for submissive slave, 21-35. Am into S&M, B&D, W/S, TT. Write with photo. Box 1532.

DETROIT W/m, 47, 5'8", 175 lbs., S&M, B&D. Solid and very hairy all over. Bottom, passive leather bondage-discipline. Particularly enjoy dungeons, jails, cells and barns in bondage. Like enemas, dildoes, Greek a/p, French a/p. All kinds of fetishes. No scat, and sometimes piss. No smokers and light drinkers. I have lots of toys and can entertain and welcome visitors especially from out of state. All races please. Sirs, chain me up and rape my ass or gang bang me. Box 1290.

DETROIT White, hard-muscled topman, 33, 5'9", 165 lbs., looking for stud under 40, top/bottom, to serve as right hand man in discipline sessions with bitch slave, 22. Let's sell his tight buns, ride him at both ends, soak him in piss, and enjoy a beer as he worships our bodies in gratitude. Have sling, also video equipment for voyeuristic cameraman. Photos exchanged, returned. Box 899.

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

White male, 26, 6', 160 lbs, 8", into oral service. Western types, feel, will brag to serve well-endowed Master, 18-35. Write: Steve, P.O. Box 123, Roseville, MI 48066. Photos answered first. White or Black.

LEATHER Bondage, boots, uniform love needs a dominant man. Box 1255.

WAYNE COUNTY AREA White slave, 21, needs Master, any race, any age. Into anything and everything. No limits. You call all the shots. Ready and willing. Sir, Box 826.

DETROIT W/M 38, 5'6", 140 lbs., good body, hairy and hung (especially thick). Needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive ASSES with good tight bodies to age 40. FF, Bondage, toys, tits, fun and good times. No fats or fems. Here or there. Photo preferred. Box 351, Farmington, MI 48024.

HUNG MEN SOUGHT:

DETROIT 30, 6', 175 lbs, 7". Attractive, seeks similar hung men, 18-43. Hot photo gets mine. But not necessary. Explicit letter please. Box 1495.

ROCHESTER S, 5'10", 160 lbs, 8", firm Master, well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into S&M, B&D, W/S, and more. Write Robert, 1030 Adams Road South, Rochester, MI 48063.

MASTER understands your needs. Time for talk and time for action. Thumb area professional. Michigan. Tom Proctor, Box 104, Gass City, MI 48726.

SOUTHFIELD 46m, 6', 160 lbs. German S, muscular, 7" uncult, seeks novices who would be interested in exploring and growing, with limits respected. No drugs, fats, fems. Hairless body, tight physique a plus. Box 468.

HOT NOVICE

DETROIT Hot novice bottom, W/m, 33, 6', 170 lbs., wants to exchange hot correspondence. Shave experiences fantasies with other M and serve Masterful Studs by mail. Can meet interesting same sex people. Box 2143, Detroit, MI 48221.

MINNESOTA

WANTED:

UNCULT TOP MAN

40-70, grizzled, masculine, white cockmaster must live with, worship and suck, one tough, straight, non-reciprocating, obscene fuckin' son of a bitch full time, cowboys, farmers, lawmen, hard hats, others welcome, like boots, levis, Leather, piss. THICK peckers, clean assholes. Will relocate. Photo. Phone. Box 1261.

MASTER WANTED

MINNEAPOLIS White, 25", handsome, masculine slave, 5'11", 150 lbs., light brown hair, green eyes, dark beard, hot & horny, 7 1/2". Leo, I am ready to serve: white, 28-40 year-old stud. I would prefer only tall, dark hair and a beard. Beards, moustaches & big manly tool a plus. Let me serve you and worship you, obey you and love you. I dig all leather (gear & scenes) and am into body worship, j/o, dirt talk, posing, oil, cockrings, jacks, all boots & gym gear. I beg your Pleased, Sir, help this hot, wanting slave find an owner. Letters to Box 560.

TOILET FACE SITTING

MINNEAPOLIS W/m, Taurus, 31, 5'11", 7", bearded bottom for piss & scat. I love leather and kinky scenes, looking for filthy freak, into shaving, light S&M, B&D, tit work. Can also go top. Write Al, Box 476, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

MPLS. Would like to meet men who like to fuck, are into bondage. Cowboys, truckers, all men who are well hung and know what they want. No Fats. Box 625.

W/Male, 43, 6'1", 165 lbs., seeks slave who knows what needs tit, cock & ball torture. Box 356.

MUSCULAR YOUNG JOCK

MINNEAPOLIS Muscular young jock worships dominant bodybuilders, muscle jocks. Curt Curt (612) 522-4867.

COMPANIONSHIP WANTED

CHASKA W/m, youthful 53, 5'8", 140 lbs., 8" uncult, Virgo, intelligent & into languages & music. Experienced seeks companionship, friendship—whatever else comes up. Passive, selfish & domineering. Kind, gentle but aggressive. Let's find some of our own kind around here. Hurry letters to Box 1688.

MISSOURI

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M

Leather master will instruct you using strict monastic obedience, humiliation, discipline, penitence, poverty, labor, silence, cloister, devotion. You will learn sign language, have name changed, head shaved. If you pass the noviate you will be professed *Ugus* As Mortem. You cannot serve two masters. This is definitely a total commitment to eat my cock and drink my piss, not a pious meditation. Vocation to serve? Apply with aspirations and photo. Many are called but only one is chosen. Box 363.

KANSAS CITY MASTER Affectionate Scorpio, uncult, 8'5", 145 lbs., solid; prefer small, slim, white, 20-40. Greek passive. Fr. a/p. Live in lover/slave who needs to be owned, possessed for personal relationship. No hang ups. Respect limits. Box 1318.

ST. LOUIS W/m, 6'1", 165 lbs., 8" uncult, very hairy all over, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive yet quiet, straight acting and appearing. Seek other hairy masculine dudes into mutual pen play, anal work, cock, tits, balls, assholes with uniforms, jocks. No scat or shaving. Any age, eager to explore. Box 886.

Young slaves may apply to versatile 6' bodybuilder (180 lbs.) for servitude stating qualifications along with photos. Various scenes possible and rewards given for excellent service. Located in St. Louis area. Box 159M.

ST. LOUIS W/m, 40, 6', 158 lbs., uncult., Cancerian, versatile, hot, goodlooking, hairy dude, into most scenes except scat. FF and heavy pain. Enjoy worshipping a beautiful body and cock, servicing a cock completely, and I mean completely. Looking for a covered hot stud, 21-45, who likes his cock taken care of royally. Your photo gets mine. Box 64.

ST. LOUIS W/M 6'2", 175 lbs., needs hairy studs. Can go either way, tough and hard or otherwise. This tongue is wild and will clean out every thing from assholes to armpits. Tit work a specialty. My hungry ass will take anything you have. Your photo gets mine. Box 1479.

ST. LOUIS Complete servicing through my private glory hole. Anytime. Ask for Tim (314) 421-5099.

WILL TRY ANYTHING

KANSAS CITY Novice into S&M wishes to meet traveling S's & M's. Try anything. Rich and Tall, 409 Walnut No. 4, Kansas City, MO 64111, or call (816) 561-9478.

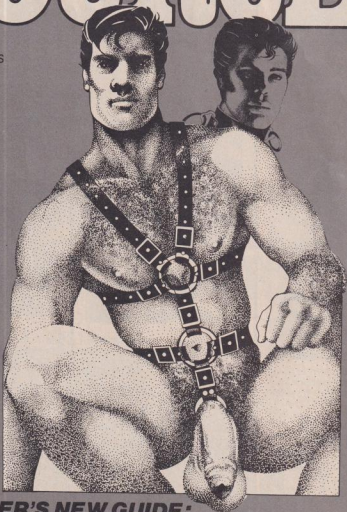
**32 PAGE!
SUPPLEMENT**

DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

SOURCES

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A TASTE OF LEATHER

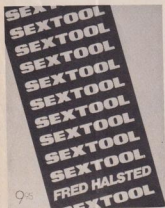


**DRUMMER'S NEW GUIDE:
WHAT'S NEW, WHO'S GOT IT, WHERE TO GET IT!**



THE ONE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! The exciting adventures of Harry Chess in a lavish superbook with a full color centerfold. SEE: Harry on the brink of sexual peril. SEE: The sexy but deadly foes after Harry and his friends! SEE: The playground of the very, very decadent and not at all idle super-thugs! Get 'em while they're hot!

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FRED HALSTED'S Explosive SEXTOOL movie book, completely filled with erotic, hard, classic stills from the controversial film.

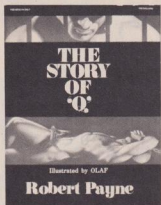
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HOLD THIS UP TO A MIRROR FOR A HOT, SECRET MESSAGE!



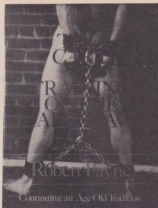
S&M SEX DEVICES: Over 300 photos illustrate almost 200 different and erotic S&M toys and devices, plus instructions, illustrations, and some of the hottest guys to ever appear in handcuffs!

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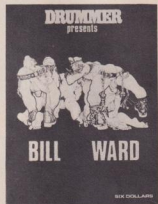
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THE EROTIC ART OF BILL WARD: England's leading hard-on artist with the complete adventures of KING and DRUM. Plus, never before published works by this legendary artist.

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Add four-bits per item for postage/handling.

STUDSTORE

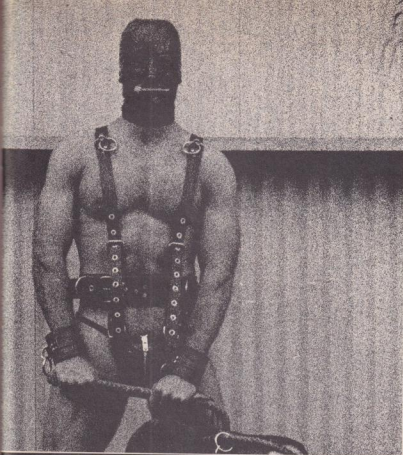
1500 FOLSOM, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103

Enclosed is . send me the following:
☐ HARRY CHES, ☐ BILL WARD, ☐ STORY OF Q, ☐ PAEAN,
☐ SEXTOOL, ☐ LEVIS CROWD, ☐ MY BROTHER MY SLAVE, ☐ ROY DEAN

I am over 21 years of age _____
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 Charge my _____ MASTERCARD, VISA Card No. _____
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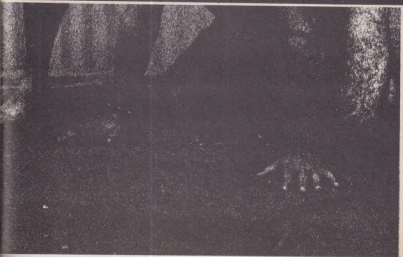
"Gentlemen, welcome to our first course on the techniques of imaginative S&M devices. The applications are as varied as are the appliances themselves. I am sure that you are well acquainted with many of them, some of you may not be and you might find that there are varieties and uses that you may not have tried. Whatever the case, I am sure that you will find this to be a very informative and interesting evening.

"I appreciate the use of your slaves and assure you that in demonstrating the possible uses of these items, your property will be highly respected. We will permit no marks, nor abuse of that property, merely illustrate the application of this collection. Your preference and practice will vary. We are interested tonight only in basics.

"My assistants will bring in the first subject. I understand he has belonged to his master for several years. We have chosen this young man for these items since his master enjoys bondage and he is used to

**"NONE OF THE SLAVES WILL
BE DAMAGED, BUT EACH
WILL BE WELL USED IN THIS
DEMONSTRATION OF S&M,
BONDAGE AND RESTRAINT"**

TRAINING AIDS



being constantly restrained. At the moment, his restraints have been removed to show you some other versions which limit movement. We'll start at the bottom, so to speak, with his ankles. First, my assistant will fit him with

ANKLE RESTRAINTS

which, in this case, are leather straps with buckles which attach around the ankles. They can be used simply to bind the feet together or to bind the legs to other parts of the body or to other objects, holding the person in a specific position. Ropes or chains can be attached to the 'D' rings built into most ankle restraints to aid suspending a person by his feet.

MIAMI'S CELLBLOCK

*New exciting clothes
for the Leather man - for the Western man
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"Try to move, boy. Very good, almost impossible, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes, Sir."



"Now let's try

ANKLE SHACKLES

These have been popular in prisons and other places of captivity for hundreds of years. They are made of heavy steel and held around the ankle by bolt, lock or permanent welding. The shackles around each ankle are frequently held together by a steel bar or heavy chain. They limit a prisoner's ability to move, keep your man from wandering off too far. Another favorite from history is the ever-popular

BALL AND CHAIN

These were used to restrict slaves and prisoners, they were attached to the ankle to slow or restrict movement. If the metal ball is heavy enough, it can keep the man from going anywhere altogether. Pick up the ball, mister, and let's see how fast you can move. That's right, walk back and forth. In old time chain-gangs camps, authorities claimed that the men were married to their ball and chain for the length of time they spent there, never being separated. Of course, there are also

HOBBLES

which are two iron shackles connected together by heavy chain, used on prisoners in chain gangs, who lived in them. The short length of chain connecting the shackles considerably curtail the wearer's movement. In fact, about all he can do is hobble. They are handy, but very uncomfortable for upside down suspension; however, they are handy for attaching the subject to other equipment. On the same principle is the

LEG SPREADER

A special feature of the leg spreader is that the steel bar telescopes to stretch the legs to the desired spread. It can be locked in place. It can be attached to the ankles or just below the knees, held in place by the knee joint and the calf. This buck has heavy calves, so

attach it to him there. Step down, boy, and walk among your superiors so they can see how you move with this spreader on you. That's right. Stand still there, the gentleman wants to examine your crotch. Big ball sac, eh, Sam? Turn him around, will you? Now bend him around, will you? As you can see, gentlemen, his hard round ass is available to anyone who wants to partake of it. But we can make it more readily available by using an

ASS SPREADER



which is inserted into the subject's rectum and the handle squeezed to spread the ass wider...and wider. Once the desired opening is achieved, the device can be locked open. Perfectly uncomfortable to the asshole on its own, it is also excellent as preparation for deeper ass play. Okay, Sam, if you'll remove the spreader and turn him around again, we'll demonstrate how to fill the other end with a

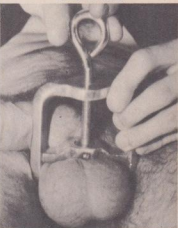
BALL GAG

There are two distinct versions of the ball gag—each quite different from the other in appearance and in the job they do. This one, the original version, is a hard rubber ball about 2½ inches in diameter with a leather strap which ties behind the head, as Sam is doing. As you can see, the ball fits between the tongue and the teeth so that the lips and teeth are exposed to whatever use they can be put. The ball gag also refrains the wearer from speaking out of turn. This gag prevents the wearer from accidentally biting his tongue, should he be severely dick-whipped against the side of his face. The more contemporary version, which Sam is holding up for you, is an all-leather adaptation. Attached to the leather strap, which fits around the head, is a 2-inch mouth piece which fits into the mouth the same

was as the first one. Because the leather strap covers the mouth completely, this version insures absolute silence.

"Now, Sam, if you'll attach the

BALL PRESS



our package will be complete. Made of heavy-duty stainless steel, the slaves' balls are placed on the bottom plate and the top plate is lowered via a ring screw. The plates are grooved so that the balls will not slip out. This device is a rather impressive way to bring pressure to bear.

"How does that feel? Can't say? Of course you can't!

"Well, we're not finished with those balls yet. Here, gentlemen, is a rather small ball weight, only one-half pound. Ball weights comes in a wide range of sizes and shapes, but I think you'll agree that this leather-covered lead weight looks impressive hanging from the ball press. After a little practice, you can get your slave to wear more and more weight. I've even been introduced to a master who has a slave with balls hanging six inches lower than the head of his cock, which itself hangs pretty low.



There are many schools of thought on lubricants. Even more than there are products available, since you have to include spit and cum. Vaseline has been with us since the dawn of time, along with baby oil, a refined, scented version of light petroleum oil—which is cheaper. There are hand lotions, which we don't recommend here since they are absorbed by the skin too fast.

However, on that great Discovery Day, some enterprising young man (undoubtedly gay) discovered a new use for Crisco besides making cookies and frying chicken. It was slick, stayed slick, could be absorbed by the body (unlike petroleum products), and was relatively inexpensive. You got a lot for a little.

Then along came the Lube boys who re-formulated the vegetable shortening formula, and with food-quality ingredients, came up with a more improved product than Proctor and Gamble's, which has a tendency to turn rancid and has a Crisco odor. Lube was an instant success and when someone moves that much shortening, along comes other versions.

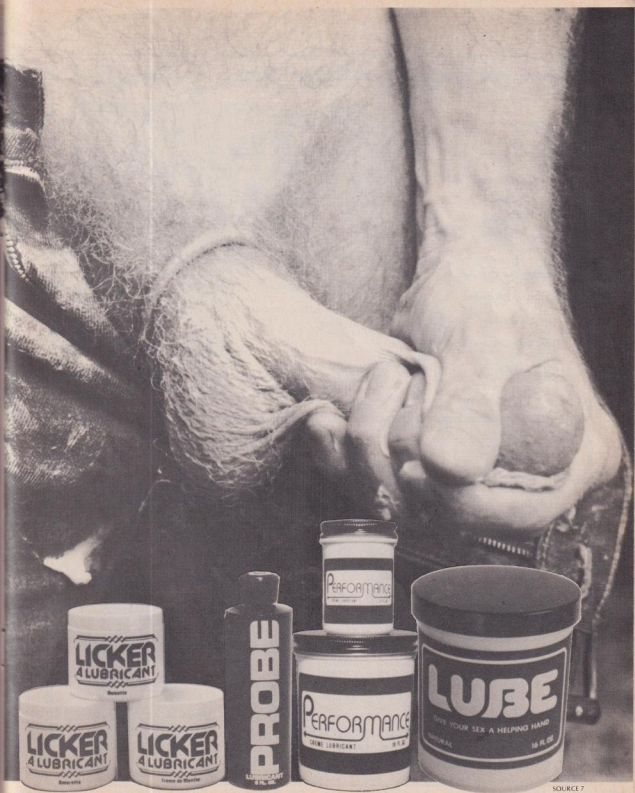
Fist fucking came into its own, in addition to foot fucking, double-cock fucking, dildoes, cucumbers, flashlights and butt plugs, all of which went better with lubricant. Even common garden variety jacking-off can be improved with a little dash of something slick.

My first introduction to the lure of lubricants was in school, when the upperclassmen (bullies, all) would grab us in the can, put their rude hands in our jockey shorts, along with a little vaseline, and jerk off our peckers right in our pants, leaving us to go to the next class with cum running down our legs. What fun, those carefree youthful days!

Next time you reach for the greasy kid stuff, think of all the research and testing that went into finding new uses for some fine old favorites. A little dab'll do ya and can make the whole session smoother, more painless, and with the addition of anti-bacterial agents in the new Lube products, a bit more hygienic.

However, there are still the die-hards that insist on motor oil and that old standby on the garage floor, axle grease. "Any old port in a storm" has never been truer, when you are berthing it with Pennzoil.





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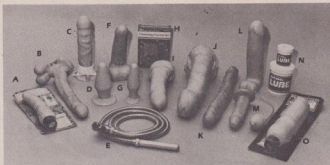
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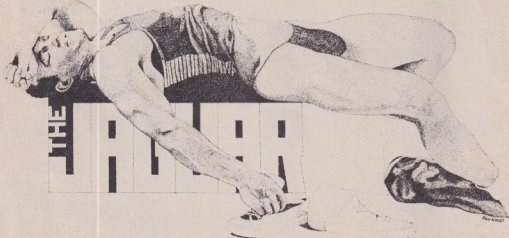
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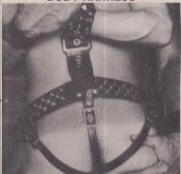
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and I would suggest a
BLINDFOLD

As you can see, this is not just a kerchief tied around the head, but a much more complex device of leather with eye pads which insure total blackout as well as protect the eyes. This model has a buckle strap which locks around the back of the head and guarantees that he won't know which direction you're coming from or what you have in your hands. No, Sam, if you'll take him away and bring that tall blond slave over here, we have a

BODY HARNESS



that will accentuate this big, shaved, muscular chest and provide a foundation for a large number of other attachments. This harness has a cockring attached at the base, which has become standard for most harness makers, and carries D-rings at critical points, like here on the shoulder straps and here on the waist straps. To these D-rings can be attached ropes, chains, handcuffs—especially useful here, at the waist level; and S-hooks, should you wish to hang him from a ceiling beam by his shoulder straps. We'll do that, but first let's put on this

SLAVE COLLAR



which also has a D-ring attached to the front. The collar is useful for

leading your slave around the bars on a leash, and can be worn easily without the body harness. Sam, if you and Tom will lift him up to those S-hooks... as you can see, he hangs pretty immobile. Because of the heavy amount of punishment this slave's master inflicts on him each day, he is a perfect candidate for a

COCKSHEATH



This one is no ordinary leather and strap encasement, but, as you can see, is studded on the inside with small prickpins. Sam will demonstrate the easiest way to get the sheath on, and he seems to be ready to wear it—look how his dick is sticking up in the air, gentlemen!

As you'll notice, Sam starts by draping the length of the sheath over the top of the cock, then laces it up from underneath. I'll bet you're feeling that, aren't you? Rest assured, when this sheath comes off, his cock will be covered with tiny red dots, holes in his dick's skin. But they'll heal almost overnight. Now, for the backside, a leather



BUTT PLUG

Again, these come in a variety of materials, from hard plastic to solid rubber. This particular one is solid rubber covered with leather and studded at random. Try an eight-incher on him, although I'm sure he's has much bigger things up his ass. It also has straps, to keep it in place, and a couple hours wearing will insure that his rectum is easily accessible for whatever his master desires to do with it. For the genitals, in this case, we have a special situation. His master has seen to having

his foreskin pierced twice, and this special lock, which has thin bars and a standard padlock base, will be slipped through the holes and locked with a key. If he gets an erection, it will obviously be very painful. He can, however, freely urinate; although if you take him to the toilet, it's best to sit him on the bowl, or he'll be pissing down his legs.

"Now, Sam will show you how can to add some color to his skin with a

CAT-O-NINE TAILS



"There are whips and there are whips. My personal choice is the Cat-O-Nine because it produces very stinging blows and leaves fine, pencil-thin lines on the surface of the skin. The Cat is called that because it has nine straps, one for each of the proverbial 'lives'. As you can see, Sam has not stayed with whipping him across the back. The Cat is flexible enough to work patterns across the thighs, the legs, the stomach, and the chest. The Cat is an easy whip to use, it doesn't require arm-wrenching blows to produce the most exquisite pain.

"We'll move on to another slave/model now, and another unique instrument, the

CHASTITY BELT

"Various types of male chastity belts are available, made of combinations of metal and leather. Almost all have two features in common. There is a cage or sheath, for enclosing the cock and preventing access to it which causes considerable discomfort when the cock becomes aroused. There is also an anal plug which is held firmly in place unless the belt is removed. In addition to being a device for protecting your special merchandise, the chastity belt can actually become a device of torture when the wearer is aroused.

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available everywhere, like ordinary size dicks, the giant size asshole destroyers are less common in the marketplace. Big dildoes range in size from fifteen to thirty inches long and four to six inches in diameter.

HAND CUFFS



"A mainstay of every police department, handcuffs also now come in a variety of types and are made in a number of materials, from the standard metal ones to new, innovative plastic wrist cuffs. There are also thumb cuffs, which are like standard cuffs, only scaled to fit past the first joint on the thumb. Less conspicuous, thumb cuffs are just as effective.



HOODS

"The well-known hood comes in a variety of styles which combine the advantages of blindfold and gag, with the sensuous security of having your head completely enclosed in leather. The basic hood covers everything, having holes only at the nostrils for breathing. Variations have eye and mouth openings, or cover only half the head, or feature other details that allows you to choose a hood to fit your needs.



HORSE

"A very popular piece of equipment is any S&M workroom is the common carpenter's horse—or a variation thereof. A highly versatile structure, which has the advantage of leaving your slave open while immobilized, the way you use it is only limited by your own imagination, and the athletic ability of your slave. The yellow horses used by street maintenance workers hold a great deal of appeal as acquisitions to your playroom. They are not quite as sturdy or versatile as the carpenter's horse, but they are collapsible, which can be a strong advantage. Many masters prefer to design their own horses, letting their imagination and desires decide the limits of its usefulness.



MEAT TENDERIZER

"This studded, leather device is chained around the waist and under the crotch, with a hole for the cock to protrude through. When the master wears this device, with its pad of studs, and fucks his slave's ass, he will make a lasting impression. Meat Tenderizers come with a wide range of studs, from the short, nobby kind to sharp spikes that will turn even the most muscled ass into a bloody mess.

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OPEN GAGS

"The open gag, or 'donut gag', holds the mouth open while restricting speech. The opening is designed to accommodate a cock, and makes for a useful instant urinal.

COCK RINGS

"An encyclopedia could be written about cockrings, and the wide assortment of them in use. Suffice it to say that while the traditional cock ring was made of metal, and was meant to be worn against the base of the cock between the balls and the body, there are cockrings to fit every occasion and fancy.



BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

It all began back during the sixties when someone discovered those little boxes of Amyl Nitrate, designed for persons with heart trouble. The euphoria was instant, exciting and short lived. No one else had discovered them, not even the federal government, and all you had to do was walk into a drugstore, plunk down between two and three dollars and walk out with a boxful of instant euphoria.

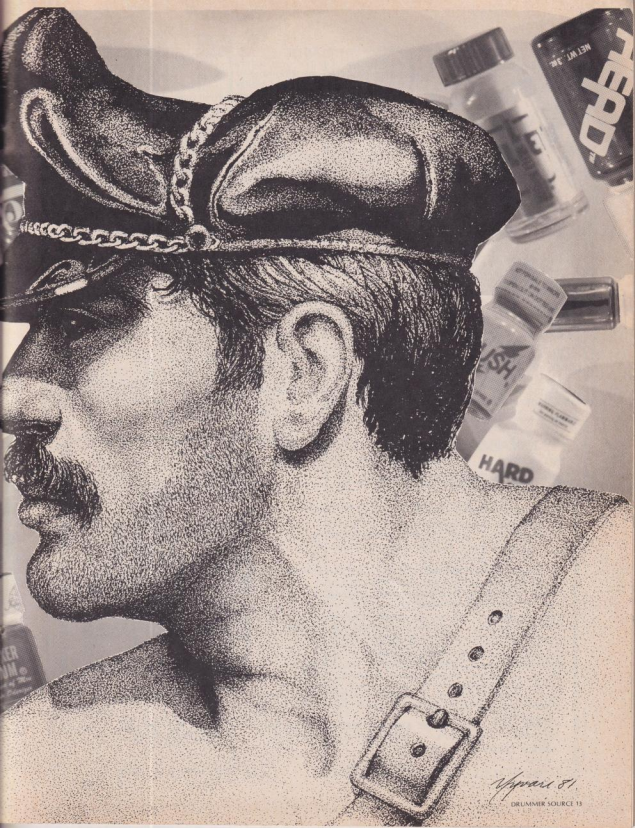
Having lived a sheltered life, I had never heard of the blessings of Amyl until one evening I was lying alongside a so-so conquest, trying to think of an excuse to get up and go home. In the middle of what he was droning on about, he snapped something under my nose and told me to breathe in. The chemical odor scared me, but one has to breathe and I got enough of a whiff to make him turn into a Target model. The rest is history.

By the time I discovered amyl, one walked into what drugstores were left on Hollywood Boulevard, and spoke to clerk in a voice usually reserved for requesting rubbers or treatments for crab. He (with any luck) would hand you a ready-wrapped box, like they used to do years ago with sanitary napkins in my home town. Then, with popularity, the price went up and the FDA entered the scene. One needed a prescription and/or a swinging doctor.

It was some time later that Room Odorizers entered the scene. Legal, because they theoretically are not sold for human consumption, they are actually butyl nitrite and are sold in liquid-in-a-bottle form. The pioneer was Locker Room, whose founder made and lost a fortune. Then came Rush, which is still around. The parade of other heavily-advertised odorizers came along and were even discovered by the hetero world.

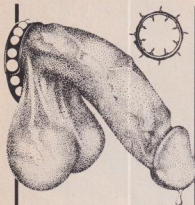
There is an ongoing debate over the safety and dangers of both amyl and butyl, which we do not wish to involve ourselves with here. Both formulas expand the capillaries of the circulatory system to lower the blood pressure and make the heart pump harder. Impurities give the liquid the chlorine odor and cause headaches. Used poppers (liquid in tiny glass ampules with a protective net covering) have a tendency to smell like dirty feet. In fact, one short lived product was named just that. Perhaps that is why it was short lived. Cost of the product varies, depending on how well advertised, how pure the quality and, as with most items, where you buy it.

There are a number of accessories: Inhalors, safety tops (so you are less likely to pour the stuff down your nose), self-sealers and carrying cases just like with other head products. As with discos, Bette Midler and designer jeans, aromas were first appreciated by gays.



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Spiked cockrings come with spikes either on the outside, on the inside, or on both sides—and the spikes vary from the flat chrome type to sharp pointed studs that will make itself felt on the rectum opening.

Some cockrings are leather, some rubber, some various metals. The cockring has grown into cock-and-ball-harnesses, multi-ringed attachments, and the Seven Gates of Hell, a progression of seven rings that get smaller as they reach the head of the cock.

TIT CLAMPS

"In addition to the ever handy clothes pin, there are a number of specially designed tit clamps available. The most common is spring-loaded with metal ends that provide an overlapping bite. Rings attached to the end of the clamps allow for hanging weights, chains, and other toys from the tits.

Tit clamps can be strung together with chain, usually a small but sturdy variety attached to the outside ends of each clamp. From the chain a number of items can also be hung, depending on the imagination of the master.

PADDLES

"The romance of 'father knows best' and long ago school days creates a warm spot for a good paddle now and then. The types and styles are all but infinite, and range from simple wooden items to more sophisticated leather discipliners.

Beyond the standard wooden, with-or-without holes, paddles now come in lucite (so you can see his ass turning red under each slap), and leather, either plain, stitched, or studded.

TOE BALL STRETCHER

"Snap the ball harness around the scrotum, then tie the laced-in

leather thong around the toes, and you'll never have to worry about your slave suffering from a shrunken ball sac again. Best bet: Tie it tightly, so that it pulls the sack down a few inches, then make him ride his bicycle around the block a few times.

TOE JACK-OFFER

"Similar to the Toe Ball Stretcher, only the leather sheath attachment fits around the length of the cock. As the feet go, so does the dick, and with the right pace the wearer can come with his hands tied behind his back.

Thanks

Nick O'Demus, owner of The Trading Post of San Francisco, was a real help in locating some of the illustrations for DRUMMER'S special SOURCES supplement, including the many Rex drawings you see here. The Trading Post catalogue, *A Taste of Leather*, is completely illustrated with Rex drawings of the wild and wonderful leather items Nick offers in his store and through mail order. If you would like a copy of the very erotic catalogue, send \$3. to: Trading Post Enterprises, 960 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. You must be over 21, of course.

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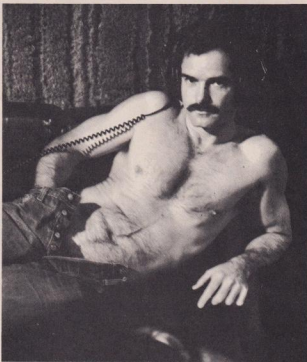
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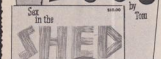
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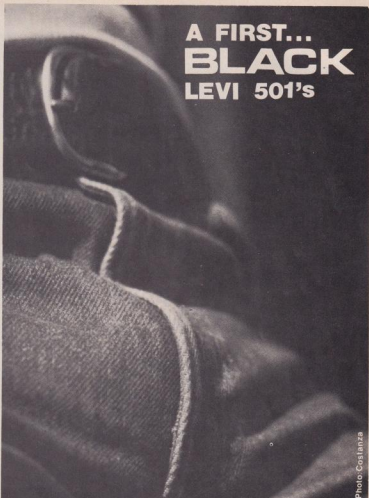


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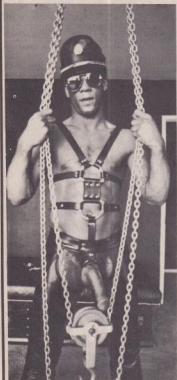
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WHAT'S UP!



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The chain that began mass-marketing of sex toys has enjoyed a very American success, typified by the Los Angeles Pleasure Chest, which, outgrowing its former supermarket-sized store, moved to a larger facility in the heart of "Boy's Town." The new store, which opened with a carnival atmosphere (and damn near a carnival in the parking lot) has been a winner with the Southern California crowd. But that's only to be expected, since the Pleasure Chest is, after all, the best place in that part of the state to find the latest in sensual devices and toys.



THE LEATHERMAKER

If The Leathermaker's only claim to fame was his invention of the outside-zipped chaps, he would definitely deserve a place in the Leatherman's Hall of Fame. Putting the zipper on the outside changed the whole social life of chaps, and stopped chaps-wearers from ripping out their leg hairs on the metal teeth. But The Leathermaker, a L.A. legend, has done a lot more to improve the wearability of leather clothes, as can easily be witnessed in his design for a zippered pouch on the above item.



SAFETY VALVE II

Australian Jewelry Creations swears by their hottest product, Safety Valve II, which prevents the liquid from running down your nose. The plastic creation fits most bottles and has a pull-push action that opens and closes the container without screwing and unscrewing the lid (which we're sure you already know leads to spills, stains, and unwanted attention from strangers). If a man can build a better mousetrap...



R.F.M.

While it was H.L. Hunt who made the phrase "just plain folks" take on new meaning, it was R.F.M. who has succeeded in bringing the expression into its own in the area of S&M. His typewritten, three-volume autobiography, *The Life of a Masochist*, is a primitive American classic, sort of a *Huckleberry Finn* with a bullwhip. Beyond his rural authenticity, R.F.M.'s books are noted for the prolific drawings by 'Sean', an artist with a flair for bulging eyeballs and oversized cocks. R.F.M. is just as prolific (he may have written more stories than Joyce Carol Oates), and his style recalls an era quickly disappearing from S&M literature.



REX

While a lot of erotic artists only have one name, in the eyes of many men there is only one name when it comes to creating fantasy out of pen and ink: Rex. Recently, however, Rex suffered (and so has the art world) the loss of his extensive collection of original work through the now-infamous South of Market Fire this past July. Rex had, only a month earlier, opened a gallery on the street that was to later be destroyed by the fire. Although the fire started a block away, his gallery, and the largest collection of his original work in the world, was destroyed.

Rex escaped unharmed and is again accepting commissions. It will be a long time before the world has as many Rex drawings as it did just a short while ago, but hopefully Rex will continue producing his masterpieces for many, many years.





RENAISSANCE PLEASURE FAIRE

While no one has really uncovered the S&M practices of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, the Renaissance Faire has, for 15 years, brought the era back to life in the Blackpoint Forest near Navato, California with pomp and circumstance.

The three week extravaganza boasts everything from jugglers to strongmen, from bawdy theatrics to a Grand Tournament with horses and knights and lancers. And lances.

Usually held at Navato from early August through mid-September, there is a counterpart in Southern California around the same time every year. Rest assured that the royal wedding of Charlie and Di will somehow be worked into this year's festivities.



THE LEATHERWORKS

Portland, Oregon can boast a super shop for hand-made leather gear that has been turning out unique "hard leather" items for almost seven years. Creating everything from belts to fancy bondage equipment, the Leatherworks has a flair for the exotic look in leather and specializes in "dress leather", the kind of things you see at opening night productions of Strauss' *Salome*, the unofficial leatherman's opera. These studded wrist guards with finger grips look as potent as they do erotic.



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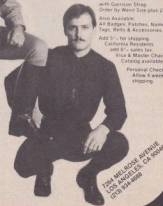
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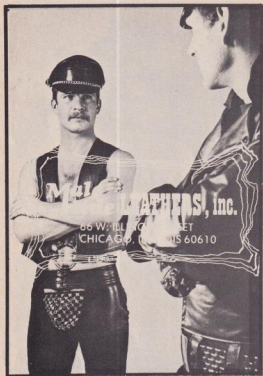
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THE LEATHER MAN

You'd expect New York to have a number of places where out-of-the-ordinary leatherwear could be found; a good example is The Leather Man on Christopher Street. And a good example of his work is this leather jumpsuit with European-cut legs, waistband, set-in zippered chest and hip pockets, and a heavy-duty front zipper. With short or long sleeves, it's going to be warm to wear, but it's definitely going to be *hot* to see coming down the street.



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Edging into the leather crowd is the new urban cowboy, hard-action orientated, lean, rowdy and hot. And when he gets his gear on, he looks every bit as impressive as Marlon Brando in *The Wild Ones*. Options Plus has everything the shit-kicker needs, from silver collar points to plain and fancy spurs. Their boot heel guards are German engraved and come in silver or gold, as do their collar points and spurs.



BIKER'S CAP

The Sentry Uniform Cap company makes some of the very best quality caps on the market, and a favorite is the Biker's Cap in pliable black leather with stiff bill, and with or without chrome chain. Sentry also makes a sporty black leather baseball cap that has become so popular it is threatening to turn the clone population into semi-leathermen.



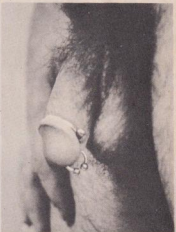
SAFECO BOOTS

The best supplier (maybe even the biggest) of regulation safety boots—especially the 18" high top lace-up lumberjack boot, is Jim of SafeCo Boots in San Jose. For years now this small company has outfitted some of the hottest feet in the country, and outside the country. All of SafeCo's boots are guaranteed to be the real McCoy, and widths run from AAA to EEE, sizes from 5 to 15's. Now that's a bigfoot!



TIT CLAMPS

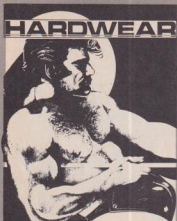
The dean of tit clamp and grip equipment has to be New York's R. Phillips and his 'Tit Torture Catalogue', which describes every device known to a nipple. Two very popular ones are the 'Nipple Grippers' and the 'Maneater Clamps'. It doesn't matter if you apply them, or if someone else applies them—they're going to be painful, and you're going to love it.



PRINCE ALBERT

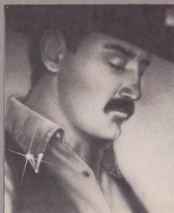
In the sensation department, the winning combination is a Prince Albert and Frenum piercing. The illustrated Albert is fitted with a circular barbell (the price varies depending on the size of the ball and the type of metal used). The Frenum piercing combines a frenum loop and a barbell stud. And the best place to have these more-than-less permanent body adornments attached is The Gauntlet in Los Angeles, where they originated.

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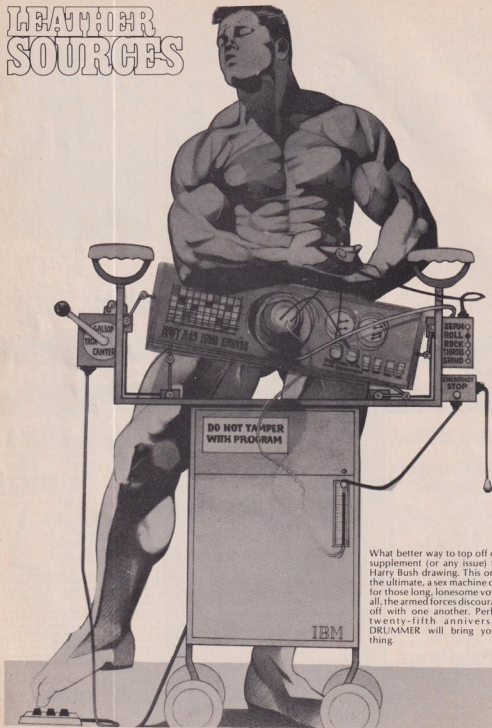
Sean, the famous male erotic artist whose wild S/M drawings have become super-hot collectables, has now cum into his own with BIFF! This new 48-page picture mag of dynamite action drawings includes 8 sizzling color pages! BIFF, Sean's big, blond hero, encounters lots of hard & freaky adventures in his horny travels! The incredible "10" centerfold will charge up any "n" all batteries, so grab your copy today 'cause BIFF will add TNT to your private, one-handed bedside library! Store/dealer inquiries invited.

Only \$10 each. Add \$1.50 per for postage and handling.

SEND TO: LE SALON, 30 Sheridan St., Dept. D, San Francisco, CA 94103.

Get on LE SALON's super hot mailing list! Be the first to own the VERY, VERY latest all male mags, films, videos & adult goodies! Only \$3. AND a signature stating you're 21 years, or older.

LEATHER SOURCES



What better way to top off our Sources supplement (or any issue) than with a Harry Bush drawing. This one shows us the ultimate, a sex machine of the future for those long, lonesome voyages. After all, the armed forces discourages getting off with one another. Perhaps for its twenty-fifth anniversary issue DRUMMER will bring you the real thing.



UNIFORMED RAPE

A hot rookie cop follows and watches two tough leathermen as the top works his bottom over. When the cop rescues the bottom, both leathermen turn on him. He is stripped and spreadeagled and one of masculinity's hottest fantasies happens before your eyes. Only ZEUS gives you UNIFORMED RAPE.

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MUTUAL JACK OFF
KANSAS CITY Wet it. Stroke it. Work it. Shoot. Studs. 21-40, send hot nude photo. W/M, 33, 5'9", 160 lbs. Let's do it. Box 1666.

MONTANA
MISSOULA Young, lean clad mountain man wants slave into submission service, bondage, fist (light touch contact) and strap beatings. No heavy pain. Other fantasies considered. Slave will be rewarded by plenty of affection, sex, frontier-western outdoor action in mountains. Etc. Box 2641, Missoula, MT 59806.

NEBRASKA
CORNHUSKER MAVERICK Needs "tarnish" 5'4", leather, Levi, hornier than hell, like my sex rough and hard, need a good Master. If you think you're man enough to break me. Box 496.

SOUTH EAST NEBRASKA W/m, 40, 6'1", 180 lbs, unc, looking for hot sex. 18-45. Enrole photo. Box 1459.

NEVADA
WILLING TO LEARN RENO I'm completely inexperienced in the Leather World, but am willing to learn the way from an understanding, experienced Leatherman. I'm muscular, so want a very muscular, hairy man. I like it wet, rimming, sucking, fucking, and would like to get into W/S. At this time I'm not interested in scat, FF, or heavy pain trips or heavy drug scenes. It isn't important that every man I desire be hairy, but must be muscular. Box 869.

JEFF TANNA IN VEGAS
I'm Dan's younger brother, and I must disappoint you. Believe it. (702) 798-7643.

LOOKING FOR MASTER
RENO SIR, Looking for master in Reno area to train slave for service and worship. Prefer bodybuilder with definite need to dominate. Am willing to expand limits for man who is capable of leading a slave into W/S, T/D, B&D, etc. SLAVE is 30-35, 158 lbs, br/bru, 30, semi-muscular with good face. You are handsome and kind of man who should be served. Photo a must, yours will get mine. Thank you, SIR, for your TIME. Box 1387.

NEW JERSEY
TATTOOED BIKER BLACKWOOD Full heavy-leathered, dirty levis, big bodied, tattooed biker seeks similar local bikers interested in wild prolonged y/o sessions, W/S, and riding together. Disks exchanging piss and cum on each other's bods and levis. P.O. Box 284, Blackwood, New Jersey, 08012 (Send letter & photo.)

MASTER WANTED
BORDENTOWN Slave, 175 lbs, 30, seeks crew-cut shaved head MASTER, stocky, pot bellied. Will worship. Please write. SIR, Box 1662.

THE BRIG
EDISON Military auditions for young actors to play Marine recruits in Jersey City Production of "THE BRIG." Send two photos and resume stamped to P.T. short with arms bent behind for D.I. tough drill and Bare Ass strappings by Knights of Discipline. Box 1678.

MORRISTOWN S, 41, 6'2", 190 lbs., white, 7" cut, hairy body. Quiet, natural, down to earth, not into game playing, minor or fantasy trips. Easy going but demanding. Experienced no-nonsense type of Master but one who understands the value of TLC. Seeks the services of a good slave, especially oral, 20s to 30s, for weekends or possible permanent live-in relationship. Enjoy giving light workouts to a good body but will respect limits at all times. Willing to train novice. No drugs, tats, fems. Box 520.

CENTRAL JERSEY W/M, 39, 6', 175 lbs., tattooed, bodybuilder, leather stud. Harley rider with fifteen years experience as sadist with private gear. Born wants to hear from willing slave ages, 25-40. Limits respected and expanded. No reply without picture, which gets mine. Write to: P.O. Box 13, Frenchtown, NJ 08825.

SLAVE NEEDED MASTER
NJ Only. Novice. 32, 5'10", 135 lbs., smooth, clean shaven, needs tall, lean Master. I'll try to please. No scat, heavy pain, scars. FF. Box A28.

BONDAGE
MIDDLEVILLE Love to bind and be bound. 38, 6'2, 240 lbs., rope, leather and cuffs. Levis, hoods, and gags. Wet suits and gear, too. No pain, scats or drugs. Intelligent and clean. I'm top or bottom. Private rural home. Come and enjoy Master. Box 1693.

INTO GEAR ?
MIDDLEVILLE Into Gear? For the ultimate in full body bondage try my hard hat deep sea diving suit with bondage added. Full ventilation or slow suffocation, suit can be inflated or vacuumed down incredibly tight. Box 1694.

MASTER WANTED
TRENTON M, 51, 5'9", 165 lbs., 6" unc, BEGS for trial thru pain & abuse including B&D, suspension, C&B & T/t torture, candles, whips, paddles, W/S, enemas, etc. in hopes of earning some small privilege of serving Master with slave's unworthy tongue, mouth and asshole. Box 1653.

NEW YORK
NYC MASTER/TOY NEW YORK City Master will interview serious slaves over 30, 175 lbs., who are willing completely to surrender their minds and bodies to master's superior dominance, experienced Master. Every conceivable scene. Only detailed replies with photo, phone considered. Write: Boxholder, Box 5, Murray Hill St., New York City, NY 10156.

VERY HANDSOME
NEW YORK City Area Tall, Very Handsome, Musc. Mass. BB, Topman Master. W/M, 28, 6'1", 180 lbs. Brown Hair, Brn. Eyes, Moustache, HOT. Requires submissive slaves. Young athletic types to 30 for obedience training. B&D, Domination, Degradation, spanking, body worship & Servitude. Send respectful letter detailing your description, experience, photo and phone # to: P.O. Box 53, New Garden Sta., New York, NY 11415.

NEW YORK W/m, 28, 155 lbs., 6" Needs BB to 35 years to take orders and train my young Italian slave. Send photo & phone. Box 1334.

MANHATTAN FANTASYMASTER
NEW YORK CITY I'm Daddy, Coach, Big brother, Headmaster, D.I., Pledgemaster, Border Guard, Handsome. Dark, Hairy, Intelligent. 30, 5'7", 135 lbs., 8". If you're youthful, firm-bodied, attractive & bright; you'll be stripped to white jockey shorts, disciplined, bound, spanked & Fucked hard and long. Write: Hank, Box 1107, New York City, NY 10023.

HIPBOATED IN NEW YORK CITY
NYC Rubber man seeks same for hot wet fun in our hipboats, waders, rain gear. W/M, 28, into J/O, Piss. Call me. (212) 662-5447.

AFFECTIONATE TOP WANTED
NEW YORK W/M, 52", 175 lbs., brown hair, bald on top, moustache. Needs understanding, affectionate top to show me the way and expand my limits. Ultimately would prefer permanent relationship with right man. Photo, phone appreciated. Box 1681.

RESPONSIBLE—EXPERIENCED
NEW YORK Hot W/m, 5'11", 165 lbs. Swings both ways. FF, W/S, C&B, piercing, medically oriented, shaving, S/M equipment. Seeks sensible sincere man interested in mutually rewarding far-out trips. Can deliver the real thing. Not into talk. Straight forward reply will receive same. Box 1676.

GORILLA—HUMAN
QUEENS VILLAGE Gorilla-human, tattooed (not necessary) Macho stud Master, wanted by slave who likes everything apparent. Not into scats. Except PAIN. Hot Italian 41, 5'8", 140 lbs., 9" Uncut. Novice desperate to learn. Photo to Box 1645.

(212) 672-1010
NEW YORK City Lean, mean & Dominate top, straddled with both an insatiable appetite as well as a penchant for either married men, and/or former members of the Military establishment, looking for bods who reveal going at it on a no holds barred basis. Meaning fast, rough and often... [contrary to popular belief, some people do feel quantity is better than quality] Should you call at seven, be prepared to service by eight, or better yet, don't call. Out of towners given special consideration and treatment. Box 4033, New York City, NY 10163.

SUBMISSIVE SLAVE WANTED
NEW YORK City Novice Master, 30, 6'1", 170 lbs., goodlooking and muscular bodybuilder. Wants submissive obedient slave for face fucking, drinking my piss, flat fucking, light S&M. I'm respectful of limits and can be very gentle and caring. Must have good body. 25-35 years old, also want to meet other Masters. Box 1644.

9" THICK & UNCUT
BINGHAMTON White, 47, Thick, Uncut 9". New to Area. Top man, occasional Bottom, mild S&M. Very Muscular. Straight looking, over 40 okay if slim, blacks, hispanic, funny or thick, truck drivers. Box 1637.

MANHATTAN Black man, 50, seeks white, non-fat slave who uses his submissive head for thinking, sucking cock, drinking my piss, wanting his tits tortured, enjoying having his mouth abused and performing total oral service for my black cock regularly. A guy who gives me his greatest asset, his head, in service, allegiance. Love and communion. Box 510.

SPANK YOUR DAD
BRONX How would you like to spank your dad? And fuck his red hot ass after you've paddled it without mercy? And use his cock sucking mouth for your own? If you're cute and cocky, and at New York legal age, you have the chance of your life. Permanent home in New York City and all the action you can handle. Share with your buddies, too. No J/O letter. This is for real. Photo first letter. Box 1677.

FORCEFUL MEN WANTED
NEW YORK City Slave W/M, 27, 5'8", 140 lbs., solid body needs forceful men for work on my bare ASS—paddles, crops, whips. Write L, 437, 470 2nd Ave., New York, NY 10016.

WEEKEND SLAVE WANTED
NEW YORK Master, 33, 6'1", 160 lbs., 7" Cut, very Handsome, very selfish, seeks unquestionable obedient slave for domestic service and sex. Must have good head and body. No shit. No brutality. Photo. Box 1679.

HOT ANIMAL
NEW YORK City Leather, Raunch loving, piss drinking, Slave/mast needs use, abuse. Bases to totally serve, worship, obey, strict Master. Photo Al, Box 1116, F.D.R. Sta., New York, NY 10150.

NEW YORK 36, Aquarius, blond, blue-eyed, goodlooking (clean cut but not effeminate), W/M desires to be spanked, and, please make to MASTER, Clint Eastwood types. Not into heavy S&M or FF, but like to receive verbal abuse, W/S, and service dominant honchos who want service. No relief. Turned on by leather shoes, boots, clogs, and male swagger. Willing to learn more about pleasing macho types. All letters welcome and answered promptly. ages 23 to 50. Box 220K.

TIGHT SS LEVIS & SCAT
GWM 35, 5'10", 180 lbs, interested in well built guys who wear tight levis and will give scat. I service with a super hot rim job, B/J tongue bath, and body worship. Serious only please. Syracuse, New York Area, JIM (315) 638-0980.

NEW YORK W/M 30, well built muscular guy with hard dick sticking out hairy chest. Full bald, sweaty jock and good body wants to hump up against a stud guy. Esp fat, bald, hairy guys with tight pants and over hanging body. I want to smell your crotch, feel up your ass and hump your hard dick against your jock. Box 1330.

NEW YORK W/M, 35, 5'8", 160 lbs., 6" cut, medium build, seeks help to reach fulfillment as slave. Need strict but understanding Master to bring out ability to serve with body and mind. Not into scat or injury. Box 80.

TATTOOED & PIERCED
43, 6'3", 165 lbs, interested in open masculine W/m, 30-50 not heavy into booze or drugs. Box 452.

NEW YORK CITY
MASTER WANTED by M 30. Generous call guy into boots, uniform, NZ, SS, SM, B&B, Leather, way out verbal trips, have good earnings want to share with big Husky man who is over 190 lbs. Must be mean and strong wile, cops. Construction ok. Box 1324.

A DRUMBEAT AD
GETS FAST RETURN

NOVICE BLOND MASTER

NYC Tall, slim, goodlooking. Hung, Mid 20s, requires totally submissive slave(s) for experimental bondage and training as dog slave. You will strip, perform, beg to serve and obey in or out of bondage. No heavy pain trips. Limits respected, just Humiliation, degradation and servitude. Especially like Latin or Italian types but all goodlooking young slaves considered. Also likes to hear from other Masters. Box 1321

ATTENTION: All husky, smooth skinned, collegiate type bottoms, opportunity to serve and submit to my hot, football super jock master while I watch and worship. Expect heavy bondage, light S&M. Send respectful letter detailing your description, experience and limits, any Photo preferred. Southern Connecticut location. Box B31.

MUSCULAR TORTURE SLAVE WANTED

NEW YORK Master, 35, 6'4", Blonde with 6"3" Slave, 31, will train additional attractive, muscular torture slave. Send detailed application with photo. Box 673.

10 INCH COCK

CHICAGO Black male, 6', 175 lbs., 10 inch Dick into Leather boots, chains, acid pits. Hot candle wax. Veg 1/2, uncult Hot. Requires submissive slaves (young Athletic types to 30) for obedience training, B&D, domination, degradation, spanking, body worship, servitude. Send respectful letter detailing your description experience & phone no. Picture preferred. To P.O. Box 53, New Gardens Sta., NY 11415

DISCIPLINE

NEW YORK City Tall, very handsome muscular, masculine BB, Topman Master. W/M, 28, 6'1", 175 lbs., uncult Hot. Requires submissive slaves (young Athletic types to 30) for obedience training, B&D, domination, degradation, spanking, body worship, servitude. Send respectful letter detailing your description experience & phone no. Picture preferred. To P.O. Box 53, New Gardens Sta., NY 11415

WANTED

NEW YORK City Hot young muscular stud (18-35) Topman, with big fat uncult cock and Balls (Hung like a horse). Also guys with balls the size of oranges, that are into jocks, levis, Master-slave games. Fucking as play. FF, and need good HOT SERVICE. I'm super goodlooking W/M, 38, 5'9", 165 lbs., short blond hair, blue eyes. Masculine. Send photo. Box 1560.

SPANKINGS

NEW YORK City Spankings given or Received, by W/M, 25, Student, with strap or paddle. Send descriptive letter and photo if possible. Box 1526.

NAKED SLAVE WANTED

NEW YORK City Naked slave wanted for S&M Bondage by experienced Master. Send photo & Personal Data to: Master Mel, P.O. Box 338, Audubon Sta., New York City, NY 10032

QUEENS, NYC Mature M. Scorpio bottom man, 5'7", 145 lbs., hairy body, bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy titwork. FF, WS, Scat, Jock straps, hairy bodies, black beards, stocky builds turn me on. No role switching or skinny blondes. Box 306.

A DRUMBAUT AD GETS FAST RESULTS

HOT & EXPERIENCED

NEW YORK M, 26, 150 lbs, 6", Hot, experienced, needs heavy rack workout. Box 1638

BONDAGE/PISS SLAVE

NEW YORK City W/M, 38, 5'9", 145 lbs., Hot ass, wants to be overpowered, stripped, bound, gagged, fucked, gang raped, used as urinal etc by his hot, No scat, FF, piercing. Photo, phone gets mine. Weekend travel. Box 1667.

BUFFALO W/m, 42, 6'11", 174 lbs., uniforms, leather, levis. Novice, but wants to learn. Will answer all, travel. Box 715.

EXTREMELY HANDSOME

NEW HAVEN 36, Handsome, 41" Hairy Chest, 30" Waist, 6'7, 170 lbs. Muscular, defined butt. Seeks same, any race. Photo a must. Travel NY & CA. Occupant, Box 397, New Haven, CT 06510.

BOOT SEX

NEW YORK Hot, husky stud wants others for all kinds of foot gear sex. S&M, B&D, W/S, poppers. Exchanges. Box 1573.

HOUSEBOY FOR SALE

Will take care of your hottie. Need owner with a strap who will keep me naked, chained, and shaved. Use me for hard labor, abuse, total toilet and body service. Only serious minded over 35, NY, CT, NJ, Box 1312.

CAPITOL DISTRICT W/M, 34, 5'8", 170 lbs., thick beard, masculine, muscular and into rough leather sex. Want to be used to be used in sessions. Write with photo. Box B55.

RAUNCHY FIST PIG

NEW YORK City Takes arms up the ass, piss down the throat from arrogant kinky slaves. Exhibitionist, trim animal, 34, craves rough abuse in his sling. Detailed letter, pix. Box 565. Downstairs, 132 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011.

WRESTLERS STREET FIGHTERS

28, 6'2", 190 lbs., W/m. Topman wants to meet submissive young dudes into no-holds-barred L/L jock, wrestling. Also want to hear from other Tops into same. Box 804A.

BALLS, 43, 5'8", W, 155 lbs. Hot, out-of-doors type, together and creative. My sack hangs heavy with full hot nuts! If you're into giving & getting sensual pain to balls, let's get it on. Lots of equipment. A photo of your sack gets mine. Box 1286.

SYRACUSE S&M COUPLE LOOKING for new levi and leathermen in the Syracuse and NYC Area for medium to heavy sessions. I'm 34, 5'11", 150 lbs., dark hair beard, moustache, top & bottom. Our interests are Bondage, Piercing, Nailing, FF, Wax, Shaving, T/T, C&B Torture, Whipping, W/S, Scat, etc. Limits within reason respected. Letter & Photo to: Box 2874, Syracuse, NY 13220.

NEW YORK City Goodlooking, stable guy, 33, Leo, 5'11", 150 lbs., wants to meet man wearing high, soft leather cavalier boots, lace up moccasins or pro wrestling boots. Will also buy your sweaty socks. Am sensual erotic, and passive. Box B81, NYC.

FOR EXPERTS ONLY

NEW YORK CITY VILLAGER w/m, 5'8", 130 lbs. The best piece of ass on the East Coast. For experts only. Voluptuary, not porcine. World's most perfectly functioning tube. Can be stuffed at both ends. Not a submissive, but a participant. Long term chemical fuck partner for avoid scat scenes, fats, opera queens in black leather and whole sameness in general. Bored by blueprints. I salivated over the Jockey A.C. amputee ad in issue 42. P.O. Box 478 NYC, NY 10021. Pics answered first.

ATTENTION NEW YORK SLAVES

NEW YORK you are muscular, youthful and hot with a genuine need to belong to a 6'4", Blond, 35 year old muscular Leather Master. You will be second slave and learn to love pain and torture and will submit to heavy and creative S&M. B&D, etc. You generally don't answer ads but to winnow to miss the opportunity to serve this Master who will send your detailed application and photo. Box 673.

ORIGNS

HUDSON VALLEY-WESTERN CONN. All guys in the area into hot kinky sex. W/M, J/W, D/O, Tit and ball torture, piercing, bondage, voyeurism, etc. Let's see if we can get second one going. Write Shoales, P.O. Box 24, America, NY 12501.

SEX-AGNERIANI

Libra, M, 63, 170 lbs., mid-60s, white hair, blue eyes, man of distinction type. Would serve muscular masculine male of any age or race, who enjoys imaginative games with older man. Will do almost anything for right partner. Box 290X.

MANHATTAN S, 35, 6'4", blonde.

Have 6'3" muscular slave, 30. Am accepting applications for second slave. Must submit to heavy S&M, B&D and video taping. If you are young, muscular, and attractive, send photo with qualifications at once. Box 452.

PIGGY RAUNCH

Versatile NYC Chelsea W/m, Scorpion, 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cunt, for unimpaired heavy ass play (FF), L/L, W/S, scat, jocks, sweat, oil, shaving tita, c/b torture, boots and socks with real creative men into role switching. Willing to explore new realms. No over-the-top or fat. Beards a plus. Include photo and scene. Box 703.

PUPPY SEEKS BULLDOG

Hot Italian, 28, 5'9", 175 solid lbs., seeks beer-bellied brutches who enjoy a butch dog collared slave. Seek stocky, chunky, 5'7" to 5'10", 180 to 225 lbs., dominants who groove on service. Write with photo (returned) to: P.O. Box 3058, Church Street P.O., NYC, NY 10006.

NEW YORK CITY W/M, 28, 5'7", 140 lbs. Clean shaven, imaginative, seeks to be controlled by a Dominant top. I have a lot to learn and would like to meet someone with teaching ability. 25-40. Box 1370.

You can have your phone number appear in your Drumbeats ad. Include a one-time fee of \$2 to cover the cost of a confirmation call to verify your number when you submit your ad copy.

WRESTLERS-LEVIS-S&M

Mean, tough, vicious, ruthless stud. W/M, 6'2", wants to hear from same type dudes, all ages, into no-holds-barred fighting, kicking, punching, and squeezing a guy's nuts, etc. Exchange info, ideas, or meet. Box 804.

S&M CLUB FORMING New York City Area only.

Will be free questionnaire and questionnaire. Occupant, 167 West 80th Street, Apt. 40, New York, NY 10024.

Wanna be strapped, gagged, chained, hoisted, shaved, polorided, and worked over head to toes by mature, experienced Master? Send pic & personal data to Box A90.

NYC, FF RECEIVER W/M, 28, 5'4", 110 lbs., 7", needs scenes with 30's

Leather FFA Master into calibrated pain, B&D, Shaving, toys, Phos, groups. Throw my ass in your sling. Box 1269.

NEW YORK CITY MASTER:

Master, 45, 8" cunt, hairy, bearded masculine, intelligent. Seeks permanent slave with large uncult cock, long overhang, big loose balls, large nipples, hot ass, smooth body. Will keep me, Obedience with affection. Box 1497.

MASCULINE HUNG AND DOMINANT

BROOKLYN Attractive W/m, 30's, Masculine, Hung, Dominant, Stable & Nice. Wants GWM who enjoys being Gr/Pass, good buns (enough to hold on to) dominated, very affectionate. Seeks a slave for relaxation or play. Photo/photo if possible. Will send mine. Box 5177, New York, NY 10163.

OBEEDIENT BODY SLAVE AVAILABLE

NEW YORK City Serious Body-builder, 5'9", 165 lbs., 28, goodlooking. Seeks strict supervision, piercing, military regimentation, dog discipline, body and mind ownership, by a Master who wants to be proud of his obedient body slave. Photo requested S/R. Box 1493.

ROUGH-HOUSE & RAUNCH

Buddy wanted for hot, wet, rugged contact in and out of sweaty jocks. Especially UNCUTS. Send Photo. P.O. Box 1328, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017.

NEW YORK SLAVE

W/M, 27, 5'9", 140 lbs. Solid body needs forceful Men to work on my BARE-ASS. Paddles, crops, whips. LB #37, 470 2nd Ave, New York, NY 10016.

NEW YORK CITY-HOT LOOKING

W/M, 36, seeks goodlooking men under who like their Balls worked over. Have interesting toys for our enjoyment. Reply only if you like the real thing. Box 1465.

NEW YORK City 28, 5'8", 150 lbs., 42" Chest, 30" Waist. Looking for a Dominant Masculine rugged sex partner. 30 years or older. Box 1464.

CREATIVE S&M WRESTLING

HOT, BUILT, HUNG ITALIAN, 34, 5'8", 155 lbs. Ex-Prep Grappler, wants long imaginative free-style, developing dominating holds, moving into clever gear, oil, toys, C&B, anal T/T torture. No hangups. Travel USA. Photo a must. Box 6186, Albany, NY 12206.

HOT LEATHER TOPMAN

25 YEARS OLD

NEW YORK CITY 25, 5'10", 150 lbs. Black Hair, Very Goodlooking and Hung wants New York City Slaves (18-26) with hard ass and hot mouth to be used for B&D, Toys, and ass play. Photo required. Master to be supplied. \$1486. Beginners considered.

ATTRACTIVE

EXPERIENCED SLAVE

NEW YORK W/M, 31, 6'1", 185 lbs, athletic body, intelligent and trendy needs young (18 plus), goodlooking, punkish and uninhibited Master to experience imaginative & heavy S&M and total submission. Photo appreciated. Please write: Tom, Box 2001, Response answering service, 316 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10001 for prompt reply.

HOT & HUMPY

NEW YORK Hot & Humpy? 18-30? Want best head in town? Privacy in east side pad. Man to Man. No fags. Photo and phone req action. Box A29, New York, NY 10022.

TOTAL SLAVES WANTED:

GREENWICH VILLAGE Experienced S, W/M, Taurus, 47, 5'9", 172 lbs. Cut, shaved head, strong Leather Master seeks total from slaves for Response under 30. Must have endurance, crave slow torture, punishment in chains. Medium to heavy S&M, B&D, W/S, etc. No Scat. If you're a real MAN/slave, white submissively groveling letter now. No fags, fags, fakes. Box 185R.

NEW YORK CITY AREA S&M WANT TO MEET OTHERS into mutual satisfaction. Interest in Leather, Levi, Rubber, Jackstraps, Boots, Cock Ball work, T.T. work, Cut on bottom but prefer BOTTOM. Look J/O, W/S, Sucking, Fucking. Box 1383.

GREENWICH VILLAGE M, 43, 5'6", 145 lbs. 5'10" Cut, White, warm, intelligent, level headed bottom, seeks imaginative, experienced, caring Macho Leather, Levi partner to help me discover and expand my limits. Your service, my pleasure. No Fats, Fems or fags. Sensuality a plus. Box 1392.

NEW YORK W/M 36, 160 lbs. Novice Wishes Training as slave. Will consider permanent slavery. Need help Sir to learn to serve and obey without question and accept treatment gratefully. Prefer tall & strict no nonsense Master. Box 1421.

5 SEEK FANTASY SCENARIO

Bl W/m, 47, 5'10", 220 lbs, seek 2-3 well built, big load master/slaves to provide fantasy during Sept. 29-30 visit to L.A. Eager mouth & long tongue available for your use sucking cock & balls, deep rimming, swallowing big loads or sucking from asshole. Willing to try any oral-related activity. Would like multiple golden showers, perhaps try open mouth. No FF, passive B&G. Can Scat and/or on bondage? Indicate number of participants, scenario and costs. Box 117, Baldwinville, NY 13027.

NEW YORK young W/M 5'11", 145 lbs. Wants to meet young Horny Slaves who dig wearing and fucking in high boots. Photo appreciated. Write to: P.O. Box 1061, New York, NY 10028.

FIND WHAT YOU WANT IN DRUMBEATS!

NORTH CAROLINA

GOLDSBORO, NC 7-95 TRAVELERS And Hung Like Leather and Boot wearing dudes notice. Two Leather loving, boot worshipping men, looking for friends, and want to help others. Both versatile W/Ms, 190 lbs. and 180 lbs. 5'11" and 5'10". Harley riders. Looking for a pet under 30 over 21, to take care of. Phone, photo replies answered first. Traveling soon. Write now, Rick & Larry, Rt. 2, Box 137, La Grange, NC 28551.

OHIO

BOOT LOVER

25, 5'7", 137 lbs. Looking for neat guy into Frye Boots that wants me to lick them and cum on them. Box 151.

Slim NOVICE

23, Columbus desires manhandling, WS, boots, handcuffs, verbal, etc. from understanding big brother. Write with picture and telephone. Box 1331.

BEAR

CLEVELAND Bear Seeks vers. Kinky cuts, under 35 for possible relationship. Photo, phone, Box 1613.

SEEK LOCAL FRIENDS

COLUMBUS SM, 33, 6', 180 lbs., 7' Aries, experienced. Seeks local friends under 30, into bondage, tit and C&B. Pain. Have many toys and enjoy using them. Send letter with photo to: Box 2042, Columbus, Ohio 43220

CLEVELAND MACHO MEN

CLEVELAND Hot and Horny W/M, 31, 6', 175 lbs, seeks Cleveland area hunks who are into cock sucking (A/P), Fucking, Light S&M and B&D, some W/S, J/O, MS and/or shaving. Real turn-on, when a HOT STUJ works on my Tits. Prefer aggressive and dominant partners with muscular or slender bodies. Will REVERSE roles to submissive partners. No fags please. Write with photo and phone to: Boxholder, P.O. Box 29293, Cleveland, Ohio 44129.

COLUMBUS SM, 32, 6', 160 lbs. Aries, intelligent professional, experienced. Seeks local friends 25-35. I'm into bondage, tit and C&B pain; have many toys and enjoy using them. Send letter with photo. Box 730.

CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER

Hot young white Master, 23, new to leather, 6', 165 lbs 6', exceptional muscular, meat, looks, body, would like to meet hot, U.S.DA prime slave and/or other masters in Cleveland area. Write with photo and phone and limits to: SIR, Box 16416, Cleveland, Ohio 44116.

MASTER WANTED Age 30-45, by Novice in Dayton, Ohio. Should have average or nice body. Am Greek passive. French active, heavy into piss drinking. Willing to accept list from right person, I am 34, white male, professional. Travel to Chicago and New York often. Box 1405.

CINCINNATI MS/S, 28, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6', novice intelligent, seeks mutual satisfaction with friend, brom, lover, or just to light S&M, no fags, fems, Box A79.

CLEVELAND MS, 28, 6', 170 lbs, swimmer's build. Did you like playing cowboys and Indians as a kid? I still do. I'm into wrestling, being captured and tied up to please my captor. If you like games, write to: Box 21192, Cleveland, OH 44121

BOOT FETTERISTS

Would like to meet and/or correspond with men into BOOT WORSHIP. Box 1478.

HOT HORNY MASTER

Goodlooking heavy set Master 30, seeks slaves under 35, for training and punishment, limits respected and expanded. Box 1311.

CINCINNATI W/M 33, 160 lbs., br hair, bl eyes, beard, would like to meet guys 18-34, straight acting, I like me bowing, walking in the woods, mud, nicks, action. No B&D, S&M, Nicky, 11388 LeBaron Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45241 (Box 17).

SIRI W/M slave, 33, 5'11", 175 lbs, 7' cut, new to scene, seeks experienced Master for training. Box 824.

CINCINNATI W/M, 28, 5'11", 150 lbs, seeking men who look under 30 to fulfill any or all of our fantasies. Into S&M, B&D, humiliation, spankings, spit, piss, enemas, dirty Jackstraps, and underwear, etc. Get into scat or FF yet. I make a great Master because of my imagination and an even better slave because of my desire. Write and send photo to: Terry, 2374 Victor St., Cincinnati, OH 45219.

DAYTON S, 35, 5'11", 155 lbs., looking for part time slave/houseboy. Pay considered for the night guy who is as willing to work as play. Goodlooking, demanding, considerate master; the slave should have average looks, be under 30, and into head trip as well as the physical. Box 678.

COLUMBUS SM, 32, 6', 180 lbs., 7' Aries, intelligent, professional, experienced. Seeks local friends 25-35. I'm into bondage, tit and C&B pain; have many toys and enjoy using them. Send letter with photo to: Box 2042, Columbus, Ohio 43220.

HORNY BIKER

CLEVELAND W/M, 50, into B&D, W/S, FF, French and Greek, S&M, Cock ball and tit action. Have much portable toys and equipment. Let's really get into it together for a head and body trip. Like someone who swings both ways. Box 1665.

KINKY SEX

CINCINNATI White, 40, looking for men who only want kinky sex. Any idea acceptable. Box 1654.

OKLAHOMA

STILLWATER 38, 5'9", 190 lbs, uncult, ex-police looking for other officers and ex-officers into policing, police leathers, uniforms, troopers and cycle cops as a lifestyle. No fags, overly fat, fems, or drugs. Discreet. Box 865.

MOUTH JOCK

A unique tip. Let your big soft cock and balls be strapped into my sensual mouth pouch! Horny cowboy, 33, 6'2", solid body 7'1", loose balls, into western wear, military, police uniforms, athletes. Seeks men with similar interests. Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154.

OKLA CITY SM White, 43, 170 lbs, 5'10", good muscles, seeks willing hot men to 45 eager to learn and teach. Prefer top but can be willing bottom. Begins with welcome Discreet. No fags, reply with photo. Box A53.

THINGS GO BETTER

IN DRUMBEATS!

OREGON

HOT MEN WANTED

PORTLAND 34, 5'6", 175 lbs. Muscular, dark comp. Bk hair, Brn eyes, S, Beard & Moustache. Looking for Hot, horny, construction worker, cowboys, truckers, troopers, cycle cops, mounted cops, firemen, who are not overly thin but have some hot meat on their bones, but not grossly fat. If you're into fucking, sucking, sweat, piss, jack straps, levis, leather and domination, beard, hair, tattoos, cut or uncult, you may contact me with a letter and photo (MUST BE NUDE) showing off your assets). No bks, fems, dopers, heavy drinkers. Box 1584.

ASS WARMER

SALEM W/M, 6', 178 lbs., Heavy Body, seeks 30-40, seeking serious deaged ass warming, C&B abuse Box 1650.

PORTLAND BUD SW PORTLAND PHONE NUMBER NEEDED, SALEM ASS WARMER. Box 1645.

TIT ABUSE

SALEM 45, 6', 180 lbs., "a" long tits seeks younger W/M, needing tit elongation, abuse. Box 1644.

VERSATILE TOP/BOTTOM Man Seeks GRP A/P, A/P, in levis & boots. Bikers in leather okay too. No S&M, drugs, smokers. Enjoy wide variety of expression but no painful or excessively kinky. I am, I am in 40s, hung, discrete and affectionate. If you lust for life, I lust for you. Box A24.

LEATHER DUDE

PORTLAND W/M, 39, 6'4", 190 lbs. Versatile, into leather, grants permission to slaves to submit application for training, facts and photo demanded. Liked considered, limits respected but expanded. Contact by Masters welcome For info, write to: P.O. Box 3241, Portland, OR 97208.

NO NONSENSE LEATHER STUDMASTER

PORTLAND W/M, 39, 6'4", 190 lbs., Blonde/Blue, Bearded grants permission to all short/dm/slave W/M Suck Slaves to submit applications for full time, live in permanent partner position of voluntary Bond & Room Servitude. You will be stripped, shaved, trimmed, collared and branded. Terms are mine. Training of body, brain and balls. Used as I desire, abused if you deserve. Lots of discipline. Some affection BB B&D, W/S, T.T. C&B, V.A. experience. No apply. Photo proof duels, 21-35, need applied. Shock and frankness demanded. Box 1609.

HOT COB

Wanted by handsome, unruly fagg, 31, 150 lbs 5'7", Dave, Box 998, Beaverton, OR 97007.

PORTLAND Bottom seeks dominant aggressive top. Dig ass beating, humiliation, piss, rimming, toys, tit work, kinky scenarios. 6'2", 185 lbs, goodlooking. Box 824.

PORTLAND PIG

Hairy M, 28, 5'10", 170 lbs, wants aggressive top to help expand my limits into W/S, FF, Toys and want to learn more. Box 1336.

PORTLAND HARLEY OWNER W/M, 40, into boots, breeches, leather, rubber, wants to meet other big bikers within 600 miles of Portland. Box 1328.

W/M, 24, NEED MY ASS warmed up real good. Turn me over your knee and spank me with your hand or bend me over a chair or on the bed and let me have it with a paddle. Box 1253.

PORTLAND BOTTOM Slender, Bearded, Cuddler, 37, seeks artistic Topman, Sensualist, Creative, into knots, Oil, many trips. Box 1259

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA S, Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable Master requires white slave under 15 into S&M, B&D, W/S, V.A., e-mails, tit work. Novice acceptable. Limits respected, expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo & phone to: P.O. Box 11085, Philadelphia, PA 19141, or DRUMMER Box 209.

WILKES BARRE S, Cancer, 43, 6', 170 lbs. White, Military Penal discipline, over 20 years military experience. Seeks prisoners for steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise, hard labor in chains, degradation. Sex is of primary importance. Limits observed, beginners trained. No fems, fats. Box 055.

MUSCULAR & MASCULINE S

30, 6'1", 200 lbs., 8" cut, seeks instruction of suffering and service. You are a muscular straight appearing M who needs to submit to the abusive control of an understanding but strict and imaginative Master. Send your letter of submission with Photo to: Masters Company, Box 1448, Scranton, PA 18510.

PHILADELPHIA LEATHER MASTER

40s, W/M, 5'9", 165 lbs., masculine & hung requires W/m slave, 21-35, into S&M, B&D, W/S, Novices acceptable. Limits respected & expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo & phone number. P.O. Box 11095, Phila, PA 19141.

SCRANTON M, Gemini, white, 47, 5'6", 154 lbs., 6", intelligent novice seeks understanding, affectionate Master (any age) who will respect and expand limits. Am adventurous and pretty solid. Any race okay. Box 964.

PITTSBURGH S, 44, W/m, 6', 185 lbs., hairy chest, 7" uncult, 8 year USMC, into B&D, leather, levs wants masculine stud who understands submission and service, willing to live his body for my pleasure. Box 83.

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER 45, 5'8", 155 lbs., cigar smoker, full leather, requires submissive slaves under 6'. Fully equipped dungeon. Hot, heavy scenes. Want real submissive men, no phones, fems, tit. Young novices considered for permanent servitude training. You are ordered to send photo and letter of submission to: Master Boots, Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068.

PHILADELPHIA 27, 6'5", 215 lbs., seeks obedient slave for sex action, boot worship and plenty of cock. Novice ok, but must be willing to expand limits. Submissive letter and photo a must. Box AB0.

BOOT/FOOT SLAVE

HARRISBURG W/M, 33, 5'6", 140 lbs., intelligent and masculine, will serve and worship Masters boots and feet. Into B&D, light S&M, Tit Torture, Leather, Levis, Travel Northeast often. Box 705.

Initiate me into the ritual of your fantasy. String me up in bondage, pierce me, flog me, torture me, torture my tits, cock, balls, fill my ass, piss in my face, let me suck your sweaty pits and worship your body, your cock, balls, tits, ass, feet, I am 6'1", 160 lbs., with trimmed beard and mouthache. Respect my limits while you expand them. Not into scat. Box K72.

FOOT SERVICE

I know how to please. 5'8", 32, 140 lbs. W/m, will worship your feet, boots. Mouthache a plus. Beards OK. Box 705.

YORK A SECRET SPOT

A secret spot, a scorching summer sun, You and your buddy. Sinister, surly, sturdy, strapping, shirtless studs. Me: Staked down and strung up, striped and stretched spreadeagled. From you, a snicker, from the sidekick a sneer. Serious stuff. Box 1618.

"SLAVE SOUGHT"

PHILADELPHIA Goodlooking, 30, 6'4", 230 lbs., Muscular, masculine, S, You are Hungry, Hung, M, who needs creative abusive Master to control mind and body. Photo with letter of submission will be offered to: Master's Co. II, Box 3953, Philadelphia, PA 19146.

"STRAIGHT RAZOR SHAVING"

PHILADELPHIA AREA Master shaver's straight razor is available to make you as hairless as a baby from the top of your head (if possible) down to your nuts and asshole. A respectful request for a possible appointment including SAFE and frontal nude will be considered. Box 1553.

SENSITIVE MASTER

PHILADELPHIA I do not hesitate to tell you I am a sensitive Master. Men come to me for many reasons: love, friendship, guidance, training. Some come and go. The knowing men return for my grasp. My masterly I stress complete psychological discipline and devotion. Warning: Strict as I am sensitive. 35, bearded, 5'10", firm, handsome. Openings only for serious slaves and novices to age 40. Photo and respects to: D'Ortenzio, P.O. Box 2202, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

HARRISBURG/CENTRAL PA S, Virgo/Scorpio, 42, 5'7", 160 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable, Italian stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine man to man sex. Slave to serve his boots. Leather and chains will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, W/S, chainmoke and western. Leather, toys. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 052.

LEAN AND MEAN

PITTSBURGH AREA Tall, lean and mean, cancer free, Padies horny, mischievous characters. Stepfather, Head Master, or plegmaster applies moderate to heavy punishment. Level headed, limit respecting disciplinarian. Write me, recent photo: GGC, Box 256, Rillinton, PA 15678.

CUM TO SEE ME

NORRISTOWN W/M, Middle age (43) Widower, Bi-, like all gays & Bis. Prefer 18-45 or some older. Like movies, plays, easy music. Some rock. Want to meet for friendship, sex. Write me and cum to see me. Box 1668.

PHILADELPHIA Hot? Horny? Need Action? Me too. Write today with requirements. Discretion assured. Box 1691.

RHODE ISLAND

OBEDIENT SLAVE

PROVIDENCE American Indian and black male, 30, 5'8", 160 lbs. Weight lifter, muscular body, black leather Master who'll relocate in August, wants a Slave(s), any part of the country. Especially California, any race, under 50 but most important all young guys under 25 who realize they were born slaves and need a Master to show them what a slave is and how to serve and obey his MASTER. If my slave disobeys me in any way, he'll know punishment and torture and what a slave is. If you have no desire to serve a MASTER, don't write. No fems, photos. Photo of you and if you're worthy, will get one of me. Box 1548.

WET

PROVIDENCE Attractive man, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., with tight body seeks others up to age 35 for mutual W/S, like hairy legs, moustaches, beards. Also would like to correspond with others into water sports nationwide. Photo if possible. Box 1482.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUGGESTIONS, SIR?

28, 6', 170 lbs., Brn/Gn, 6", inexp. but willing to learn fantasies for 100 nights. Box 1406.

M, 25, white, 5'10", 145 lbs., into fucking and fist-fucking (receive), piss, S&M (whipping, tit & ball torture), bondage (spreadeagled, gags), domination, verbal abuse, leather, levis. Seeks meetings, correspondence with aggressive Tops, Masters in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. Box 288.

NOVICE

COLUMBIA Novice wants to learn B&D looking for Master. I'm W/M, 30, 185 lbs., 6" Photo and details to: Boxholder, Box 4623, Columbia, SC 29246.

TENNESSEE

TENNESSEE Long, lean bi-sex stud digs other shit-together men who know what they like and have balls enough to ask for it. Am tired of quick sex and built dig. Old fashioned hands-on man to man sex. When men respect, trust, and are comfortable with each other, anything goes. A man should give me what a woman cannot. Man smells, Man tastes, and good deep man sounds. Like it long and slow with an honest buddy who knows he needs his mind and soul fucked more than his body. If you have good to proudly share what it's plain good to have worthy of it. Prefer uncult, like me, with low hanging balls. If 41 years, 6', 155 lbs., 7 1/2", greying black hair, beard, moustache sounds good to you, get in touch. Am planning a West Coast trip the summer of 1981. Box 61.

HORSEMAN FARMER

ROGERSVILLE White, well built, masculine, hairy chest, 40, seek masculine men into horses, the land and country living. Not into bars or typical gay head-trips. Let, Rt. 9, Box 145, Rogersville, TN 37857, Or Call (615) 272-4066.

TEXAS

COMING TO DALLAS

Want to meet 'Truckers', all types contact 'Trapper' (214) 824-7316 or write: P.O. Box, 141362, Dallas, TX 75214.

EAGER FOR PLEASURE

DALLAS Two GWM, both 20's, 5'11", 155 lbs., & 6'3", 190 lbs. Looking for pleasure scenes. Send photo and letter of your or your fantasy. Every letter answered. Box 1656.

EL PASO SLAVE(S) required to serve military personnel. Should accept sharing, prolonging, bondage and moderate discipline. Age unimportant. attitude is. Box 256.

I'M ON MY KNEES

DALLAS Ready to take your hot cum filled cock in my mouth. I love to 'SERVICE' hot studs, who just enjoy laying back and watching dirty video tapes and getting sucked. Call: BOB (214) 521-1033.

DALLAS COMPLETE MASTER

36, 6', 165 lbs., sensational fist fucker, insatiable big cock, flexible feet for unusual ass play, seeks slaves who are serious about their role and want a lifetime in S&M. Box 476.

DIG J/O

Hard, lean, long haired blonde, 6', 155 lbs., 24, digs hot J/O's and body fucking. Digs cum shot all over ass. Also dig on mutual ass eating and oral slavery. Make your move. Hard, young (over 18) dudes only who dig J/O. T.W., 4000 HW, 365, No. 231, Port Arthur, TX 77640.

BEAUMONT Young W/M, 6'2", 30, blond hair, blue eyes, Greek passive, French accent, wants to meet sincere, masculine top man for possible relationship. Must be 30-45, honest, sincere, and trusting. Am willing to go into B&D and spankings. Please write to: Jon, 6370 College No. 4, Beaumont, TX 77707. Please include photo if possible.

EAGER TO LEARN

HOUSTON AREA W/m, 32, 5'9", 150 lbs., willing to do anything for someone who will teach and train. Like moustaches, trimmed beards, hairy chests and legs. Box 386.

HOUSTON MASTER 45, W/m, 5'11", 175 lbs., gentle, but firm, accepting applications. Slave, you must be masculine, well proportioned, obedient, willing to serve, inexperience OK, you will be trained. Reasonable limits respected. Write sincere, confidential letter. Ask what questions you have NOW and include photo. Permanent live-in possible. I can travel. Box 633.

AUSTIN W/M, 36, 5'8", 145 lbs., bearded, into B&D, light S&M, L/L, jockstraps, gym shorts, FF, ball fucking, dildoes, total ass involvement. Will try uniforms, W/S, B&D, slave role. No fatts, fems, scat, blood, torture, or marks. Can be Top, bottom, mutual. Photo, phone gets immediate reply. Box 751.

DALLAS 41 and out for kinky fun. Top guy 5'8", 130 lbs, nice c/bk. No scat, no fems, but lots of c/t, tit, ass play, spankings, bondage and W/S. Encl. photo. 18 to 45, white only. Box 989.

A DRUMBEATS AD GETS FAST RESULT!

HUNKY ORIENTAL 27, seeks a slave Master into piercing, bondage, shaving, ball play and more. Must be muscular and hairy. Send photo. Box 864.

FT. WORTH SM. 47, 6'2", 195 lbs., 7" uncult, German, Aquarius, is looking for slave. Should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots, and leather. Not into FF, scat, W/S. Box 059D.

GRAHAM 28, 5'9", 140 lbs., bottom needs playmate(s) or pen pal(s). Interests: W/S, FF, C/B, B/D, and Toys. One good picture deserves another. Box 1440.

BEEVILLE Good top looking for good bottom. Masculine S, W/m, 36, 5'10", 150 lbs., bearded, hairy, muscular. Be my weekend slave. I enjoy remote weekend camping trips. I have 4-wheel drive & boat. You must be 18-40, submissive, slender. Let's find out what turns your lights on. Box 1317.

CHAIN GANG
Need a rough and raunchy dude to make me work chain gang fantasy. Force hard labor, rough treatment, dirt, strict discipline. Like to hear real experiences of work gangs, etc. Details and photo gets mine. Can travel. Box 1314.

DALLAS SUBMISSIVE Hot, thirsty guy seeks men into p/a, s/p, spit, verbal abuse, and dirty fantasies. Enclose phone number. Box 1376.

DALLAS W/M 5'11", 165 lbs., 8" cock, mid 40s. Seeking dudes into mutual give and take working out, cock, tits, balls, assholes, with leather, chains, jocks. Need hot cowboys and truckers. No fats, fems. Eager to explore. Box 1374.

MASTER STUD WANTED
Houston Slave needs a kind, loving, tall, well hung MR. BENSON type. Am willing to be right one (25-40). Can do much. I enjoy life. Please allow me to suck, fuck, drink piss, serve and will be beautiful. Box 1499.

HOUSTON, EAGER PUPIL OF S&M B/D, W/S, leather, body shaving. Am 5'7", 140 lbs., 42. Seeks firm, gentle, knowledgeable Teachers and Masters. Small endowment but large desire and capacity to learn, serve, pleasure and obedience. Box 1396.

DALLAS 5'8", 150 lbs., 27 years old, likes to be wrestled down, roped and gagged by muscular captor for total fight, prolonged bondage and forced to submit. Can reverse roles. Box 734.

UTAH

2 HOT LEATHER BOTTOMS
SALT LAKE CITY Two hot Leather-tops/Levis bottoms, mid 40s, S&M novices, need careful S&M instruction by hot Top any age who is experienced and creative teacher. Use bottoms for hard fucking, W/S, FF, Rimming, Enemas. Any intense long lasting scene, except heavy pain, drugs, scat. Box 1610.

VIRGINIA

MY FANTASY

ARLINGTON The sticky heat of the night hangs in the air. As my car tops the hill, a blurred figure can be seen in the distance. Hips thrust forward, his thumb is extended. Then I noticed he is completely nude. Could this be you. Box 1601.

VIRGINIA MASTER

MASTER 33, 6', 115, seeks partner into weekend B&D, S&M sessions. Interests respected. Confidentiality expected and assured. Address by photo. Those with phone answered first. Travel East Coast often. Box 1575.

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

ALBRIGHT Slave needs Master willing and able to do anything in any scene. Box 1660.

MAKE ME BEG FOR IT
NORTHERN VIRGINIA Young cock sucker needs verbal abuse from young hung men. Tease me, make me beg for it. Box 1651.

MASTER WANTED

WASHINGTON D.C. Sir(s), Mr. w/m, 27, 5'10", 150 lbs., br/az, into topmen who enjoy being in control, like levis, leather, boots, uniforms, cycles. Can be good boy for right Master. You, Glad build under 45, respect limits. Reps with pic. Thank you, SIR, Box 1659.

WASHINGTON

CIGAR SMOKERS

Hot muscular leatherman 32, who smokes and gets turned on to cigars wants contact with men of same interest. Will be starting an organization for cigar smokers soon. P.O. Box 20604, Seattle, WA 98102.

NEED WORKOUT

SEATTLE B&D, No S&M, into chaps, speedo, jocks, harness. Need work out partner for weight lifting. White, 50, 190 lbs., looking for similar. Box 861.

GOOD LOOKING WHITE BEGINNER

SEATTLE 6', 145 lbs., 29, m, looking for Trainer. Like Bikers, Leathermen, and Loggers. Big Boots and lota leather plus. Willing to try anything once. Age and looks not important, but prefer big and hairy. Your photo gets mine. All letters answered. Box 1544.

RASSLIN

6'2", 188 lbs., 'lookin' for some athletic competition in Seattle Collegiate, pro, submission, no-holds-barred. I'll take ya on. Only serious, sweaty jocks need reply. Let's go a few rounds and get down. Box 815.

SEATTLE AREA FF TOP OR BOTTOM Looking for good times. Have a sweet ass that's been trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys, into uniforms, sports (if you know what I mean). Am hot for Truckers, cowboys and Leathers. Am 5'11", 165 lbs., grey hair, beard, stable, dominant, masculine. Box 1442.

SEATTLE SPECIAL SLAVE SOUGHT

SEATTLE Ancient Roman values based for non-liver relationship, any age, imaginative, intelligent live-in house slave apply. Must have acceptable public appearance for Masters conservative social image. Inexpensive, others ok. Relocation expenses negotiable. Obedience receives consideration. Light S&M, B&D, Master Novice, S, 49, 6'5", 185 lbs., grey hair, beard, stable, dominant, masculine. Box 1695.

HUNG STUD

SEATTLE 23, STUD, MUSCULAR, HUNG into Water Sports. Send Photo to Box 1429.

NOTHING BEATS DRUMBEATS!

WANTED

SEATTLE Love slave wanted, should not have limits, however pain will be a very minor element. Prefer young slim, white. I am W/M, 31, 170 lbs., 6'3". Box 1345.

WEST VIRGINIA

HARPERS FERRY 32, 6', 160 lbs., 10" cut. Looking for w/m, 18-35, muscular and hairless preferred, nice ass, who wants his tits worked over. Box 736.

WISCONSIN

LEATHER GROUP TO TRAIN

MILWAUKEE Leather group to train or turn hot young punk into slave. Captured, Manhandled, felt up. Wrestled, forced to submit to your cock's need. Need tight buns, lips fucked by gang bang rape. Eager to learn but respect my limits. No FF, B&D, Scat, Piss. I'm 32, 150 lbs., 6". Send letter of what you'd like to do with me with photo. Prefer 40 to 60 year olds. Will answer all letters. Box 1616.

MILWAUKEE W/M 28, 6'1", 170 lbs., 11", seeking Master, Lover relationship with W/m, 18-29 yrs. Must be patient and understanding as I am new to this scene. Will answer all with frankness. State your demands and send with photo to Box 973.

MILWAUKEE M 5'9", 145 lbs., white, hairy chest, novice, needs instruction in B&D, W/S, S&M, etc. from Master who will show me my limits and respect them and teach me my role. Ties, fets, fangs, scar. Photo greatly appreciated. Box 837.

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MONTREAL 5'10", 175 lbs. can per-
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ated but not a necessity. Box 1438.

VANCOUVER ARTIST 34, Seeks
hunky men 18-35 to submit to crea-
tively posed photo sessions in
exchange for photos & or Possible
pay. Send Photo & Particulars to:
Jim, Box 1397.

TORONTO SLAVE
TORONTO 31, Seeks very slim Mas-
ter (otherwise looks unimportant)
Bondage, forced oral, C&B Torture.
More depends on person. No scat,
FF. One nighters or longer, SIR, Box
1683.

MONTREAL Oral slave, 48, white,
5'9", 165 lbs., gives complete mouth
and tongue service to macho under
35. Also into worshipping, W/S, face
sitting, feet, V.A., humiliation, pun-
ishments, exposure. Robert. Box
974.

PIG WANTED
This pig is 36, W/m, bearded, hairy,
well hung into: Leather, rubber, B&D,
C&B T, and other raunchy piggy.
Looking for similar pig who is an 'M'
and thrives on debauchery in my well
equipped pig pen. Respect limits and
will pinch hit for the right pig. Into
long, kinky, body sensuous, mind
blowing organic scenes. You will be
tortured by needing to play with your
best friend between your legs, but
immobilization just makes you oink
for more. Find yourself entangled in a
web of Japanese bondage. Enjoy the
pleasure of my well educated, black
leathered hand. If you can meet the
challenge of piggy: send pic and
your qualification to: D. Le Porc, P.O.
Box 5128, Vancouver, B.C., CAN-
ADA, V6B 4A8.

TORONTO m, Pissas, 5'10", 155 lbs.,
40, blue eyes, uncut, wishes to meet
dominant S, 25-55, who is versatile,
respectful of limits, sense of humour.
M has moderate experience, versa-
tile, and into leather, toys, boots,
Greek w.p. WS, bondage, discipline.
Have some experience as S. No fats,
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Put your body and mind in my expe-
rienced hands and I will make all the
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period of servitude. I insist on com-
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true freedom is by losing it to me for
our mutual satisfaction. All applica-
tions will be considered on the basis
of information supplied in first letter.
Master is 5'9", 35, 140 lbs. Bearded
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Would like to hear from men with big
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MONTREAL, White, 5'5", 135 lbs. 30,
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play, ball work, torture. Can Travel.
Box 1468.

W/M 35, 5'10", 160 lbs. blond, slim built,
into Mid SAM, B&D, wish to meet with
18-25 yrs olds. Small or medium builds.
Living in London-Ontario, Canada. Phone
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COP WANTED
MONTREAL M wants to serve big
cop. Likes jail, dildoes, handcuffs,
Bar-ass spankings, Flogging, Bondage,
Fucking, Sucking, Box 1364.

LEATHER SENSUALITY
W/M, 28, S/M, 5'8", 160 lbs., 7" cut,
looking for a Leatherman who enjoys his
work. One who hums and he locks that
anima who gets hard inside me. A
guy whose eyes light up as the
electrodes are tested on my tit rings.
A man who chuckles as he stuffs a
thick piss tube down my throat, and
puts those nose tubes into that thick
hood locked on my head. A buddy
friend who encases me in thick, solid,
LEATHER SENSUALITY with the
greatest care and ease one could beg
from a man. And then, as I hang cho-
coated, tubed, wired, and stuffed up,
I see through tiny eye slits—that he's
smiling! Maybe that's because he
appreciates my feelings about leather,
and his ways with leather. And
maybe because he too, will become
as I have to him for now—IF and
WHEN he ever lets me out! A photo
will be appreciated. Make a treatise
or two. Mustache & beard a plus.
Ideas a bonus! Well? Box 1341.

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lbs., 7" cut, seeks kinky types with
raunchy, macho topmen in Levis,
leather, jockstraps, for Bondage,
W/S, Tit, Ass and C/B play. Am wil-
ling to experiment and expand how-
ever my limits must be respected.
Box 265.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA M, 46, 180 lbs.,
7 1/2" uncut, extremely obedient. May I
serve you? Box 720.

ENGLAND
ROPE BONDAGE
LONDON 28, W/m, 6', 165 lbs., slave
will serve well built, masculine guy(s)
into rope, bondage, S&M, etc. Raunchy sex. I can serve 2 or more
Masters who know what they want.
Photos get quick reply. Box 1507.

BOOT/COCK HUNGRY
LONDON Piss thirsty dude offers his
body for your use and abuse. Train
me as your obedient Dog Slave, 30,
5'11", 154 lbs. I can serve 2 or more
yours. Needs: Leather, Master. Un-
iformed Officer, Construction
Worker, Truckee, Cowboy. Photo
appreciated. Box 1517.

MIDDLESEX 37, 5'10", 145 lbs., 7"
cut, medium build, short hair, mas-
culine, seeks same, over 30, imagine-
into leather, uniforms or levis,
hung. Am into good S&M, bondage,
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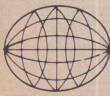
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LONDON 28, 6'1", 168 lbs., wants his arse and mouth fucked by well hung hunky anyone or group. \$&M and bondage toppers. If you are under 55, goodlooking, well built and can take me, write in detail with photo to Box 1507.

FILTH-LOVING SLAVE

39, 5'9", 140 lbs., looking for Master to make him grovel in oil, grease, mud, filth, etc. in chains. Box A95.

W/MS, 40, 5'9", 150 lbs., 5'10" uncult, into W/S, leather, rubber, combat gear, seeks dominant to 45, strict, but respectful of limits. Box 630.

LONDON BEGINNER

W/m, 32, 6', 165 lbs., looking for partner in leather or denim. Willing to try almost anything. Box 716.

LONDON Leather guy, 6'2", 170 lbs., white, 7-, very active, strictly top. Wants to meet groovy, muscular slaves who know how to serve a real master. Am into most scenes. Enjoy man-on-man action with guys who are 100% male and proud of it. Write on your knees. Send a photo and I will send mine. If you are a real slave, I can guarantee you the real thing. Letters with photo answered first. Box 655B.

OXFORD Knowledgeable M, 37, 5'10", 160 lbs., into leather, rubber, denim. Has good tongue ready to please a master. Box 723.

LONDON & YORKSHIRE S, 5'9", 50, 160 lbs., would like to meet visitors to Britain. Very experienced master. Box 557.

SM 45, 5'11", 6' cut, imaginative, wide range of interests, willingness. Box 359.

WANT CALIFORNIA SLAVES

LONDON MASTER, 31, 6'2", 160 lbs. Bearded. Hung. Seeks Hot southern California Slaves during vacations. Sept-Oct 1981. You are 18-40, smooth skinned, with hungry asshole, into Fast Fucking, C&B Torture, TT, W/S, and being whipped. Those offering overnight accommodations can reply on same in London. Box 1496.

GERMANY

LUXEMBOURG Notice needs training. W/m, 33, 183 cm, 75 kg, prefers beards, moustaches, country life. Box 629.

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WEST GERMANY German top, military jail trooper, 40s, 178 cm, 78 kg, well built, trim body. An ultra masculine dynamic, experienced stud likes to give it and get it in the end. Have large toys and know how to use them. Will dominate you. What hardcore stuff can be? Very skilled as FF Top and taking deep as FF wide receiver. My big ball balls carry heavy duty. Let's get it on in my well equipped play room. Write to J&W/Walter, Postfach 860114, D-5000 Cologne 86, West Germany.

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WEST GERMANY Hot German stud seeks only very well hung studs. I will handle all cocks as big or bigger with my Hot White ass. I give 10 inches and need more. Write with photo to: Postfach 1480, 8958 Fussen-1, West Germany.

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BERLIN GERMAN MAN, 34, warm hearted, goodlooking, traveling U.S.A. soon, seeks buddies into refined, prolonged, artful bare bottom discipline, spanking, paddlings, birching, etc.—either role. No brutalities. Fairly soft on the bottom. Mutual ecstasy, love, understanding, cuddling. I am slim (130 lbs.). You don't have to be. Write soon to: B. Lenman, Methelndammg 60, 1000 Berlin 61, West Germany.

COLOGNE SM, 45, 6', white, 7- uncult, into either sad or experienced and convincing, muscular, slender and muscular, tends towards S role. Interested in meeting men into more to water. Should be intelligent, masculine, wear leather naturally. Should be my age or younger, no fats, or fems. Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 112.

GERMAN MASTER 29, 6'4", 715 uncult, into leather and boots, \$&M, hairy. T/t work and piss action. FF, foot-wood needs bearded slaves and masters to contact with, travellers welcome. Henning Grote, Humboldtstr. 7, D-3300 Braunschweig, West Germany.

GERMANY White devoted boot slave wants contact and correspondence with macho muscular high-booted Black master or motorcycle cops and other uniformed studs for licking and sucking service. Box A63.

COLOGNE 36, 76 cm, 64 kg, uncult. Hairy. Leather and boots, anal sex. 18-35 for Leather Sex, Piss Sex, Visiting San Francisco in August '81. Write Box 1285.

WEST GERMANY/FRANKFURT, TWO LEATHER GUYS, Black & White, 27, wants to meet Hot Leather Studs to 45. Prefer UNCUT and versatile. Be our guest for Hot Kinky Times. Letters with photo answered first. Box 1480.

GERMAN SLAVE

WEST GERMANY German Slave, 32, 6'2", 170 lbs., Blond, Moustache, Blue eyes, seemed several times a year to the States. Interested in meeting Masters, my age or older, into Water Sports, Rimming, F.r.a.p., I'm Greek passive, getting spanked, I'm 7- uncult. Box 1686.

NEW ZEALAND

BUTCH BOOBYBUILER FROM NEW ZEALAND

LEAN STRONG HUNGRY ROUGH TOP OR BOTTOM, 45, Smooth skinned, Visiting Hawaii, San Francisco, Los Angeles. Starting May 24th, 1981. Will try anything. Keen to explore my limits & yours. Dungeons, spreading, T/t clamps and tit torture, whip and whatever else? Box 1483.

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YOUNG SCOTSMAN 25, M, 6'1", 175 lbs., 8', handsome, muscular, athletic needs to be dominated and trained by another similar stud (leather, levi, cowboy, etc.). Write for future contact. Photo, please. Box A78.

MALMO S, 41, 6'1", 70 kg, 715 uncult, hard and demanding top seeks slaves who want to be completely controlled. No games, the real thing only. No fats, fems, limitations. Box 477.

STOCKHOLM BEGINNER Wants muscular trainer. Am 23, 5'10", blond, 200 lbs., 6' uncult. Box 556.

SWITZERLAND

GENEVA: ARE YOU A HOT TOP, or better a MASTER? Then you are entitled to my hospitality and my service. I am 39, tall, slim, bearded, hairy, and happy to serve well. I'm also looking for a Total OWNER and where in the world. Tel. 31 91 76 Name Chris, or write Box 1473.

Young goodlooking Swiss gay man, 29, would like to meet and correspond with handsome muscular bodybuilder. Will be visiting Chicago, N.Y.C. LA, San Francisco during July and August 1981/82. Who will be my guide? Many interests. Write with photo. I like 'em big and brawny. Box 835.

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PARIS, SM, Virgo, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., white body builder. Masculine Biker. Short hair, moustache, into Leather and Levis and Boots. Experienced with play room, well equipped, toys, mirrors, sling. Seeks partner(s) SM. No fems, feds. To 50 or Master into W/S, B&D, FF, Whip, T/t Works. Boots or working shoes. Chains providing some torture or pain. Must be masculine into Leather. Respectful of Limits. Box 884. Travel USA yearly.

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SAN FRANCISCO Any serious disciple of Satan wanted by evil minded W/m Master, 49, 5'10", 175 lbs., 6'1" fat big-headed cock, cut, for ritual working out of each others needs, however unusual. Bernal, Box 4373, San Francisco, CA 94101.

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NEW YORK CITY Goodlooking 5'4", 140 lbs., trim black beard, 25, into hair cutting 5'11. FRANK (212) 243-1786 or WRITE: FRANK, 30 Perry St., No. 1F, New York, NY 10014.

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A fraternity for men who dig bare feet, boots, shoes, socks, sneakers, leather, levis and other clothing who wish to contact others with the same interests. For information write: Foot Fraternity, Box 3385, San Francisco, CA 94119.

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CONTACTS

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HAIRY MEN—Hair Lovers. Correspondence, action club dedicated to body fur, fisters, fisters, fisters. So. Send \$2.00/SASE. Hair, 256 Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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EMPLOYMENT WANTED

27 year old guy would like to relocate and learn a new skill. Any type of job will be considered and would also like a relationship. Am hardworking, sincere and dedicated. Blonde hair, green eyes, masculine. Box 334, Park Falls, WI 54452.

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Big money. \$20,000—\$50,000 plus per year. Call 1-716-842-6000 Ext. 5160.

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Wanted by white, goodlooking, uncult, well hung, uninhibited dude, 29, 5'11", 150 lbs. If you're an uncult Puerto Rican, Cuban, Latino or Oriental into face silting, W/S, dildoes, possible FF, then send a photo or a good description of yourself to this hot and ready young man who wants to eat your Third World ass and suck your young cock. Must be uncult and uninhibited. Action in Bay Area, correspondence anywhere. Box 171.

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MY LATEST SLAVE WHEN THE
TELEPHONE RANG... I USUALLY
TAKE THE FUCKER OFF THE
HOOK WHEN I'M SCREWIN',
BUT THIS TIME I FORGOT.

THAT'S IT,
COCKSUCKER,
GET IT GOOD AN'
WET!

SPREAD 'EM,
SHITHEAD.
DADDY'S
COMIN' IN...

I WASN'T
GOING TO ANSWER IT
AT FIRST. THEN I THOUGHT
IT MIGHT BE ONE OF MY
RICH CLIENTS WHO PAY
BIG MONEY FOR ME
TO SIT
ON HIS FACE
FOR AN HOUR
OR SO!

NEVER THE
ONE TO TURN
DOWN EASY MONEY,
I ANSWERED
IT.

NEPHEW?
IS THAT YOU?
HELLO!...HELLO!
WHO IS THAT?

KER-IST!

HELLO!

THE SOUND OF THAT
VOICE MADE ME WHIP
MY PRICK OUTTA MY
SLAVES ASSHOLE SO
FAST IT GAVE HIM
ROPE BURN!

THE VOICE BELONGS TO MY
AUNT AUGUSTA- THE DRUM FAMILY
BATTLE AXE... I'VE TENDED TO AVOID
HER EVER SINCE, WHEN A KID, SHE
CAUGHT ME TRYING TO STUFF MY
COCK UP HER PET POODLE'S BLING-
HOLE... THE AFFAIR WITH HER
CHAUFFEUR DIDN'T HELP OUR RELATIONS
EITHER... BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY...
WHAT A GREAT COCKSUCKER HE WAS...
HOWEVER, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET
BACK INTO HER GOOD BOOKS EVER
SINCE... SHE'S VERY RICH AND I'M
HOPING TO BE REMEMBERED IN HER WILL!

Click

AUNT
AUGUSTA!
HOW NICE
TO -

NEVER
MIND THE
FLATTERY...
YOUNG MAN!
LISTEN!

YOUR DEAR
COUSIN ALBERT IS
GOING TO SPEND THE
WEEK-END WITH YOU...
HE'S ON HIS WAY BACK
TO CAMP AND HE HAS TO
CHANGE FLIGHTS... I'VE TOLD
HIM YOU WILL LOOK AFTER
HIM AND GEE HE COMES
TO NO HARM... I'M
SURE I'M GOING TO
REGRET THIS...

OH, NO!
A WHOLE TWO
DAYS WITH FUCKIN'
COUSIN ALBERT...
I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT!

...WHO
THE BLOODY
HELL IS COUSIN
ALBERT? DIDN'T
KNOW I HAD A
COUSIN ALBERT...
GOING TO CAMP?
A BOYSCOUT?

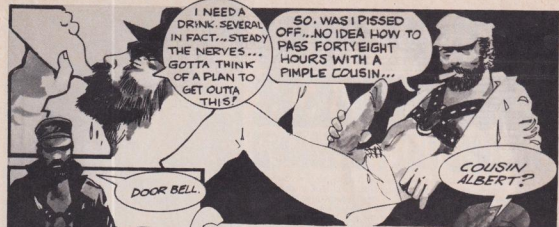
WHAT
SHALL I DO
WITH HIM? BOY
SCOUTS LIKE
KNOTS... I COULD
TIE HIM
UP!

I HOPE
YOU'VE SETTLED
DOWN... NONE
OF YOUR
WILD WAYS!

I WILL GET
A REPORT FROM
ALBERT LATER...
SO, BEHAVE YOUR-
SELF, DO YOU
HEAR!!

ROPE HIM IN
FRONT OF THE
TELEVISION SET FOR
TWO DAYS AND HOPE
HE DOESN'T
SQUEAL TO
AUNT AUGUSTA!

SHE'S
FINALLY GET-
TING HER OWN
BACK FOR ME
SCREWING HER
POODLE!



I NEED A DRINK...SEVERAL IN FACT...STEADY THE NERVES... GOTTA THINK OF A PLAN TO GET OUTTA THIS!

SO, WAS I PISSSED OFF...NO IDEA HOW TO PASS FORTYEIGHT HOURS WITH A PIMPLE COUSIN...

COUSIN ALBERT?

DOOR BELL.

RING

IF THAT SLAVE HAS LEFT HIS JOCK STRAP BEHIND AGAIN I'LL MAKE HIM EAT IT. GOD! IT'S FRIDAY... IT'S...

...IT'S THE FUCKIN' BOY SCOUT!



Hi!

YEAH! I'M AL. DIDN'T AUNT AUGUSTA TELL YOU I'D BE CALLING?



AUNT... OH, YES, BUT I THOUGHT...

GREAT LADY, AUNTIE. SHE CALLS YOU 'BIG D'...

... AND SHE SAYS SHE DOESN'T MEAN YOUR HEIGHT!!



SUDDENLY MY WEEK END PROSPECTS LOOKED BRIGHT THANKS TO COUSIN ALBERT AND...



REMINDE ME TO SEND AUNT AUGUSTA A LARGE BUNCH OF RED ROSES...

BIG DEAL FROM DRUMMER THE ONE THEY DEMAND

All magazines have readers who vary in loyalty to their favorite periodicals. If they remember to, some readers will look through the current issue at the stand or store and if there is something that interests them, will pick up a copy. The trouble with some gay magazines is that they can be read completely right at the newstand in a matter of minutes. Other readers will trade off one magazine for another with their friends to save on what the cost of magazines is these days.

However, there are some publications that have such a loyal following that its readers will promptly go to their bookstore and demand the new issue, raising hell if it isn't available. We know because we get calls from newstands and bookstores all over the country. We also get long distance calls from readers complaining that their dealer is out and wanting to know where else they can pick up the new DRUMMER. Now THAT is loyalty!

DRUMMER has never pretended to be anything it isn't nor has it ever been merely a copy of something else. It is unique, and so is its readership.

No matter what anyone else is selling them for, most of the back issues of DRUMMER are still available from us at their original cover price. Issues 1, 2, 4, 5, and 20 are sold out. Up to issue 20 the price is \$2.50, through issue 29 the price is \$3, later than that it is \$3.50. Add 50c for postage for each magazine. Hurry, some of the copies are getting very scarce.

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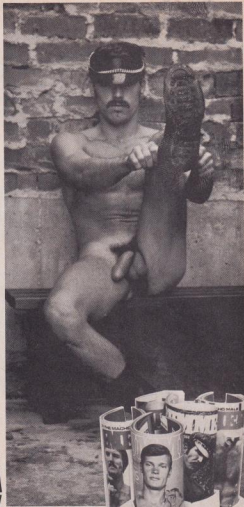
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MACH

THE SIX DOLLAR
MAGAZINE



THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Larry—

Here's a strange request for you. In addition to a lot of other things, I'm very much into W/S. I know that beer piss is the best, and all that, but some guys seem to produce a really bright yellow stream, even after drinking a lot of beer. I am always very pale by comparison. What's the secret?

Don, New Mexico

Dear Don,

There may be other ways, but the best one I know is a good daily dose of Vitamin B complex. These tablets (or capsules) are probably brewer's yeast, for the most part, and that seems to be the best ingredient. I would definitely not recommend ingesting food coloring, which can probably also color the piss. At least the green dye they put in beer on St. Patrick's day can certainly give you a start when you dump it out the next morning. While not toxic, some food colorings have been found to be carcinogenic, a number of them being made from coal tar. And, on the same note, try to find "natural" vitamins.

Dear Larry,

My friend and I have been together for almost three years, and until recently we had a very satisfying sexual relationship. Then, four or five months ago, I started having trouble keeping it up. This happened right after I changed jobs and had to start wearing a coat and tie to work every day. My friend says it's because I wear jockey shorts, and he has shown me several articles, including a "Dear Abby" column to substantiate his opinion. I don't see how it can make any difference, and I'm not comfortable in boxer shorts. Besides, in the place where I work I don't think it's a good idea to show a basket. Do you have any thoughts on this?

(Name withheld)

Dear Withheld,

Heaven forbid that I would ever disagree with Dear Abby; however, I think your friend has misread her comments. The studies she referred to, as well (probably) as the other articles in question dealt with "sperm count" in men who wear tight, support-type shorts. Sperm count has to do with a man's

ability to impregnate a woman, not whether or not he can keep it up (potency-impotency). I have never seen a study indicating that tight shorts have anything to do with this latter problem. If there has been one, I'd be interested in knowing about it. In your case, I wonder if the change in jobs might not be the real problem. Are you under a lot more stress than before, or are you not getting as much rest? Have you substantially altered your eating habits? These factors are much more likely to be the source of your difficulties. And as for tight shorts . . . well, I don't like them either, but my feelings are purely aesthetic.

Dear Larry,

I know you answered a question from a person in a somewhat similar situation to mine a few months ago, but I think my problem is a little different, and maybe more severe. I am a pre-operative Transsexual (male to female). As such my sex life has been very limited. Most straight guys and gay women won't become involved, because I still have a penis, and most gay men consider me to be too feminine for them. Yes, I'm bisexual.

From time to time I have come across SM and bondage books, and these have turned me on and I have enjoyed my fantasies; but I could never bring myself to order toys or to seek out a partner. Three weeks ago my roommate introduced me to a truck driver she knows. He had five B/D magazines in his motel room, where we had gone at his request. We had several beers and he wanted to know what I thought about the magazines. Well, one thing led to another, which led to a seven hour bondage scene.

I learned much about myself in these seven hours. I have had many fantasies about leather before, but until that night I had never worn restraints, gag, hood, or cuffs and chains. The reality far, far exceeded any fantasy. While I was in bonds I came to accept that there was where I truly belonged. This acceptance brought on such a "high" as I never knew existed and I had multiple orgasms without being touched or handled in any way other than by my restraints.

After the session, I went through a massive depression. In an attempt to find some type of help or information as to what I was and what was happening to me, I sought help at my church (MCC). I received some counseling from my pastor and his lover and was loaned a copy of your Leatherman's Handbook. The book answered some of my questions, but still left me uncertain about my own circumstances. Can you carry your advice a little further?

Confused in Omaha

Dear Confused:

This is a problem I have had thrown at me before, and it is very difficult for me to answer. First, I would note that SM, bondage, leather, etc., is cer-

tainly not restricted to gay men. There are many heterosexuals involved in these same activities. Thus, going through with your sex change isn't going to keep you from participating. On the other hand, if the use of your male organs in the scene is necessary to it, you are going to be forced to make the choice. As I've told many others, I don't think that the Corn and Bible Belt offers as wide a choice as the more populated centers. There is also a small sub-culture within the leather community — especially in New York, where you find transvestites heavily involved in SM. I don't know if this is the answer for you, but you might check it out before you take the final, irrevocable step.

Dear Larry:

I've been reading all this crap you, and others like you, are writing about sex between men, with all the bondage and torture. I think it's sick, and it's certainly immoral. I don't see how you can glorify it with a straight face, and actually answer all these letters from sickies all over the world. I think you're worse than they are.

(Anonymous) Postmark NYC

Dear Unnamed,

I am sorry that your own feelings are so confused that you felt compelled to write me yourself. Certainly, if my words and those of others writing in the same genre offend you, it's easy enough not to read us. As to our behavior being "sick," I feel it is far healthier to act out one's fantasies in a non-destructive way than to bottle them up until they destroy either the person himself or someone else. As to being "immoral," I feel that the only immorality is one's attempt to force his desires on someone who does not wish to have them forced upon him. I have files full of letters, received over the years, from people thanking me for shedding some light on problems which had previously seemed unique and insurmountable. I am sure that DRUMMER and many of my fellow SM-leather writers have found the same. I'm sorry you feel as you do, and I really don't know who can help you.




Classic Etienne

Back when Etienne was drawing under the name 'Stephen', he produced a number of illustrated adventures featuring, for the times, some of the hottest and most erotic action available.


Target, which has brought much of Etienne's work to the public, has just released a paperback volume of three of those early adventures in a large format and including some recent panels added to the originals by Etienne.

Lockerroom, a football team story with a field full of super hunks and a mucho macho coach, is presented along with *Tannahide*, about a young prince who needs some specific attention paid to his royal hind-ness, and *Kidnapped*, a classic—maybe the classic—adventure of a motorcycle gang rape.

This is a perfect companion to *The Art of Etienne*, which Target released earlier this year.



LITTLE DID THE KING KNOW THAT IT WAS THIS VERY CORDORON WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR REPLENISHING THE SUPPLY OF HAPPY DUST IN THE POUCH, HAVING HOOKED THE UNSUSPECTING PRINCE TO BEGIN WITH.



HERE YOU ARE SIRE...THIS SHOULD LAST ANOTHER WEEK.

FURIOUS AT SEEING SO MANY GUYS ENJOYING THEMSELVES, SAM RUNS TO THE COACH'S OFFICE.



DRUMMER views the Flicks

SEXUAL OBSESSION
AS DOCUMENTARY

LOADS

Curt McDowell's latest film, *Loads*, marks a milestone in the avant garde filmmaker's career. McDowell has been reaching toward a documentary consciousness in this earlier work (even the seemingly fictional *Thundercrack*) and he achieves it in *Loads* while advancing his personal growth as a filmmaker immeasurably.

Loads is a groundbreaker for more than its place in McDowell's filmography; it is perhaps the first documentary in the gay sexual genre.

McDowell has an obsession for heterosexual men. His particular sexual fetish, for the most part, revolves around oral copulation. While the act itself is not unique (as the saying goes, Today's trade is tomorrow's competition), the methodology McDowell used in making *Loads* is at least removed

from the historic stereotype of sucking off a telephone repair man during his lunch break in a roadside restroom.

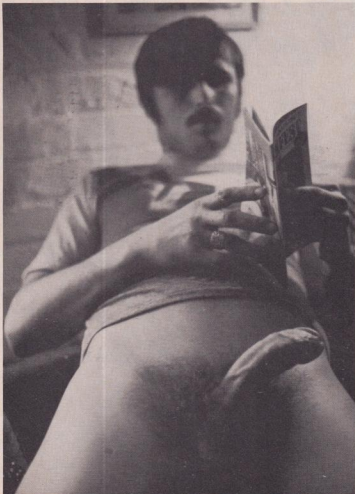
McDowell rented a studio in the heart of San Francisco's heavily-Latino Mission District and began searching for straight men to film in the act of masturbation. He was either specific or vague in his approach, depending on the circumstance. The response was good, as far as the film is concerned, and we see the half-dozen or so men McDowell approached, as well as other men, who learning from their friends what the filmmaker was up to, sought him out.

The film, in black and white, follows a fairly tight narrative line. The editing and rhythm of *Loads* raises it far above a series of set pieces.

We are introduced to each man through the particular aspect of their appeal that first attracted McDowell. In one instance it was the shape of a mouth, in another the way a pair of pants rode low on muscular thighs. Another wanted his tattooed body preserved on film. And so on.

The men themselves run the gamut. There is, about them all, the look of the heterosexual, a look of sexual insecurity. There is no gay sensibility in their posing or mugging for the camera, no understanding of their own potential sexual appeal in either attitude, stance, or the display of their chief objects of interest. Unaware, each watches the camera and the filmmaker. Sometimes there is a smile that seems more suited to a still photograph; a smile forced and held for an uncountable duration. There is an awkwardness in how the men show off their cock and ass to the camera. There is, in almost every frame, the sense of voyeurism, both visually and viscerally.

McDowell's narration, itself as paced and composed as the framing, is straightforward and sincere. First his obsession, then his methodology in making the film. Each man warrants an explanation and an appreciation by the filmmaker. We hear and see some



images in real time, others retrospectively. He tells us how, when he first saw the film's singular bodybuilder walking down the street, he imagined he was attached to the man's shoulders, his own cock firmly locked in place and riding the hard, smooth buttocks below him.

McDowell literally crawls his way around each of the men, showing off the landscape of each man's geographical features as much as the camera can accommodate. Shots are angled for maximum body exposure more than for contrived perspective. Men walk over the camera, walk toward it, walk away from it. As the camera travels in semi-circles around certain of the men's faces, they follow it with their eyes, the turning of their head or their torso. While each seems uninitiated to the posture of modeling, each attempts to exploit their momentary nudity with an undefined, if undeniable, sensibility.

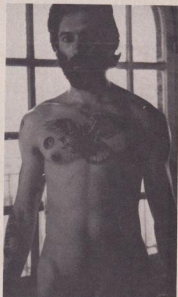
The film is called *Loads* and that is how the film concludes, each man has an orgasm for the camera. Some have masturbated themselves, some have been blown by the filmmaker to the point of orgasm. The filming styles McDowell uses for the orgasms vary with each participant. We see one man shoot his load across the pages of a pornographic magazine, splattering his sperm onto the image of a naked woman with her back to the camera. He rubs the sperm into the page with the head of his cock at the crack of the printed image's ass, as if to reassert his heterosexuality to the camera with the knowledge that his cock would penetrate this woman.

In other instances we see men masturbate themselves to orgasm and shoot across their stomachs, over the fingers of their hands, or into the air in thick white arches. One man climaxes while the filmmaker is blowing him, and his load lands across the upturned nose and eyes of McDowell.

The filmmaker seldom leaves this film, even after he has set up the opening premise and introduced the characters. He weaves in and out of the frames at will and is in evidence in most of the climax scenes. The point this brings back is that *Loads* is about Curt McDowell's fetish for heterosexual men, and not a film about the men themselves. The same shot, of McDowell looking down on the street

below his studio window, opens and closes *Loads*. The narration is non-conclusive. In fact, the film is not to be taken as a complete whole, but rather as an out-take from a larger whole; the ramifications of which extend beyond the real time of the narrative. In an earlier film, McDowell used the person of a hustler in a straightforward narrative line, to introduce a motif that would be realized with *Loads*. In *True Confessions*, where the filmmaker comes out to his parents in the most uncompromising terms, McDowell hinted at the possibility for *Loads* in head-shot scenes that were culled from interviews with friends about their reaction and relationship to the director. In an unfinished film, *Taboo (Skinny Ties)*, McDowell mixes reality and fantasy in a fiction film about a sexual obsession with a non-fiction heterosexual man played, in the film, by the real man himself.

Loads is not pure *cinema verite*. Manipulation of the sound track (which is not recorded in real time) and the stylized editing format move *Loads* more toward creative documentary. However, the film consciousness at work here is obviously intent on breaking new ground in both documentary approach and narrative line. Of all the gay independent filmmakers working today, McDowell is one of the most innovative and unquestionably the most strikingly original.



This is not to say that *Loads* is a flawless film. Some segments linger beyond their screen impact, some repetition is unnecessary. In parts, the soundtrack is difficult. The latter can be excused, however, given the overall effect of the film—which indicates a rawness that would include phrasing slightly out of range.

But on the whole, *Loads* is a gay cinema experience the likes of which will be difficult to match.

—John W. Rowberry

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LONDON LEATHER

The big event in London over the past month was the Blues Weekend held by the capital's only uniform club, London Blues. It ran for four days at the beginning of May and was attended by thousands of hunky guys in their khaki and greens. Things started off with a swing on the Friday night at a birthday party held for the club in Heaven — London's largest gay disco. This went on til nearly four in the morning — quite a night for London!

On Saturday, a small but very cruise party was held in the Kings Arms, Poland Street. This normally straight pub was descended upon by Blues members, many of whom finished off the night at private uniform parties held around town.

On Sunday a bleary eyed contingent went on a visit to the Bluebell Railway in the country outside London. Well worth a visit if you're into steam trains, one of the members told me. I'm not. So, I didn't go.

Sunday evening saw the Blues back at Heaven again for a Macho party. The entertainment was provided by a young man who did rude things with pythons — yes, snakes.

It proved a very well organized and attended weekend. If uniform is your bag, get in touch with the Blues when you're in town. You can find them every Wednesday and Friday meeting at Heaven.

With the pound being what it is, leather comes quite expensive in London. Nevertheless, we do have a couple of really good leather shops. The first and foremost must be Frisco Leathers, whose main shop is at 85 Kings Road in Famous Chelsea. It's at the back of an indoor market called The Great Gear. Run by the outrageous David Wilson, it's well worth a visit being crammed with very well made leather goods — from cock straps to full harness. The shop opens from ten in the morning until six in the evening, Monday to Saturday. The company's other two shops can be found at Shepherd's Bush shopping centre in West London and in the Heaven disco complex.

Our other leather concern is just a couple of doors away from London's most famous leather pub, the Colehorns, and is usually open from noon until late at night. It's called the American Boy and like Frisco carries a large stock of leather, cire etc. You can also get your poppers there. It's only recently that our customs have let US poppers through their gates. Now, you can buy Rush, Hardware etc. at most London gay shops. Also you can buy

the home-grown variety in small brown bottles — cheaper and quite good. A word of warning though: don't buy poppers from people in pubs or clubs, who hawk it around in plastic bags. It's generally rubbish and over the last few months there's been a few nasty accidents with the black market stuff. Always get them from a reputable shop — at least you can take it back if you're unhappy with it.

If you're thinking of coming to Europe with your motorbike, a club you might like to know about — a club which only accepts members with bikes — is Bikers International. You can contact them only by letter, so you'd better get it together before you start your trip. They have contacts all over Europe and would be able to put any gay biker in touch with other guys throughout Europe. They regularly run bike rallies and their all-night parties are an absolute must. The group was formed a couple of years ago under the title South Midland Bike Boys. At that time, it was based around the Northampton area which is some sixty miles from London. Since then, they've changed their name, gone international, and really expanded. You can contact them at Bikers International Club, BM Box 7030, London WC1W 3XX.

It's surprising the type of people that get attracted to leather guys. Or for that matter those that leather guys get attracted to. Over the last twelve months one of London's leading drag acts, the Trollettes, seem to have been adopted by the British leather world. There hasn't been a single big leather party without at least one appearance from this couple of cross-dressers. The two guys that make up the act — David and Jimmy — have been together professionally for about twelve years. Wherever they appear — in club or pub — there's always a lot of leather around. Their regular spots in London are Monday evenings at the Royal Vauxhall Tavern in South London (Vauxhall subway, Victoria Line) and Saturday nights at the Union Tavern, south of the river too (Oval subway, Northern Line). Don't forget that these two places are public houses (the good old British pub) with restricted drinking times. So, if you want to see the show, it's best to get there about nine in the evening.

Subway, London's newest macho spot in Leicester Square, central London, held one of its huge parties Satur-

day last. It was supposed to have a pirate theme. Though, I must admit I only saw a couple . . . The place was packed with sweaty bodies and some really hunky men (where do they all come from?). The bar staff entered into the spirit of the evening, with my favorite barman of the moment, Stewart, decked out in almost nothing. It's worth coming to London just to see him. Of course, the Trollettes were there providing their usual outrageous floorshow. When they're on, it's not advisable to stand anywhere near the stage, if you're shy about being picked on that is. They're a merciless couple of faggots. The party went on until about six the next morning and there were still bodies around when we left. London has really livened up since Subway came on the scene.

Just one more thing, this month, if you want to know anything about the London scene, drop me a line, I'll make sure I answer any of your questions in future issues.

— Bryan Derbyshire

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Illustration by Etienne

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LONG BEACH SHAVED SLAVE

Danny, in a black jock strap, can be found behind the bar at Impact in Long Beach on weekends. Tell him you saw him in Drummer and he'll be more than friendly.



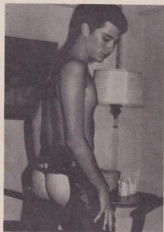
JAPANESE LEATHERMASTER

Tokyo stud gives fist and piss to bike-loving slaves.



LOUISIANA SHIT POT JOCKEY

Digs showing off on the toilet for other dudes, and wants to encourage Drummer Tough Customers to show their colors by submitting photos of themselves working out on the throne.



FT. LAUDERDALE BOTTOM

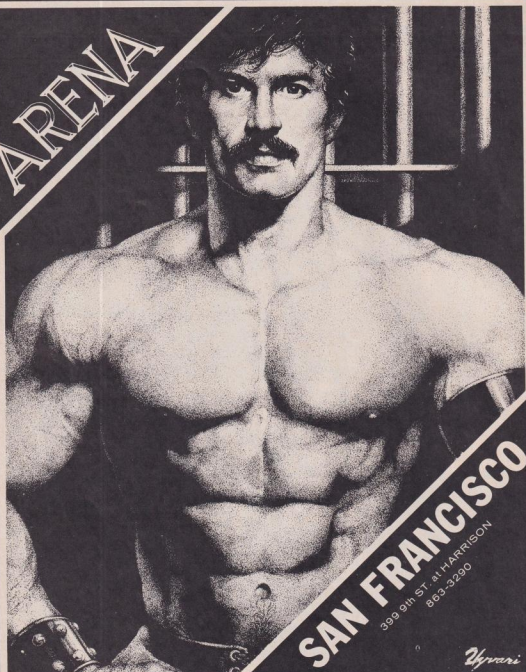
Hot young colt is into leather, levis, bondage, and respects muscular studs. See Drumeats ad Box 1491.



SWISS TOOLS AVAILABLE

Have a thick uncut cock and like to penetrate with tool and hand. Also into mental penetration. Want to hear from masculine (beard/moustache) men from the USA. Kurt Mettler, Carl Spitteler Strasse 3, CH-4142 Muenchanstein, Switzerland.

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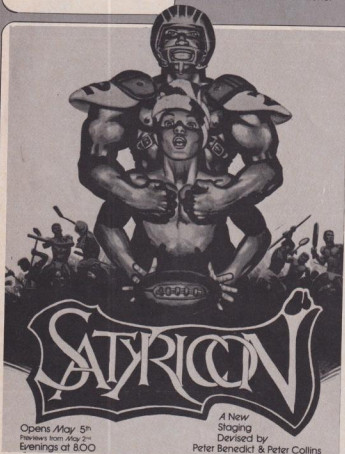
Hyvari

The above "Number One Man" poster is available on 23 by 28 inch slick poster stock with or without the Arena logo as follows: with the logo \$8 including postage and handling; without the logo, signed and numbered by the artist, limited edition of 100 copies for \$25 including postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax. Send money order to: "Number One Man," c/o The Arena of San Francisco, 399 9th St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

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**Eat
Christians**



MS. WHITEHALL REGRETS

After the fuss Mary Whitehall made over *The Romans in Britain*, a historic play with a male rape scene, we're just waiting for the shit to hit the Thames over Peter Benedict and Peter Collins creative staging of that old warhorse, *Satyricon*. Ms. Whitehall, the Anita Bryant of the United

Kingdom, never really saw *Romans in Britain*, she just knew it was obscene and launched a campaign to convince the theatre public she was right. Want odds that Whitehall claims *Satyricon* is part of an international homosexual conspiracy to corrupt all athletes?



CHILDREN...

Religious homophobes who charge gay people with being rampant child molesters would do well to look to their own flock first, judging from an article in *Family Week*. According to the article, fundamentalist christian Harry Zain of Charleston, WV, has been lobbying Congress for the past four years to lower the age of consent (heterosexual, that is) to 16 for boys and 12 for girls. According to Zain, who wants to marry a 13-year-old girl, "It would end promiscuity."

AND ANIMALS FIRST!

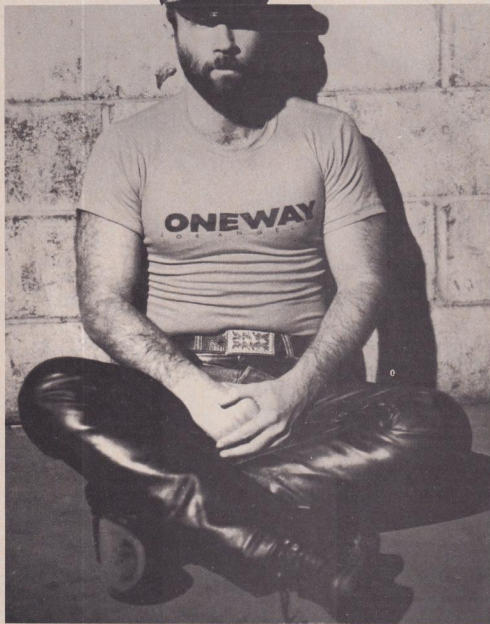
On the NBC-TV *Tomorrow Show*, the Rev. Richard Zone, founder of the rightwing religious organization, *In God We Trust, Inc.*, stated: "We are losing the country morally by default" because of the rise of openly gay people. He went on to say, "Homosexuals don't constitute a legitimate minority" and that is civil rights protection for gay people is allowed, "bestiality will be next."

-GALA, May 1981

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DRUMMER'S BOOKS

HISTORIC RECLAMATIONS

Run, don't walk, to your nearest bookstore and buy Vito Russo's *The Celluloid Closet: Homosexuality in the Movies* (Harper & Row; 1981; 276 pages; \$15.95; paperback \$9.95). Without a doubt, Russo has written the book that is going to set the Hollywood film community on its collective ear—and affect the teaching of American film theory for many years to come.

Starting at the very beginning with "The Gay Brothers", an experimental sound film William Dickson made for Thomas Edison in 1895—and following through right up to William Friedkin's insult to gays everywhere, "Cruising", Russo paints the portrait of gay men and women as reflected in the American cinema with a brush equally dipped in truth and revenge. Not only is Russo walking on virgin ground with his riveting retelling of gay film history, but he does it with the finest sense of style. And reading *Closet*, written with the fast pace of a Kentucky thoroughbred, is very much like watching a movie.

Russo has been extremely careful when telling tales about some of the greats and legends not to rely on rumor and innuendo. That allows him to call a fag-baiter by his or her real name; some of the fag-baiters and queer-haters Russo uncovers will turn many gay heads, and smash a gallery of former gay cinema idols.

The illustrations and the filmography at the end of the book are themselves worth the price of admission.

Alan Cartnal describes himself as "a serious student of mind-blowing cultures" and looks like a gay preppie. His expose of the glitter capital of the world, *California Crazy* (Houghton Mifflin; 1981; 204 pages; \$9.95) is nowhere called a novel. And, sure enough, a phalanx of very real names and characters march through this fast-paced book like an army of asylum inmates off to a birthday party for the Marquise de Sade. If it's all true, it's all the better because *California Crazy* will push

all the right buttons for people who like reading about the antics of the surrealistic L.A. crowd.

F. Holland Day is a name long ignored, and, we find out in Estelle Jussim's masterpiece of biographical reconstruction, very much maligned by both history and his heterosexual contemporaries.



Slave To Beauty (Godine Publishers Inc; 1981; 310 pages; illustrated; \$35.00) may do to the photographic world what Vito Russo's book will do to the film world.

F. Holland Day was an intimate of the most important names in literature and photography at the turn of the century. He was, it is almost assured, the lover of Khalil Gibran. He was touted, in the beginning, by Alfred Stieglitz. He brought the wit of Oscar Wilde and the cathartic brilliance of Audrey Bardsley to America. Day was a writer, a patron, a publisher, and a photographer. It was in the latter that he made his greatest contributions, including the invention of new processes of printing and developing that altered the face of the then-new art form.

Slave To Beauty is unflinching in almost every aspect of Day's life and loves save the patronage of Gibran. Here, for some reason, Jussim pulls punches, writing more between the lines than on the surface of the page.

If is obvious, after reading this powerful biography, that F. Holland Day deserved the accolades that have been awarded Stieglitz over the past decades. History will have to reconcile the abuse Day and his work have suffered at the hands of the man that has been called America's greatest photographer. *Slave To Beauty* does much to unseat Stieglitz from his clay throne.

Day's homosexuality was a major factor in his suppression both during his lifetime and after his death. It Jussim's biography can not right the wrong of time, it does bring an amazingly complete panorama of Day's life and work to the modern world.

It is in his photography that Day reaches his greatest heights; his photographs stand the test of time better than any other American practitioner of the art. His portraits of Gibran, his luscious nudes of everyday black men dressed as African chiefs, and his stunning photographic reconstructions of the historic Christ during his death are the telling proof of Day's place in photographic and gay history.

This is a massive and sweeping work housed in a lavish book, but it is worth every minute spent.

Peter Arthurs does the same for the Irish genius Brendan Behan with his unusual and intimate biography, *With Brendan Behan* (St Martin's Press; 1981; 298 pages; \$16.95). Arthur leaves no closet door unopened in bringing the truth of Behan's life and writing to the world, and there is no one—not even Behan's wife Beatrice—who knows Brendan the way Peter does.

Behan's homosexuality and pedophilia are no longer subjects of conjecture. His drinking bouts and public outbursts are woven into a persona that lived a pre-liberation life constantly under the gun of social disdain.

Arthurs writing captures both the style of Behan's literary and personal voice. His recollections of Behan's tall tales and questionable personal histories are as delightful as having actually been there in the room with the Irish rebel.

—Charles R. Musgrave

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CONRAP

I WANNA WRITE, BUT...

How many of you read this page each issue, or read some of it each issue, then turn the page and never go back to it? Raise your hands. That many, huh? I thought so.

I know all the arguments: I wanna write to a prisoner, but I don't have the time. I would like to write without getting involved with someone. I don't know these guys, how can I write to some guy in prison when I don't know anything about him? I'd like to write to prisoner, but if I do he may be part of some giant scheme to rip off unsuspecting guys.

And there are a lot of others. Each one of the above has some validity. It does take time to maintain a correspondence with anyone, including your parents (and no one ever wants to write to their parents). And granted guys in prison do have more time to write than you and I. But with a little practice, setting aside 30 minutes a week to sit down and write a letter to a prisoner isn't going to make much difference in even the busiest schedule.

There is a way to express your concern without getting involved. Send a post card from your city. Send a Christmas Card. The grey interior of most prisons could use a little color, and for most prisoners, a post card from New York or Paris or Houston or Los Angeles is really a big deal. Christmas is another matter. Unfortunately, most people get very lonely around that time of the year, having been raised in a culture that puts extra emphasis on the necessity of the nuclear family on December 25th. But rather than a tirade on why none of those feelings are really valid, a season card with a brief, cheerful, caring inscription can go a long way toward easing Xmas pains. And you don't even have to sign your real name.

Statement number three: How can you know anyone if you don't open up to them a little? It's no crime, after a few letters, to write and say that you and the prisoner don't share enough common experience to maintain a meaningful correspondence. The prisoner will both understand and appreciate your honesty. (If there's one thing you learn in prison, it's to keep the bullshit down to a bare minimum).

Most prisoners are not part of any real or imagined conspiracy. And when you're writing to a pri-

soner, you'll be able to see just where he's coming from through his letters. If you have a post office box for your mail, then use that when writing to prisoners if it will help alleviate your fears.

There are rip-off schemes operating in some prisons. And some guys have been ripped off out of their own stupidity. But common sense should tell you what sounds legit and what does not. Prisons operate pretty much like free-world communities. The rules and regulations are usually easily understood. In any event, a letter to a prison warden can clear up any questions.

DRUMMER feels that all of us should work towards prison reform; in the case of the gay prisoners it is a double challenge, as many gay prisoners are where they are because of their homosexual-ity. And that is a crime against them, and against all of us.

PRISONERS

Caring individuals wanted to correspond with lonely, 35 year old, professional, educated inmate. James A. Mierop, No. 158-553, Box 69, London, OH 43140.

Inmate would like pen pal; Am 24, 5'10", brown hair and eyes. Bill Crawford, 141-194, Box 69, London, OH 43140.

Black male, 19, 5'10", 162 lbs., smooth tan complexion, 10" dick with low hanging nuts, like it any way it comes. If you think you can handle this tool, write to: J.H. Lewis, 160-614, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

I'm a white male, 22 years old, doing short time. Should be out by Christmas. My hobbies are water-skiing, horseback riding and music. I would like to correspond with someone. Del Camren, No. 93754, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

Gay white male, very attractive, 22 years old, 5'10", 155 lbs., desires correspondence from those interested in developing a serious, meaningful relationship. Please enclose a stamp with reply. Todd Wixon, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

White male, 27 years old, likes bodybuilding and stamp collecting. Will be released in nine months. Will send photo for photo. Gary Moore, No. 150-912, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

Black male, 24, 176 lbs., 6'1", brown eyes, short black hair, body in the best of health, 8 inches of manhood, dominant, caring, honest, seeks all down-to-earth real guys. Will answer all letters. Michael Dean Turner, No. 156617, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

22 years old, black hair and brown eyes, 5'11", 175 lbs., and have no one to write to, and no family to visit. Would like to correspond with someone willing to invest a stamp and some leisure time toward another human being. Nicholas Shabarek A-053701, Box 1449-C-221-B, Homestead, FL 33030.

Lonely, would like to hear from the outside world. Phil Graham No. 94372, Box 548 SHCC, Lexington, OK 73051.

Gay white male, 20 years old, 6'2"m 180 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, would like to receive letters from anyone. I want to relocate when I get out in 10 months, and would be open to any suggestions from all of you in the free world. Joseph Saganiuk, NO3067, Box 99, Pontiac, IL 61764.

Bi-male, 37 years old, non-racist, 5'6", 135 lbs., light brown hair, dark brown eyes, incarcerated, looking for a serious person interested in developing a lasting relationship. Tommy L. Ragan, No. 349437, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

Prisoner needs some meaningful contact with the outside world. All mail appreciated. Tommy Regan, No. 349437, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

Very lonely white male, 22, wishes to correspond with other sincere and gay individuals. Will answer all replies promptly. David Hammer 97392, Rt. 1 Box 548, Lexington, OK 73051.

Prisoner, white, gay, 41, into the outdoor scene, country and western music, seeks someone to write. Robert McKee C-12977, Box 686 0-136, Soledad, CA 93960.

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FACE TO FACE

The latest Mustang Production, *Face To Face*, has a lot going for it; not the least of which is the feature film debut of Clint Lockner playing a Highway Patrolman (naturally).

Lockner, who gathered a legion of fans since he first posed for Colt's cameras in his police uniform, has been one of the most sought after models of the last couple years. *Face To Face* is going to give his fans just what they've been waiting for; the opportunity to see Lockner walking, talking and getting it on.

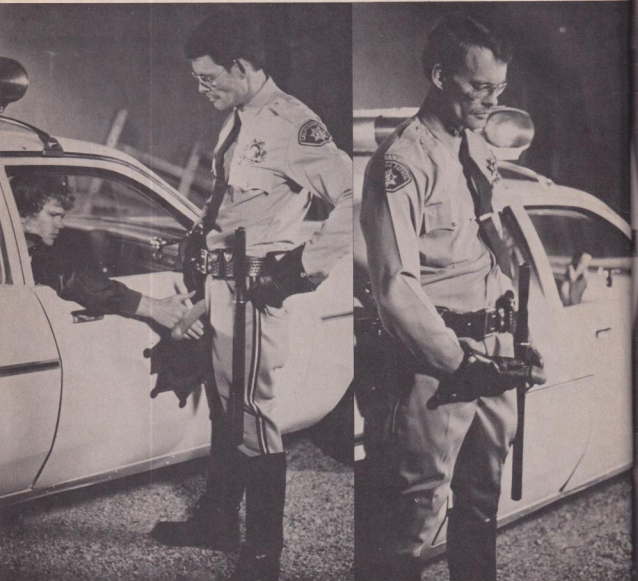
Directed by Steve Scott, *Face To Face* is the story of a young man (played by Scott Anderson) who

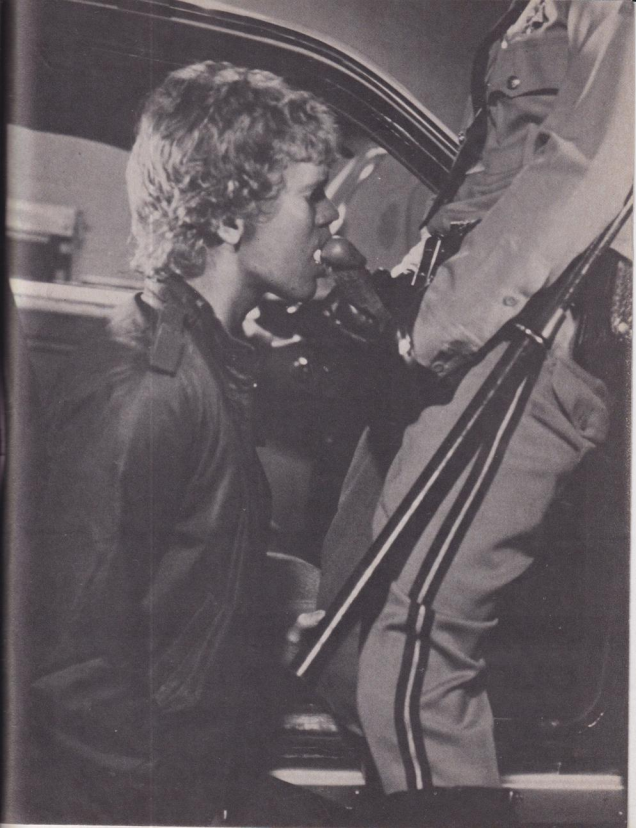
has a fetish for porn star Jim King. This small town youth decides to leave rural Colorado and seek out the object of his sexual adoration in the big city of San Francisco, where King lives. It is on the way there that he encounters Lockner—and the sex scene Lockner fans have been awaiting unfolds on the screen.

Anderson survives Lockner and arrives in San Francisco just in time to see a Jim King Film Festival at a

porno theatre. Besides introducing the particular appeal of King to the real audience, via the films in the mini-festival, it also allows for some hard-edged theatre action as the men watching the film play out their own fantasies.

When Anderson goes to the gym where King is alleged to work out each day, he meets Miles Mitchell (who plays the gym instructor). Anderson is told that King is not there yet, but that he can wait if he



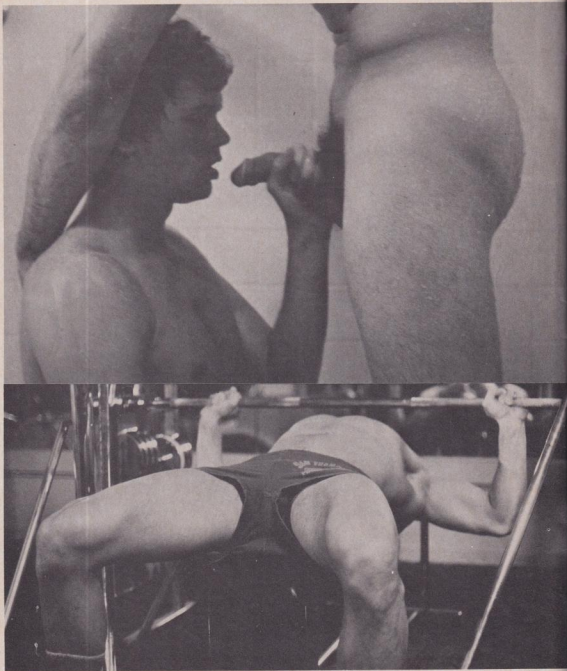


likes. He promptly falls asleep on a sofa in the lobby and dreams a sexual fantasy in the gym that will make the sweat pour. When he wakes up, Miles suggests he might

like to take a shower and freshen up. And so, as if to reiterate that dreams can come true, Anderson meets the root of his sexual fantasies in the gym shower. Guess

what happens.

A host of hot guys appear in *Face To Face*, including an appearance by Will Seagers. The film is set for summer release.



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